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THE

# AMERICAN

## POETICAL MISCELLANY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,  
' One line, which dying, he would wish to blot.'

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Philadelphia :

PUBLISHED BY ROBERT JOHNSON, C. & A. CONRAD  
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# CONTENTS.

---

Blue-eyed Mary	- -	<i>Edward Rushton</i>	13
My Ain Lassie	- -	<i>Robert Burns, jun.</i>	15
A Lover's Invitation	-	<i>Francis Wrangham</i>	16
A Song in Cinderella	-	<i>Anon.</i>	—
Isaac's Choice	- -	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i>	17
The American Soldier	- -	<i>Anon.</i>	18
The Affectionate Heart	-	<i>Joseph Cottle</i>	19
Bruce to his Soldiers	- -	<i>Robert Burns</i>	20
The Tear	-	<i>Queen of Denmark</i>	21
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen	-	<i>Geo. Coleman, jun</i>	23
A Bard's Epitaph	- -	<i>Robert Burns</i>	25
Monody on the death of R. Burns	-	<i>Anon.</i>	26
Elegy on the death of R. Burns	-	<i>Wm. Roscoe</i>	27
Epitaph on a Wrestler	- -	<i>Anon.</i>	31
Home	- -	—	32
The Winter's Day	-	<i>Mary Robinson</i>	33
Adam's Morning Hymn	-	<i>Milton</i>	35
Glenowen	- -	<i>Mary Robinson</i>	36
The Prostitute	- -	<i>Anon.</i>	38
A War Poem	- -	<i>Robert Southey</i>	39
Extracts from "Death."	-	<i>Dr. Porteus</i>	40
Extracts from "The Grave."	-	<i>Blair</i>	43
Complaints of the Poor	-	<i>Robt. Southey</i>	46
Verses on receiving a Pardon	-	<i>John Wilson</i>	48
A Reproof to Swearers	- -	<i>Anon.</i>	49
On Sickness	- -	—	50
Independence	- -	<i>T. Smollet</i>	51
Extracts from "The Task."	-	<i>William Cooper</i>	55
Erin	- -	<i>Dr. Drennan</i>	59
On the Grave of the Baron De Kalb	-	<i>Anon.</i>	61

The Burning of Fairfield	-	<i>D. Humphreys</i>	63
Monsieur Tonson	-	<i>Geo. Coleman, jun.</i>	65
The Gamester	-	<i>Anon.</i>	71
Admonitory Poem	-	<i>Younge</i>	72
General Kosciusko	-	<i>Peter Pindar</i>	75
The Kiss	-	<i>Anon.</i>	76
Mary le More	-	<i>Edward Rushton</i>	77
The Dress of 1700	-	<i>Andrew Merry</i>	81
The Debtor	-	<i>J. H. Moore</i>	82
Misfortune	-	<i>Young</i>	84
Conscience	-	<i>Ibid.</i>	84
To-morrow	-	<i>Cotton</i>	85
The Unfortunate Fair	-	<i>Robert Southey</i>	86
A Parish Poor-house	-	<i>Crabbe</i>	87
The Poor-house Apothecary	-	<i>Ibid.</i>	88
On the word Representative	-	<i>Anon.</i>	89
Hope	-	<i>Young</i>	—
Suspicion	-	<i>Spenser</i>	90
Apprehension	-	<i>Anon.</i>	—
Cupid and Venus	-	<i>Anon.</i>	91
To Elizabeth Sarah	-	<i>Anon.</i>	92
Edgar and Emma	-	<i>Anon.</i>	93
Love and Hymen	-	<i>Anon.</i>	96
A Hymn	-	<i>Anon.</i>	—
Martial Devotion	-	<i>Anon.</i>	97
A Turkish Ode	-	<i>Mesih.</i>	98
A Literal Version	-	<i>Wm. Jones</i>	99
A Metrical Version	-	<i>Ibid.</i>	100
Ode to the Poppy	-	<i>Mrs. O'Neal</i>	104
The Marseilles March	-	<i>Anon.</i>	105
Ode to War	-	<i>Anon.</i>	107
Mercy	-	<i>Selleck Osborne</i>	109
John and Joan	-	<i>Anon.</i>	110
Economy	-	<i>Peter Pindar</i>	111
The Hero	-	<i>Thomas Holcroft</i>	112
On an Impediment in the Speech	-	<i>Anon.</i>	114
The Lilly of Innocence	-	<i>Anon.</i>	—
The Swiss Emigrant	-	<i>Anon.</i>	115

# CONTENTS.

3

Directions of the Humane Society	-	<i>Anon.</i>	118
Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady	-	<i>Shaw</i>	122
The Return Home	-		130
Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament	-	<i>Anon.</i>	131
The School Mistress	-	<i>Shenstone</i>	133
Oriental Eclogues	-	<i>Collins</i>	143
The Splendid Shilling	-	<i>J. Philips</i>	153
The Famished Mother	-	<i>Anon.</i>	157
The Exile of Erin	-	<i>T. Campbell</i>	158
Elegy written in a Country Church yard	-	<i>Gray</i>	160
An Evening's Contemplation in a College	-	<i>Duncomb</i>	165
Eulogium on Rum	-	<i>Joseph Smith</i>	169
The Country Meeting	-	<i>T. C. James</i>	172
The House of Sloth	-	<i>Timothy Dwight</i>	176
Three Black Crows	-	<i>Byrom</i>	178
Ode to Suspicion	-	<i>G. Trumbull</i>	180
Battle of St. Amand	-	<i>John Marriott</i>	182
The Washing Day	-	<i>Anon.</i>	184
Poor Mary the Maid of the Inn	-	<i>R. Southey</i>	187
Health	-	<i>Anon.</i>	189
The Old Man's Comforts	-	<i>Anon.</i>	192
To an Old Wig	-	<i>Anon.</i>	193
The Protest	-	<i>Anon.</i>	194
The Grave	-	<i>Anon.</i>	195
The Lake of the Dismal Swamp	-	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	199
A Reflection at Sea	-	<i>Ibid.</i>	201
Ballad Stanzas	-	<i>Ibid.</i>	—
Damon and Jessy	-	<i>Wm. Shenstone</i>	202
The Progress of Advice	-	<i>Ibid.</i>	206
Repentance	-	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	207
Golden Verses	-	<i>Pythagoras</i>	208
Morning; or, the Complaint	-	<i>Gregory</i>	213
Evening; or, the Fugitive	-	<i>Ibid.</i>	218
To Wisdom	-	<i>Mrs. Barbauld</i>	223
Scene from Orestes	-	<i>Euripides</i>	224
Ode to Health	-	<i>Anon.</i>	230
Ode to Sickness	-	<i>Anon.</i>	231
Blessings of Religion	-	<i>Blackmore</i>	232

# CONTENTS.

6

Ossian's Address to the Sun	-	<i>McPherson</i>	234
Sampson on his loss of Sight	-	<i>John Milton</i>	234
Blindness	- - -	<i>Edw. Rushton</i>	236
The Mad Mother	- - -	<i>Wordsworth</i>	237
Elegy to the memory of Mrs. Mary Wharton	} - -	<i>C. H. Wharton</i>	240
Extract from a Dramatic Manuscript	-	<i>S. Osborne</i>	243
The First Lesson to a Son	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	245
My Mother	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	245
To the memory of B. Teeling.	-	<i>Edw. Rushton</i>	248
The Battle of Blenheim	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	249
Charity	- - -	<i>W. L. Bowles</i>	251
The Snow Storm	- - -	<i>James Thompson</i>	252
The Snow Storm	- - -	<i>Trotter</i>	254
The flight of Love and Time	-	<i>Anon.</i>	257
An Ode on the death of Lieut. Somers, and others, of the American Navy	} - -	<i>Blauvelt</i>	258
The Idiot	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	262
To an Oak	- - -	<i>Huddesford</i>	264
The Wheel Barrow	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	265
A Tea Party	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	265
Moorland Mary	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	268
The Progress of Report	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	269
The Hopeful Reformation	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	270
The Orphans	- - -	<i>Anon.</i>	271
The Forest Boy	- - -	<i>Charlotte Smith</i>	274
Freedom and Peace	- - -	<i>Wilson</i>	278
The Ancient Mariner	- - -	<i>Coleridge</i>	282

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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CIRCUMSTANCES over which the editor had no control, and which would be of little interest in the detail, have combined to prevent an earlier publication of these volumes. The publication being anonymous, the editor's only solicitude is that it may contribute to the amusement and instruction of the young, and at least afford no just cause of offence to those whose years and reading have placed them on too proud a pedestal to stoop for literary repasts to such volumes as the miscellany.





## PREFACE.

---

THE Miscellany now presented to the public, is, in its arrangement, in some measure novel. Whether it be that kind of novelty which will be acceptable to the public, time must determine. It was believed that the interspersion and connection of *original* matter with that which was *selected*, would have many advantages. The desire, we had almost said the passion, to see and know that which was not previously known, is so strong, so ardent, so irresistible in the human mind, that it was hoped it would not only win readers, but be the means of conferring benefits. The original matter, however inferior, may perform the humble office of introducing to notice, the works of men whose high reputation and acknowledged literary excellence, are the sure and certain results of the merits of their productions, and the evidence of their sterling worth. It was also hoped that the few criticisms offered, would have the effect of exciting a more than ordinary attention, to enable the reader to judge of the propriety of the editorial observations, thus imperceptibly inducing the exercise of faculties which might otherwise

have slumbered on the flowery, but poisonous bed of indolence.

That the reader may judge how far the editor has accomplished his own views, it is proper to state that they were two fold. The Miscellany is intended as a school book and a companion for more mature age, in those hours which more important avocations or more severe studies do not claim. It was not without perceiving the difficulty of uniting those objects that the editor made his arrangements. He was fully aware of the obstacles which impeded his progress, but yet confidently hoped they were not insurmountable. How far he has been mistaken or incompetent, rests with the public to determine.

The volume of *Poetry* is made valuable by enfolding in its embraces, some of the richest and deepest tinted flowers which ever bound the brows of Melancholy, or sparkled under the heavenly gem which drops from Pity's eye. Its pages are also strewed with many a wild and fragrant flower, gathered by Genius and Fancy, as they together strolled amid the wild luxuriance of the fields of nature.

The volume of *Prose* will be found to contain many an interesting and elegantly written article. We have as may be seen by a glance at the contents, made our selections from the best authors, and generally from works which are too scarce or too voluminous to be in general circulation.

From both volumes have been excluded many justly admired articles, solely because they were to be found in many miscellaneous selections; and it was wished to make this collection of other and more rare materials. It cannot escape the attention of the discerning reader, that we have published a much greater portion of *American* productions than are to be found in any other publication of this kind in the English language.

Should the present volumes be received as the voice of Friendship, and the whisperings of Self-love would fain persuade it may excite an emulation, and give birth to an energy of mind, which at a future day will claim that meed from the inflexible hand of Justice, which it would now gladly receive from the more gracious dispensation of Benevolence.

*Philadelphia, June, 1809.*



# AMERICAN POETICAL MISCELLANY.

---

## BLUE-EYED MARY.

EDWARD RUSHTON.

THE genius of Hogarth gave birth to a design which his pencil completed, and the *Rake's Progress* will live as an evidence of his talents and skill so long as the works of masters in the arts shall survive. In looking at the progress of the Rake, we admire the artist, but we detest his hero too much to feel any one sensation of pleasurable sympathy or regret. In reading the following correct, natural, and affecting picture of the progress of a seduced Female, we think not of the Poet, our whole soul is absorbed in the deep distress of poor *blue-eyed MARY*.

---

IN a cottage embosom'd within a deep shade,  
Like a rose in a desert, oh ! view the meek maid !  
Her aspect all sweetness, engaging her eye,  
And a bosom for which e'en a monarch might sigh ;  
Then in neat Sunday gown see her met by the 'Squire,  
All attraction her countenance, his—all desire ;  
He accosts her—she blushes—he flatters—she smiles,  
And poor blue-ey'd MARY's seduced by his wiles.

Now with drops of contritiōn her pillows wet o'er ;  
But the fleece, when once stain'd, can know whiteness  
no more.

The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy :  
'To town the 'Squire presses—how can she deny ?  
There behold her in lodgings—she dresses in style—  
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads *Hoyle* !\*  
'Till learning to squander, his love turns to hate ;  
And poor blue-ey'd MARY is left to her fate !

Still of beauty possess'd, and not *yet* void of shame,  
With a heart that recoils—at a prostitute's name ;  
She tries for a service—her character's gone ;  
And for skill at her needle, alas ! tis unknown !  
Pale Want now approaches—the pawn-broker's near,  
And her trinkets, and clothes, one by one disappear,  
'Till at length sorely pinched, and quite desperate grown,  
The poor blue-ey'd MARY is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next view her, trick'd out to allure,  
And all ages, all humors compell'd to endure ;  
Compell'd, though disgusted, to wheedle and feign,  
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain,  
Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,  
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd ;  
This worst of all mis'ry she's doom'd to endure,  
For poor blue-ey'd MARY is now an impure.

Next, to banish all thought and to stifle remorse,  
She flies to the bottle—Oh fatal resource !  
Grows stupid, and bloated, and lost to all shame,  
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame !  
Now with eyes dim and languid, the once blooming maid,  
In a garret, on straw, faint and helpless is laid :  
Oh ! view her pale cheek ! see, she scarce draws her  
breath,  
And the blue eyes of MARY are closed in death !

\* A celebrated work on card-playing, dice, &c.

The following lines are from the pen of a son of ROBERT BURNS. They possess much of the charming simplicity of the song of the Bard of the Highlands, and are distinguished by the same natural imagery.

---

## MY AIN LASSIE.

ROBERT BURNS, JUN.

HAE ye seen in the fresh dewy morning,  
The wild warbling red-breast sae clear,  
Or the low dwelling snow-breasted gowan,  
Surcharg'd wi' mild evening's soft tear?

O then ye hae seen my own lassie,  
The lassie I love best of a';  
But, O! frae the hame of my lassie,  
I'm many a long mile awa'.

Her hair is the wing of a black-bird,  
Her eye is the eye of the dove,  
Her lips are the mild blushing rose bud,  
Her bosom's the palace of love.

Alas, when I sit down to study,  
I now can do naething at a';  
My book I indeed keep my eyes on,  
My thoughts are with her that's awa'.

O Love! thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,  
The sweetest we mortals here know;  
Ah! soon is thy heaven, mild gleaming,  
O'ercastr'd with the dark cloud of woe.

## A LOVER'S INVITATION.

FRANCIS WRANGHAM.

IN times so long past, though I still am but young  
 That I scarcely their transports can trace,  
 Enraptur'd I caught the soft lisp of thy tongue ;  
 And totter'd—for then I but totter'd—along,  
 To clasp thee in *childish* embrace.  
 As we grew up together, each day I beheld,  
 With feelings unkindled before,  
 Thy yesterday's beauties by new ones excell'd ;  
 Nor, *boy* as I was, from those beauties withheld  
 My heart ;—Could I offer thee more ?  
 Even now, when the fever of youth is gone by,  
 And I glow with more temperate fire,  
 Delighted I dwell on thy soul-beaming eye ;  
 And, heaving perhaps still too ardent a sigh,  
 Survey thee with chasten'd desire.  
 Oh ! come then and give me, dear maiden, thy charms ;  
 For life is, alas ! on the wing :  
 Our summer, ere long, will be fled ; in these arms,  
 Let me shield thee, my fair one, from winter's alarms :  
 Oh ! listen to love, while 'tis spring.

---

IN THE ALLEGORICAL PANTOMIME OF CINDERELLA,  
 IS THE FOLLOWING SWEET AND MORAL LITTLE  
 SONG.

COMFORT damsel ! why that sigh ?  
 Heaven in kindness, sends us sorrow—  
 Patience, damsel ! Heaven is nigh,  
 Brighter prospects greet to-morrow.



Weigh'd down by each passing show'r,  
 Lowly droops the lilly's head—  
 Charg'd with rain, the tender flow'r  
 Pensive sinks, its beauty fled.

Rolls the dark storm, far away,  
 See a livelier hue is given ;  
 The lilly glitters doubly gay—  
 The drop that press'd it came from Heav'n.

---

## ISAAC'S CHOICE.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

A song by Isaac, introduced in Mr. Sheridan's opera, called "The Duenna," is extremely lively and characteristic. The allusion to the dell and dimple is delightfully arch, and Isaac's indifference to the color, though solicitous for the DUAL number of his mistress's eyes, is truly laughable.

---

GIVE Isaac the nymph, who no beauty can boast,  
 But health and good humor to make her his toast,  
 If straight I don't mind, whether slender or fat,  
 And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion—I vow I don't care,  
 If brown it is lasting—more pleasing, if fair ;  
 And though in her cheeks I no dimples could see,  
 Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,  
 And her eyes may be any color—but green :  
 For in eyes (though so various the lustre and hue,)  
 I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,  
 And white teeth I own are genteeler than black,  
 A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,  
 I only desire she may'nt have a beard.

---

It is a subject of deep regret, that so much of the public lands given as the reward of toil and valor, have been, by his necessities, wrung from the war-worn veteran of the Revolution. Should any of them, because they devoted the prime of their life to establish the Independence of their country, be left to pine in penury and pain, it would be a stain upon the bright glories of the Revolution. As men, as citizens, and as component parts of the nation, we owe much to the soldiers of America. Let us be ever ready to discharge those obligations, which are alike enforced, by sound Policy, Justice and Gratitude.

---

## THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

DEEP in a vale, a stranger now to arms,  
 Too poor to shine in courts, too proud to beg :  
 He, who once warr'd on Saratoga's plains,  
 Sits musing o'er his scars, and wooden leg.

Rememb'ring still the toils of former days,  
 To other hands he sees his earnings paid :  
*They* share the due reward—he feeds on praise,  
 Lost in the abyss of want, misfortune's shade.

Far, from the domes, where splendid tapers glare;  
 'Tis his from dear-bought peace no wealth to win,  
 Remov'd alike from courtly cringing 'squires,  
 The great man's levee and the proud man's grin.

Sold are those arms that once on Briton's blaz'd,  
 When, flush'd with conquest, to the charge they came,  
 That pow'r repell'd, and *freedom's* fabric rais'd,  
 She leaves her soldier—*famine*, and a name.

---

## THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

JOSEPH COTTLE.

LET the great man his treasure possessing,  
 Pomp and splendor forever attend :  
 I prize not the shadowy blessing,  
 I ask—the affectionate friend.

Though foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,  
 His footsteps from wisdom depart ;  
 Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,  
 If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection ! thou soother of care,  
 Without thee unfriended we rove ;  
 Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,  
 And thy voice, is the voice of the dove.

Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,  
 And the storms of mortality's state :  
 What shall lull the afflicted to rest,  
 But the joys that on Sympathy wait ?

What is Fame, bidding Envy defiance,  
 The idol and bane of mankind ;  
 What is wit, what is learning, or science—  
 To the heart that is stedfast and kind ?

Even Genius may weary the sight,  
 By too fierce and too constant a blaze ;  
 But Affection, mild planet of night !  
 Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms  
 That encircle creation, decay ;  
 It shall live 'mid the wide-wasting storms,  
 That bear all undistinguish'd away.

When Time, at the end of his race,  
 Shall expire with expiring mankind ;  
 It shall stand on its permanent base ;  
 It shall last, till the wreck of the mind.

O then let us cherish the blessing,  
 And with *Virtue* sweet *Sympathy* blend,  
 Till we each know the bliss of possessing  
 A *kind* and *affectionate Friend*.

---

Scotsmen, who are generally well acquainted with the history of their own country, will read with *peculiar* delight, the appropriate fire and feeling which distinguishes the appeal of BRUCE.

---

### BRUCE TO HIS SOLDIERS.

HAMILTON.

Scots ! wha hae wi' *Wallace* bled ;  
 Scots, wham *Bruce* has often led ;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to glorious victory !

*Now's* the day and *now's* the hour ;  
 See the front of battle lour ;  
 See approach proud *Edward's* power,  
*Edward's* chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
 Traitor, coward, turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland's rights and law  
 Freedom's sword will bravely draw,  
 Freemen stand, or freemen fa'  
 Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppressions, woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be—shall be free !

Lay the proud usurper low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Forward, let us do or die,

---

It will be obvious to the reader of taste, that *THE TEAR* is not the production of a Poet. It is altogether a work of labor ; an arrangement of words ; correct indeed in sentiment and unexceptionable in style, but it is devoid of all claim to *Poetic* excellence.

---

### THE TEAR.

*Written by the late Queen of Denmark,*

HOW prone the bosom is to sigh !  
 How prone to weep the human eye !

As thro' this painful life we steer,  
This valley of a sigh and tear.

When by the heart with sorrow griev'd,  
A thousand blessings are received,  
With every comfort that can cheer,  
'Tis then bright virtue's *grateful* tear.

When every parting pain is o'er,  
And friends long absent meet once more,  
Fraught with delight and love sincere,  
'Tis then sweet friendship's *joyful* tear.

When two fond lovers doomed to part,  
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,  
Torn from the object each holds dear,  
'Tis then, ah ! then, the *parting* tear.

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd,  
Their doom of condemnation find,  
The end of earthly beings near,  
'Tis then soft Pity's *melting* tear.

If on some lovely creature's face,  
Rich in proportion, color, grace,  
A pearly drop should once appear,  
'Tis then the lovely, *beauteous* tear.

When mothers—Oh ! the grateful sight—  
Their children view with fond delight,  
Surrounded by a charge so dear,  
'Tis then the fond *maternal* tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,  
To whom their fondest vows are paid,  
With fear and doubting hope draw near,  
'Tis then, Oh ! then, the *trembling* tear.

But when the wretch with sin oppress'd,  
 Strikes in an agony his breast,  
 All torn with guilt, remorse and fear,  
 'Tis then the BLEST, the *saving* tear.

---

## LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

A TALE.

(*From COLEMAN's 'My Night and Gown Slippers.'*)

---

Who has e'er been in London that overgrown place,  
 Has seen 'LODGINGS TO LET' stare him full in the face ;  
 Some are good and let dearly ; while some 'tis well  
     known,  
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

*Will Waddle*, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
 Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;  
 But Will was so fat that he appeared like a ton,  
 Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into One.

He enter'd his rooms ; and to bed he retreated,  
 But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated ;  
 And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,  
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night was the same ; and the next, and the next :  
 He perspir'd like an ox ; he was nervous and vexed ;  
 Week pass'd after week ; till by weekly succession,  
 His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt  
     him ;  
 For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about him ;

He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,  
 ‘ I have lost many pounds—make me well, there’s a  
 guinea.’

The Doctor look’d wise—‘ A slow fever, he said :  
 Prescribed sudorifics—and going to bed.  
 ‘ Sudorifics in bed !’ exclaimed Will, ‘ are humbugs ;’  
 ‘ I’ve enough of them there, without paying for drugs.’

Will kick’d out the Doctor :—but when ill indeed,  
 E’en dismissing the Doctor don’t ALWAYS succeed ;  
 So, calling his host,—he said,—‘ Sir, do you know,  
 ‘ I’m the fat single gentleman six months ago ?

‘ Lock’e landlord I think, (argued Will with a grin,)  
 ‘ That with honest intentions you first TOOK ME IN ;  
 ‘ But from the first night, and to say it I’m bold,  
 ‘ I’ve been so damn’d hot, that I’m sure I caught cold.’

Quoth the landlord—‘ Till now I ne’er had a dispute ;  
 ‘ I’ve let lodgings ten years ; I’m a baker to boot ;  
 ‘ In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,  
 ‘ And your bed is immediately—over my Oven.”

‘ The Oven !!!’ says Will——says the host,  
 ‘ Why this passion ?  
 ‘ In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.  
 ‘ Why so crusty, good sir ?’—‘ Zounds !’ cries Will in  
 a taking,  
 ‘ Who wouldn’t be crusty with half a years baking ?’

Will paid for his rooms—cried the host with a sneer,  
 ‘ Well, I see you’ve been *going away* half a year.’  
 ‘ Friend we can’t well agree—yet no quarrel Will said ;  
 ‘ For one man may die where another makes bread.’



The author, in writing the following *Epitaph*, intended to sketch his own character. Those who are best acquainted with Burns's life, will readily allow, that though an outline, it evinces the hand of a Master, and the traits of likeness are instantly recognized. How humiliating is it to the towering pride of Genius, to see a favorite of the Muses sensible of his own depravement, yet incapable of the exertion necessary to break the vicious habits by which he is enthralled.

Many poets have paid the homage of their consideration to the memory of *Burns*. I have selected the *Monody* and the *Elegy*, which follows the *Epitaph*, as the most worthy of their subject. The *Elegy* is indeed a noble tribute of respect.

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## A BARD'S EPITAPH.

ROBERT BURNS.

Is there a whim-inspir'd fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
Let him draw near ;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool  
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,  
That weekly this area throng,  
O, pass not by !  
But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,

Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,  
     Wild as the wave,  
 Here pause---and thro' the starting tear,  
     Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
     And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
     And softer flame ;  
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
     And stain'd his name.

Reader attend---whether thy soul  
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
     Or darkling grubs this earthy hole,  
     In low pursuit,  
 Know, prudent, cautious, self-control  
     Is Wisdom's root.

GLOSSARY--*Owre*, over, too--*Blate*, bashful, sheepish.  
*Snool*, to submit tamely, to sneak.  
*Decl*, to mourn, to lament. *Drap*, drop.

---

## MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

What, is there ill news, you're so sad, Robin Gray,  
 That your blue bonnet hangs o'er your brow ?  
 Sad, O, sad news I've read, Robin Burns, man, is dead,  
 And the ploughman weeps over his plough.  
     A-well, a-well, a-day,  
 Still they echo his ditties of love.

Is his pipe mute for aye and for age, Robin Gray,  
 No more shall we tend to his song ?

Ah, cold as a clod, underneath the green sod,  
 Poor Robin they've laid all along.

A-well, a-well a-day,  
 Poor Robin they've laid all along.

Then farewell to the forest and hill, Robin Gray,  
 And farewell to the valley and grove---  
 The forest and hill and the vallies still ring,  
 Still they echo his ditties of love.

A-well, a-well, a-day,  
 Still they echo his ditties of love.

Then the blackbird shall sing on the thorn, Robin Gray,  
 And the lark early carol on high,  
 The lowly lodg'd swain, as he scatters his grain,  
 Will chaunt Robin's verse with a sigh.

A-well, a-well, a-day.  
 Will chaunt Robin's verse with a sigh.

Softly lye on his bosom, the turf, Robin Gray,  
 Rest his ashes unmingled and pure,  
 May his tomb and his urn Caledonia adorn,  
 And his much lov'd remains lie secure.

A-well, a-well, a-day,  
 And his much lov'd remains lie secure.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE SCOTCH POET,  
*ROBERT BURNS.*

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE.

REAR high thy bleak, majestic hills,  
 Thy sheltered vallies, proudly spread :  
 And, *Scotia*, pour thy thousand rills---  
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red !

But, ah, what Poet now shall tread  
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,  
 Since HE the sweetest Bard is dead,  
 That ever breathed the soothing strain !

As green the towering pines may grow,  
 As clear thy streams may speed along,  
 As bright thy summer's suns may glow,  
 And wake again thy feathery throng :  
 But now unheeded is the Song,  
 And dull and lifeless all around :  
 For his wild harp lies all unstrung---  
 And cold the hand that wak'd its sound !

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise,  
 In arts, in arms, thy sons excel ;  
 Tho' beauty in thy daughters eyes,  
 And health in every feature dwell :  
 Yet who shall now their praises tell  
 In strains impassioned, fond and free,  
 Since he no more the song shall swell  
 To Love, and Liberty, and thee ?

With step-dame eye and frown severe  
 His hapless youth why didst thou view ?  
 For all thy joys to him were dear,  
 And all his vows to them were due :  
 Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,  
 In opening Youths's delightful prime,  
 Than when thy favoring ear he drew  
 To hasten to his chaunted rhyme.

Thy lonely waste and frowning skies  
 To him were all with rapture fraught ;  
 He heard with joy the tempest rise  
 That waked him to sublimer thought ;  
 And oft the winding dells he sought,  
 Where wild flowers pour'd their rare perfume ;

And with sincere devotion brought  
To thee the Summer's earliest bloom;

But, ah, no fond, maternal smile  
His unprotected youth enjoyed;  
His limbs inured to early toil,  
His days with early hardships tried!  
And, more to mark the gloomy void  
And bid him feel his misery,  
Before his infant eyes would glide  
Day dreams of immortality!

Yet not by cold neglect depressed,  
With sinewy arm he turned the soil,  
Sunk with the evening Sun to rest,  
And met at morn his earliest smile!  
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, mean while  
The power of fancy came along,  
And soothed his lengthened hours of toil,  
With native wit and sprightly song!

Ah, days of bliss too swiftly fled,  
When vigorous health and labor springs,  
And bland contentment soothes the bed  
And sleep his ready opiate brings;  
And hovering round on airy wings,  
Float the light forms of young desire  
That of unutterable things  
The soft and shadow hope inspire!

Now spells of mightier power prepare--  
Bid brighter Phantoms round him dance;  
Let flattery spread her viewless share,  
And fame attract his vagrant glance;  
Let sprightly pleasure too advance,  
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,

'Till lost in love's delirious trance,  
He scorns the joys his youth has known !

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,  
Expanding all the bloom of Soul ;  
And mirth concentre all her rays,  
And point them from the sparkling bowl :  
And, let the careless moments roll  
In social pleasure unconfin'd ;  
And confidence that spurns control  
Unlock'd the inmost springs of mind !

And lead his steps those bowers among,  
Where elegance with splendor vies,  
Or Science bids her favor'd throng  
To more refin'd sensations rise ;  
Beyond the peasant's humble joys,  
And freed from each laborious strife,  
'There let him learn the bliss to prize  
That waits the sons of polished life !

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high  
With every impulse of delight,  
Dash from his lips the cup of joy---  
And shroud the scene in shades of night !  
Then let despair with wizard light,  
Disclose the yawning gulf below,  
And pour incessant on his sight  
Her specter'd ills and shapes of woe !

And shew beneath a cheerless shed,  
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,  
In silent grief where droops her head---  
The partner of his early joys !  
And let his infant's tender cries  
His fond parental succour claim,  
And bid him hear in agonies  
A husband and a father's name !

'Tis done---the powerful charm succeeds,  
 His high reluctant spirit bends ;  
 In bitterness of soul he bleeds,  
 No longer with his fate contends !  
 An idiot laugh the welkin rends  
 As genius thus degraded lies,  
 Till pitying heaven the veil extends  
 That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes !

Rear high thy bleak, majestic hills,  
 Thy sheltered vallies proudly spread :  
 And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,  
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red !  
 But never more shall poet tread  
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,  
 Since HE, the sweetest Bard is dead,  
 That ever breathed the soothing strain !

---

### EPITAPH

*On a noted Wrestler in Finberry Church-yard, in  
 England.*

Vain all the honors of my brow,  
 Victorious wreaths, farewell !  
 One *trip* from DEATH has laid me low,  
 By whom such numbers fell.  
 Still bravely I'll dispute the prize,  
 Nor yield, though out of breath ;  
 'Tis but a fall,—I yet shall rise,  
 And vanquish even DEATH.

IT has been observed that no language has any word so fully expressive of the various interesting associations which twine around the human heart, and are intertwined with its sweetest chords, as the English word *Home* ; leaving that question for linguists to determine, we venture to affirm, that in the English tongue there is no sound which falls more harmoniously on the ear, or is more welcome to the heart.

---

When business calls or friends invite me,  
 And I am forc'd abroad to roam,  
 No objects that I meet delight me,  
 Like these which I have left at Home.

Though sure to find luxurious dainties  
 And lodge beneath some splendid dome ;  
 Still, still my sorrowful complaint is,  
 That I am far, alas, from Home.

Though welcom'd with unfeigned caresses,  
 And liking all, nay, loving some,  
 Much, much I fear my look expresses,  
 That, spite of all, I'm not at Home.

What though my friends, the hours to vary,  
 For me select the curious tome !  
 Of verse and prose I soon grow weary,  
 Not *Pope* amuses, while from Home.

What though to urge my stay's exerted,  
 The eloquence of Greece and Rome,  
 My steady purpose, not diverted,  
 Still resolutely leads me Home.

Ye tranquil gates again receive me,  
 Once more your truant wanderer's come ;  
 From future calls kind Fate relieve me,  
 And ne'er again I'll quit my Home.



There is a strength of contrast, a truth of coloring, and felicity of expression in the *Wintry Day*, admirably calculated to impress the picture upon memory, and imprint a lesson of humanity on the heart.

## THE WINTER'S DAY.

MARY ROBINSON.

IS it in mansions rich and gay,  
On downy beds or couches warm,  
That Nature owns the wint'ry day,  
And shrinks to hear the howling storm ?  
Ah no !

'Tis on the bleak and barren heath  
Where mis'ry feels the shaft of death,  
As to the dark and freezing grave,  
Her children, not a friend to save,  
Unheeded go !

Is it in chambers silken drest  
At tables with profusion's heap ?  
Is it on pillows soft to rest  
In dreams of long and balmy sleep ?  
Ah no !

'Tis in the rushy hut obscure,  
Where Poverty's low sons endure,  
And scarcely daring to repine,  
On a straw pallet mute recline,  
O'erwhelm'd with woe !

Is it to flaunt in warm attire,  
To laugh and feast and dance and sing,  
To crowd around the blazing fire,  
And make the roof with revels ring ?  
Ah no !

'Tis on the Prison's flinty floor !  
 'Tis where the deaf'ning whirlwinds roar !  
 'Tis where the sea-boy on the mast,  
 Hears the waves bounding to the blast,  
     And looks below !

Is it in chariots gay to ride,  
     To crowd the splendid midnight ball ;  
 To revel in luxurious pride,  
     While pamper'd vassals wait your call ?  
     Ah no !

'Tis in a cheerless naked room,  
 Where mis'ry's victims wait their doom,  
 Where a fond mother famish'd dies,  
 Where forth a frantic father flies,  
     Man's desp'rate foe !

Is it where prodigal and weak  
     The silly spendthrift scatters gold ?  
 Where eager Folly hastes to seek  
     The sordid Wanton false and bold ?  
     Ah no !

'Tis in the silent spot obscure  
 Where forc'd all sorrows to endure,  
 Pale Genius learns, oh lesson sad !  
 'To court the vain and on the bad  
     False praise bestow !

Is it where Gamester's thronging round,  
     Their shining heaps of wealth display ?  
 Where Fashion's giddy tribes are found  
     Sporting their senseless hours away ?  
     Ah no !

'Tis where neglected Genius sighs !  
 Where hope exhausted silent dies !  
 Where Merit starves by Pride oppress'd  
 'Till ev'ry stream that warms the breast  
     Forbears to flow !

## ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

JOHN MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good !  
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,  
 To us invisible ; or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works ; yet *these* declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light !  
 Angels ! for ye behold him, and, with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne, rejoicing. Ye in heav'n !  
 On earth join all ye creatures ! to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars ! last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn ;  
 Sure pledge of day ! that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou sun ! of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires ! that move  
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
*His* praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air ! and ye elements ! the eldest birth  
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations ! that now rise  
 From hill and steaming lake, dusky or gray,

Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author, rise ;  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs ;  
 Rising or falling, still advance His praise.  
 His praise, ye winds ! that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines !  
 With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship, wave.  
 Fountains ! and ye that warble as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs ! warbling, tune His praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls ! ye birds !  
 That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes, His praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide ! and ye that walk  
 The earth ! and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still,  
 To give us only good : and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

---

## GLENOWEN.

MARY ROBINSON.

FAREWELL, dear Glenowen ! adieu to thy moun-  
 tains,  
 Where oft I have wander'd to welcome the day ;  
 Farewell to thy forests, thy crystalline fountains,  
 Which stray through the valley, and moan as they  
 stray.  
 O'er wide foamy waters I'm destin'd to travel,  
 A poor simple exile, forlorn and unknown ;  
 Yet while the dark fates shall my fortune unravel,  
 My thoughts, my affections, shall still be thy own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide-spreading treasures,  
 Thy vallies, where nature luxuriantly roves,  
 May bid the heart, dancing to Fancy's wild measures  
 Forget, for a moment, its own native groves :  
 But where is the bosom that sighs not in sorrow,  
 Estrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone ;  
 Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,  
 A poor weary traveller, lost and unknown ?

Sweet vistas of myrtle, and paths of gay roses,  
 And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with  
 shades,  
 Fresh banks of young vi'lets, where Fancy reposes  
 And courts gentle slumbers her visions to aid ;  
 The dark silent grotto, the soft-flowing fountains,  
 Where Nature's own music slow murmurs along ;  
 The sun-beams, that dance on the pine-cover'd moun-  
 tains,  
 May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear Glenowen ! canst bring sweeter pleasure,  
 All barren and bleak as thy summits appear :  
 And though thou canst boast of no rich gaudy treasure,  
 Still memory traces thy charms with a tear !  
 The keen blast may howl o'er the vallies and mountains,  
 And strip the rich verdure that mantles each tree ;  
 And winter may bind, in cold fetters, thy fountains,  
 But still thou art dear, O Glenowen ! to me.



Though the pride of conscious integrity and the  
 blessings of spotless innocence, glow at thy uncorrupt-  
 ed heart, yet turn not an eye of contemptuous scorn  
 on those, who lured by Passion, or betrayed by Love,  
 have wandered into the wilds of vice—O ! rather, much

rather be thine the hand gently to lead them to the  
paths of Truth and Virtue.

---

### THE PROSTITUTE.

AS trav'lers through life's vary'd paths we go,  
What sights we pass of wretchedness and woe !  
Ah ! deep and frequent is the good man's sigh  
O'er thy hard sufferings, poor Humanity !

What form is that, which wanders up and down,  
Some poor unfriended orphan of the town ?  
Heavy indeed hath ruthless sorrow press'd  
Her cold hand at her miserable breast ;  
Worn with disease, with not a friend to save,  
Or shed a tear of pity o'er her grave ;  
The sickly lustre leaves her faded eye,  
She sinks in need, in pain, and infamy.

Ah ! happier innocent ! on whose chaste cheek  
The spotless rose of virtue blushes meek ;  
Come shed, in mercy shed, a silent tear,  
O'er a lost sister's solitary bier.

She might have bloom'd like thee, in vernal life ;  
She might have bloom'd, the fond endearing wife---  
The tender daughter ; but want's chilling dew  
Blasted each scene hope's faithless pencil drew ;  
No anxious friend sat weeping o'er her bed,  
Or ask'd a blessing on her little head.

She never knew, though beauty mark'd her face,  
What beggars woman-kind of ev'ry grace ;  
Ne'er clasp'd a mother's knees with fond delight,  
Or lisp'd to Heav'n her pray'r of peace at night :  
Alas ! her helpless childhood was consign'd  
To the unfeeling mercy of mankind.

## A WAR POEM.

*On the late Mr. BLITHE, a Midshipman on board the Mars.*

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HARK, how the church-bell's thund'ring harmony  
Stuns the glad ear!—Tidings of joy have come—  
Good tidings of great joy!—Two gallant ships  
Met on the element—they met—they fought  
A desp'rate fight.—Good tidings of great joy!  
They fought a desp'rate fight—The English guns  
Plough'd up the hostile deck—they shatter'd her—  
Old England triumph'd.—Yet another day  
Of glory for the Ruler of the Waves.  
For those who fell—'twas in their country's cause—  
They have their passing paragraphs of praise,  
And are forgotten.

There was one who died  
In that day's glory, whose obscurer name  
No proud historian's page will chronicle.  
Peace to his honest soul!—I read his name—  
'Twas in the list of slaughter;—and bless'd God  
The sound was not familiar to mine ear.  
But it was told me after, that this man  
Was one whom lawful violence had forc'd  
From his own home, and wife, and little ones,  
Who by his labor liv'd :—that he was one,  
Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel  
A husband's love, a father's anxiousness ;  
That from the wages of his toil he fed  
The distant dear ones ; and would talk of them  
At midnight, when he trod the silent deck  
With him he valued :—talk of them, of joys  
That he had known.—O God ! and of the hour  
When they should meet again ; till his full heart,  
His manly heart, at last would overflow,

E'en like a child's, with very tenderness.  
 Peace to his honest spirit ! Suddenly  
 It came, and merciful the ball of death,  
 For it came suddenly, and shatter'd him ;  
 And left no moment's agonizing thought  
 On those he lov'd so well.

He ocean deep  
 Now lies at rest. Be thou her comforter,  
 Who art the widow's friend ! Man does not know  
 What a cold sickness made her blood run back,  
 When first she heard the tidings of the fight :  
 Man does not know with what a dreadful hope  
 She listen'd to the names of those who died :  
 Man does not know, or, knowing, will not heed,  
 With what an agony of tenderness  
 She gaz'd upon her children, and beheld  
 His image who was gone. O God ! be Thou  
 Her comforter, who art the widow's friend.

---

## EXTRACTS FROM "DEATH."

DR. PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,  
 I woo thee, DEATH. In fancy's fairy paths ;  
 Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill  
 The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys  
 I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,  
 This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,  
 And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause ;  
 Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear  
 And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng  
 Of meagre phantoms, shooting cross my path  
 With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale  
 Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,  
 Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd



By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors  
 Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion  
 Of busy noon-tide beam, the Monarch sits  
 In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.  
 At his right hand, nearest himself in place  
 And frightfulness of form, his parent *Sin*  
 With fatal industry and cruel care,  
 Busies herself in pointing all his stings,  
 And tipping every shaft with venom drawn  
 From her infernal store : around him rang'd  
 In terrible array, and mixture strange  
 Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.  
 Foremost *Old Age*, his natural ally  
 And firmest friend ; next him, Diseases thick,  
 A motley train ; *Fever*, with cheek of fire ;  
*Consumption* wan ; *Palsy*, half warm with life,  
 And half a clay-clod lump ; joint-tort'ring *Gout*,  
 And ever-gnawing *Rheum* ; *Convulsion* wild ;  
 Swol'n *Dropsy* ; panting *Asthma* ; *Apoplex*  
 Full gorg'd. There too the *Pestilence* that walks  
 In darkness, and the sickness that destroys  
 At broad noon day. These, and a thousand more,  
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait ; and, when  
 By Heav'n's command Death waves his ebon wand  
 Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,  
 And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

---

'Twas man himself  
 Brought Death into the World ; and Man himself  
 Gave keenness to his darts, quick'ned his pace,  
 And multiply'd destruction on mankind.  
 First *Envy*, eldest-born of Hell, embrued  
 Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of Men  
 To make a Death, which Nature never made,  
 And God abhorr'd ; with violence rude to break  
 The thread of life ere half its length was run,  
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.

With joy *Ambition* saw, and soon improv'd  
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough  
 By subtle fraud to snatch a *single* life,  
 Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell,  
*To sate the lust of power ; more horrid still,*  
*The foulest stain and scandal of our nature*  
*Became its boast.* One murder made a Villain ;  
*Millions* a Hero. Princes were privileg'd  
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.  
 Ah ! why will Kings forget that they are Men ?  
 And Men that they are brethren ? Why delight  
 In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties  
 Of Nature, that should knit their souls together  
 In one soft bond of amity and love ?  
 Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on  
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out  
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave.  
 Artificers of Death ! still Monarchs dream  
 Of universal empire growing up  
 From universal ruin. Blast the design,  
 Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall,  
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine.

---

Almighty Father : At thy good time  
 Let Death approach ; I reck not—let him but come  
 In genuine form, not with *thy* vengeance arm'd,  
 Too much for man to bear. O rather lend  
 Thy kindly aid, to mitigate his stroke :  
 And at that hour, when all aghast I stand  
 (A trembling candidate for thy compassion)  
 On *this* World's brink, and look into the *next* ;  
 When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,  
 Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings  
 To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd  
 From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,  
 And all the lovely relatives of life ;  
 Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on  
 The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,

In all their hideous forms *then* starting up,  
 Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,  
 And stab my bleeding heart with two-edged torture,  
 Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.  
 Far be the ghastly crew ! and in their stead  
 Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells  
 Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,  
 Cherish'd in early youth, now paying back  
 With tenfold usury the pious care,  
 And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm  
 Of conscious Innocence. But chiefly, Thou,  
 Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heav'n  
 To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,  
 And, oh still harder lesson, how to die ;  
 Disdain not Thou, to smoothe the restless bed  
 Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear  
 That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,  
 Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,  
 Till my rapt Soul, anticipating Heav'n,  
 Burst from the thralldom of incumb'ring clay,  
 And on the wing of Ecstasy upborne,  
 Springs into Liberty, and Light and Life.

---

## EXTRACTS FROM "THE GRAVE."

BLAIR.

OFT in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,  
 By glimpse of moon-light chequ'ring through the trees,  
 The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,  
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones  
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)  
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below ;  
 Sudden he starts ! and hears, *or thinks he hears*,  
 The sound of something purring at his heels ;

Full fast he flies, and dare not look behind him,  
 'Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;  
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand  
 O'er some new-open'd grave ; and, strange to tell !  
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.  
 The new-made widow too, I've sometimes spied,  
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :  
 Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,  
 While, bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
 Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.  
 Prone on the lovely grave of the dear man  
 She drops : whilst busy, meddling memory,  
 In barbarous succession, musters up  
 The past endearment of their softer hours,  
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still, she thinks  
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,  
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,  
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.  
 Invidious grave ! how dost thou rend in sunder  
 Whom Love has knit and Sympathy made one !  
 A tie more stubborn far, than Nature's band.  
*Friendship !* mysterious cement of the soul !  
 Sweet'ner of life and solder of society !  
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me,  
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
 Oft have I prov'd the labors of thy love,  
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart  
 Anxious to please. O ! when my friend and I  
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,  
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down  
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,  
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along  
 In grateful errors, through the underwood  
 Sweet murm'ring : methought the shrill-tongued  
 thrush  
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird

Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note ;  
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose  
 Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst ev'ry flow'r  
 Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury  
 Of dress. Oh ! then the longest summer's day  
 Seem'd too, too much in haste ; still the full heart  
 Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness  
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

---

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,  
 Would cunningly persuade us we were something  
 Above the common level of our kind ;  
 The Grave gain-says the smooth-complexion'd flattery,  
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

---

On this side, and on that, men see their friends  
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out  
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long-livers  
 In the world's hale and undegenerate days  
 Could scarce have leisure for ; fools that we are !  
 Never to think of death and of ourselves  
 At the same time ! as if to learn to die  
 Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish !  
 For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,  
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink,  
 Unapprehensive ; for aught we know  
 The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.  
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on  
 With a resistless unremitting stream,  
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,  
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,  
 And carries off his prize—What is this world ?  
 What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,  
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,  
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones ?  
 The very turf on which we tread once liv'd ;  
 And we that live must lend our carcasses

To cover our own offspring ; in their turns  
 They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet !  
 The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor ;  
 Men of all climes that never met before :  
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.

---

“ Ah, little think the gay, licentious Proud,  
 “ Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround : ”  
 “ Ah little think they, while they dance along,  
 “ How many feel, this very moment, Death,  
 “ And all the sad variety of Pain.”

It can scarcely be doubted that thoughtlessness rather than unfeelingness and Ignorance, rather than Inhumanity, are the causes why so many riot in wealth, whilst others are from Poverty enduring all the anguish to which our nature is subject. But be it remembered, that where knowledge is so easily acquired, to be ignorant is a crime against humanity : and let it not be forgotten, that where attention is so necessary, negligence is unpardonable. How many in similar circumstances would be ready to exclaim with *Lear*

——“ O, I have ta'en  
 “ Too little care of this :—take physic Pomp !  
 “ *Expose THYSELF to feel what wretches feel,*  
 “ *That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,*  
 “ *And shew the heavens more just.*”

This advice of *Lear's* is finely illustrated, and brought home to our bosoms and businesses in the following pathetic little poem.

## COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

And wherefore do the poor complain ?  
 'The rich man ask'd of me &c.

Come walk abroad with me, said I,  
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets  
Were cheerless to behold ;  
And we were wrapt and coated well,  
But *yet*, we felt the cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,  
His locks were few and white ;  
I ask'd him what he did abroad,  
In that cold winter night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,  
But at home no fire had he ;  
And, *therefore*, he had come abroad,  
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,  
And she begg'd loud and bold ;  
I ask'd her what she did abroad,  
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,  
And he lay sick in bed ;  
And, *therefore*, was it she was sent  
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down  
Upon a stone to rest ;  
She had a baby at her back,  
Another at her breast.

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there,  
When the wind it was so chill ;  
She turn'd her head, and bade the child,  
That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us, that her husband serv'd,  
 A soldier, far away ;  
 And, *therefore*, to her parish, she  
 Was begging back her way.

We met a girl ; her dress was loose,  
 And sunken was her eye ;  
 Who, with the wanton's hollow voice,  
 Address'd the passers by.

I ask'd her what there was in guilt,  
 That could her heart allure,  
 To shame, disease, and late remorse ;  
 She answer'd, she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,  
 For silently stood he ;  
 You ask'd me why the poor complain,  
 And these have answer'd thee.

---

One John Wilson, a young man, a journeyman carpenter, was condemned to suffer, in the year 1758, for being active in a riot, but received in the city of London a pardon, the evening previous to the day appointed for his execution : upon which he expressed the grateful acknowledgment of his heart, upon the important occasion, in the following verses :

AND live I yet, by power divine ?  
 And have I still my course to run ?  
 Again brought back, in its decline,  
 The shadow of my parting sun !  
 Wand'ring I ask, is this the breast,  
 Struggling so late with grief and pain,  
 The eyes which upwards look'd for rest,



And dropp'd their weary lids again.  
 The recent horrors still appear !  
 Oh ! may they never cease to awe !  
 Still be the King of Terrors near,  
 Whom late in all his pomp I saw.  
 Torture and grief prepar'd his way,  
 And pointed to a yawning tomb ;  
 Darkness behind eclips'd the day,  
 And check'd my forward hopes to come.  
 But now the dreadful storm is o'er ;  
 Ended at last the doubtful strife,  
 And living I the hand adore,  
 That gave me back again my life.  
 God of my life ! what just return  
 Can sinful dust and ashes give ?  
 I only live my sins to mourn,  
 To love my God I only live.  
 To thee, benign and sacred power !  
 I consecrate my lengthen'd days ;  
 While mark'd with blessings ev'ry hour  
 Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

---

The following lines were addressed to an officer in the British army, by a lady who had heard him more than once violate the sacred injunction to "swear not at all." It is satisfactory to add, that the strength and manner of the reproof were productive of all the good intended.

---

Oh that the Muse might call, without offence,  
 The gallant soldier back to his good sense !  
 His temp'ral field, so cautious not to lose,  
 So careless quite of his eternal foes !  
 Soldier ! so tender of thy Prince's fame,  
 Why so profuse of a superior name ?

For the King's sake the brunt of battles bear ;  
But, for the KING of King's sake—*do not swear.*

---

A young man in a deep consumption feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting ; but how much must every feeling, on the occasion, be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a Poem on the subject. The following is an extract from a poem, written by an author in the above situation, on his own approaching death. The subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

---

Now Spring returns ; but not to me returns  
The vernal joys my better years have known :  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns ;  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the unconstant wind,  
Meagre and pale, the Ghost of what I was,  
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,  
And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;  
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;  
And morning dreams, as Poets tell, are true :

Led by pale Ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of light and life adieu !

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;  
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,  
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewel, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !  
Enough for me the Church-yard's lonely mound ;  
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,  
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes ;  
The World and all its busy follies leave,  
And talk with wisdom where my DAPHNE lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,  
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes ;  
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

---

## INDEPENDENCE.

T. SMOLLET, M. D.

### STROPHE.

THY spirit *Independence*, let me share !  
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky,  
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
A Goddess violated brought thee forth,

Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
Hath blanch'd the tyrant's cheek in ev'ry varying clime.  
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,

With frantic *Superstition* for his guide,  
Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,

The sons of Woden to the field defy'd :  
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,

In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow ;  
And red the stream began to flow :

" The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood."

#### ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled

From altars stain'd with human gore ;  
And *Liberty* his routed legions led

In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.  
There in a cave asleep she lay,

Lull'd by the hoarse resounding main ;  
When a bold Savage pass'd that way,

Impelled by destiny, his name *Disdain*.  
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd ;

The hunted boar supply'd a shaggy vest ;  
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;

And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.  
He stopt ; he gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd,

And deeply felt th' impression of her charms :  
He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd,

And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

#### STROPHE.

The Curliou scream'd ; the Tritons blew

Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;  
Old *Time* exulted as he flew ;

And *Independence* saw the light.

The light he saw on Albion's happy plains,

Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
While Philomel renew'd her warlike strains,

Th' auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born.  
 The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy  
 The smiling infant to their charge consigned ;  
 The Doric muse caress'd the fav'rite boy ;  
 The hermit *Wisdom* stor'd his op'ning mind.  
 As rolling years matur'd his age,  
 He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire ;  
 While the mild passions in his breast assuag'd  
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,  
 And zealous rov'd from pole to pole ;  
 The rolls of right eternal to display,  
 And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring soul.  
 On desert isles 'twas He that rais'd,  
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,  
 Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd  
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.  
 He steel'd the blunt Bardavian's arms  
 To burst the Iberian's double chain ;  
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,  
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.  
 He, with the generous rustic, sate  
 On Uris' rocks in close divan,  
 And wing'd that arrow sure as fate  
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

## STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,  
 Where blasted Nature pants supine,  
 Conductor of her tribes adust,  
 To Freedom's adamantine shrine ;  
 And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast,  
 He, snatch'd from under fell *Oppression's* wing ;

And taught, amidst the dreary waste,  
 Th' all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.  
 He, virtue finds, like precious ore,  
 Diffus'd through every baser mould ;  
 Ev'n now he stands on Calvis' rocky shore,  
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.  
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth  
 Pomp's tinsel'd liv'ry to despise ;  
 My lips by him chastis'd to truth,  
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread  
 Where varnish'd *Vice* and *Vanity* combin'd,  
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,  
 And forge vile shackles for the freeborn mind :  
 Where *Insolence* his wrinkled front uprears,  
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow,  
 And *Title* his ill-woven chaplet wears,  
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow ;  
 Where ever-dimpling *Falsehood*, pert and vain,  
 Presents her cup of state professions froth,  
 And pale *Disease*, with all his bloated train,  
 Torments the sons of *Gluttony* and *Sloth*.

## STROPHE.

In *Fortune's* car behold that minion ride,  
 With either India's glittering spoils opprest :  
 So moves the sumpter mule, in harness'd pride,  
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.  
 For him, let venal bards disgrace the bay,  
 And hireling minstrel wake the tinkling string ;  
 Her sensual snares let faithless *Pleasure* lay,  
 And all her jingling bells fantastic *Folly* ring :  
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene,  
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,

In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,  
Shook from the baleful pinions of *Disgust*.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature, I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,  
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,  
Where the pois'd Lark his evening ditty chaunts.  
And *Health*, and *Peace*, and *Contemplation* dwell.  
There *Study*, shall with *Solitude* recline,  
And *Friendship* pledge me to his fellow swains,  
And *Toil* and *Temperance* sedately twine  
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains :  
And fearless *Poverty* shall guard the door ;  
And *Taste* unspoil'd, the frugal table spread ;  
And *Industry* supply the humble store,  
And *Sleep* unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed :  
White mantled *Innocence*, ethereal spright,  
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night ;  
And *Independence* o'er the day preside ;  
Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

---

EXTRACTS FROM "THE TASK."

WILLIAM COWPER.

CRAZY KATE.

THERE wanders one, whom better days  
Saw better clad, in cloak of sattin trimm'd  
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound ;  
A serving maid was she, and fell in love  
With one who left her, went to sea and died.  
Her fancy follow'd him thro' foaming waves  
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers : Fancy too,

Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
 And dream of transports, she was not to know.  
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death,  
 And never smil'd again. And now she roams  
 The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,  
 And there, unless when charity forbids,  
 The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,  
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown  
 More tatter'd still ; and both but ill conceal  
 A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.  
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
 And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,  
 Tho' press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,  
 Tho' pinch'd with cold, asks never—Kate is craz'd.

#### THE CLERICAL CONCOMB.

In man or woman, but far most in man,  
 And most of all in man that ministers  
 And serves the altar,' in my soul I loath,  
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;  
 Object of my implacable disgust.  
 What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge  
 A silly fond conceit of *his* fair form  
 And just proportion, fashionable mien  
 And pretty face, *in presence of his God* ?  
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,  
 As with the di'mond on his lily hand,  
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,  
 When I am hungry, for the bread of life ?  
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames  
 His noble office, and instead of truth  
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.  
 Therefore avaunt ! All attitude and stare,  
 And start theatric, practised at the glass.



## POST BOY DESCRIBED.

Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn, o'er yonder bridge,  
 That with its wearisome but needful length,  
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon  
 Sees her unwrinkl'd face reflected bright ;  
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
 With spatter'd, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,  
 News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.  
 True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,  
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern,  
 Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn,  
 And having dropp'd th' expected bag—pass on.  
 He whistles as he goes ; light-hearted wretch,  
 Cold, and yet cheerful, messenger of grief,  
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,  
 To him indiff'rent, whether grief or joy.  
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
 With tears that trickl'd down the writer's cheeks,  
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
 Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,  
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.  
 But, oh the important budget ! usher'd in  
 With such heart-shaking music who can say  
 What are its tidings ?

## ADDRESS TO WINTER.

Oh Winter ! ruler of th' inverted year,  
 Thy scatter'd hair, with sleet, like ashes, fill'd,  
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
 Fring'd with a beard, made white with other snows  
 Than those of age ; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,  
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne,  
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
 But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way ;

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun  
 A pris'ner in the yet undaunting East,  
 Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,  
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
 Down to the rosy West. But kindly still  
 Compensating his loss with added hours  
 Of social converse, and instructive ease,  
 And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group,  
 The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,  
 Not less dispers'd by day-light, and its cares.  
 I crown thee King of intimate delights,  
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
 And all the comforts that the loudly roof  
 Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.

#### LOVE OF LIBERTY INSPIRES COURAGE.

Whose freedom is by suffrance, and at will  
 Of a superior, he is never free.  
 Who lives, and is not weary of a life  
 Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.  
 The state that strives for liberty, tho' foil'd,  
 And forc'd to abandon what she bravely sought,  
 Deserves at least applause for her attempt,  
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause  
 Not often unsuccessful ; power usurp'd,  
 Is weakness oppos'd ; conscious of wrong,  
 'Tis pusillanimous, and prone to flight.  
 But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought  
 Of freedom, in *that* hope itself possess  
 All that the contest call for ; spirit, strength,  
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts,  
 The surest presage of the good they seek.

#### CONSTRAINTS INJURIOUS TO FREEDOM.

'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flow'r  
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,

And we are weeds without it. All constraint,  
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,  
 Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes  
 Their progress in the roads of science ; blinds  
 The eye-sight of discovery, and begets  
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind  
 Bestial, and meagre intellect, unfit  
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.

---

The following poem was written by Dr. DRENNAN, about the year 1796. Its poetic merit will be acknowledged by every reader, though some may not feel the force and truth of all its *political* allusions. It is one of those emanations of Genius, Intellect and Feeling, which adorns the page of a generous and gallant Nation, at a period when the Moral and Political world was shaken to its centre.

---

## ERIN,\*

TO ITS OWN TUNE.

WHEN Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,  
 God bless'd the green island and saw it was good ;  
 The em'raïd of Europe, it sparkled and shone,  
 In the ring of the world, its most precious stone.

In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice bless'd,  
 With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,  
 Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore,  
 And strikes her high harp midst the ocean's deep roar.

— Ireland.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,  
 The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep,  
 At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,  
 And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.

O ! sons of great Erin lament o'er the time,  
 When religion was war, and our country a crime ;  
 When man in God's image inverted His plan,  
 And moulded *their* God in the image of Man.

When the int'rest of State wrought the general woe,  
 The stranger a friend, and the native a foe ;  
 While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children oppress'd,  
 And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.

When with Pale for the body and Pale for the soul,  
*Church and State* join'd in compact to conquer the  
           whole ;  
 And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,  
 Ey'd each other askance, and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your fore-father's  
           grave,  
 For your country, thus left to the brute and the slave,  
 Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,  
 And where Britain made brutes, now let Erin make  
           men.

Let my sons, like the leaves of the Shamrock unite,  
 A partition of sects from one footstalk of right ;  
 Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,  
*Nor fatten the slave wher the serpent would die.\**

\* This is an allusion to a singular fact in the Natural History of Ireland, that no snakes, or other venomous animals, are to be found in the country, nor will they live, if imported.

Alas ! for poor Erin that some still are seen,  
 Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to  
     green ;  
 Yet, Oh ! when you're up and they're down, let them  
     live,  
 Then yield them *that* mercy they would not give.

Arm of Erin be strong ! but be gentle as brave !  
 And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save !  
 Nor the feeling of vengeance presume to defile,  
 The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,  
 And the Green *shall* outlive both the Orange and Blue !  
 And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,  
 With the full-swelling chest and the fair flowing hair.

Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and brave,  
 But no coward shall rest on that soft-swelling wave ;  
 Men of Erin ! awake, and make haste to be blest,  
 Rise—arch of the ocean—and queen of the west.

---

The *Baron de Kalb* was an officer of great military talents and of very respectable character. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Camden, fought on the 16th of August, 1780. He died rejoicing in the services he had rendered America in her struggle for Independence, and gloried with his latest breath in the honor of dying in so righteous a cause. He was buried near the village of Camden, and an ornamental tree planted at the head of his grave.

---

LINES SUGGESTED ON LOOKING FOR THE GRAVE OF  
 BARON DE KALB.

BORN in the reach of splendor, pomp and pow'r,  
 He spurn'd at honors unattain'd by worth ;

And fostering Freedom in a glorious hour,  
 Preferr'd her cause to all the pride of birth.

In Freedom's virtuous cause, alert, he rose ;  
 In Freedom's virtuous cause, undaunted, bled ;  
 He died for Freedom mid a host of foes,  
 And found, in Camden's plains, an honor'd bed.

But where, oh ! where's the hallow'd sod,  
 Beneath whose verd the hero's ashes sleep ?

Is *this* the cold, neglected, mould'ring clod ?  
 Or *that* the grave at which I ought to weep ?

Why rises not some massy pillar high,  
 To grace a name that fought for Freedom's prize ?

Or, why, at least, some rudely etch'd stone nigh,  
 To shew the spot where matchless valor lies ?

Yet soldier, thy illustrious name is known,  
 Thy fame supported, and thy worth confess'd ;  
 That peerless virtue, which in danger shone,  
 Is shining still, when thou art laid in rest.

And though no monumental scrip is seen,  
 Thy worth to publish, and thy deeds proclaim,  
 Each son of Freedom, passing near this green,  
 Shall hail *De Kalb*, and venerate his name.

Governor *Tryon* and General *Garth*, with a party of Tories, British and German yaughers, landed at Fairfield, (Con.) the 7th of July, 1779. The American militia, conscious of their inability to contend with success, from a mistaken reliance on the generosity and compassion of the British, and a misplaced confidence in Tryon, with whom many of them were personally acquainted ; retreated, and in very many instances left their families as well as property to the mercy of the enemy ; who found in the town only women, children, and aged men. The soldiery spared neither age, sex or condition—their persons were

abused, their houses rifled, and a general pillage and burning of every thing valuable closed this outrage upon humanity. It was thought that this brief historical sketch might not be unacceptable, as a preface to the poem of Col. *Humphreys*.

---

## AN ELEGY

*On the burning of Fairfield, in Connecticut.—Written on the spot, anno 1779.*

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

YE smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,  
 Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow,  
 Ye desolated plains my voice inspire,  
 And give soft music to the song of woe !

How pleasant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd sight  
 Rose thy tall spires, and op'd thy social halls !  
 How oft my bosom beat with pure delight,  
 At yonder spot, where stand the darken'd walls !

But there the voice of mirth resounds no more,  
 A silent sadness through the streets prevails,  
 The distant main alone is heard to roar,  
 And hollow chimnies hum with sullen gales ;

Save where scorch'd elms th' untimely foliage shed,  
 Which rustling hovers round the faded green ;  
 Save where at twilight mourners frequent tread,  
 'Mid recent graves o'er desolation's scene.

How chang'd the blissful prospect, when compar'd  
 These glooms funereal with thy former bloom :  
 Thy hospitable rights when Tryon shar'd,  
 Long 'ere he seal'd thy melancholy doom.

That impious wretch, with coward voice decreed  
 Defenceless domes and hallow'd fanes to dust,  
 Beheld with sneering smile the wounded bleed,  
 And spurr'd his bands to rapine, blood and lust.

Vain was the widow's, vain was the orphan's cry,  
 To touch his feelings or to soothe his rage ;  
 Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,  
 Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.

Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,  
 Or make his deeds survive in glory's page ?  
 Could Britons seek of savages the fame,  
 Or deem it conquest *thus* the war to wage ?

Yes, Britons scorn the councils of the skies,  
 Extend wide havoc, spurn the insulted foes !  
 Th'insulted foes to tenfold vengeance rise,  
 Resistance growing as the danger grows.

Red in their wounds and pointing to the plain,  
 The visionary shapes before me stand ;  
 The thunder bursts, the battle burns again,  
 And kindling fires encrimson all the strand.—

Long dusky wreaths of smoke, reluctant driven,  
 In blackening volumes o'er the landscape bend ;  
 Here the broad splendor blazes high to heaven,  
 There umber'd streams in purple pomp ascend.

In fiery eddies round the tott'ring walls,  
 Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly ;  
 With frightful crash the burning mansion falls,  
 The works of years in glowing embers lye.

Tryon ? behold thy sanguine flames aspire,  
 Clouds ting'd with dyes intolerably bright !



Behold well pleas'd the village wrap'd in fire ;  
 Let one wide ruin glut thy ravish'd sight !

Ere fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eye,  
 See age and sickness tremulously slow,  
 Creep from the flames—see babes in torture dye—  
 And mothers swoon in agonies of woe.

Go, gaze, enraptur'd, with the mother's tear,  
 The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,  
 Where no bold bands can check thy curst career ;  
 Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain.

These be thy triumphs ! this thy boasted fame !  
 Daughters of mem'ry, raise the deathless songs !  
 Repeat through endless years his hated name,  
 Embalm his crimes and teach the world our wrongs !

---

It is scarcely possible to resist the manner and style of this *Tale*. It is told excellently well, but while we laugh at the genuine humor of its author, let us not suffer ourselves for a moment to approve of his hero. To sport with misfortune is ever culpable ; but a man who can rob a fellow creature of peace and rest, however he may be entitled to the name of a pleasant fellow, or a jolly dog, ranks but low in the scale of rationality. The custom of "roasting, boiling or smoking," in the manner of *Tom King*, is "one more honored in the breach than in the observance."

## MONSIEUR TONSON.

GEORGE COLEMAN.

A TALE.

THERE liv'd as fame reports in days of yore,  
 At least some fifty years ago, or more,

A pleasant wight in town, y'clep'd TOM KING,  
 A fellow that was clever at a joke,  
 Expert in all the works to tease and *smoke*,  
 In short, for strokes of humor, quite the *thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known,  
 With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—  
 Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,  
 Would crowd, his stories and *bon-mots* to hear,  
 And none a disappointment e'er could fear,  
 His humor flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—  
 A frolic he would hunt for day and night,  
 Careless how prudence on the sport might frown  
 If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,  
 At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,  
 Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,  
 Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend.  
 Just by that spot the seven dials light.  
 'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,  
 The watch, as usual, dosing on his post,  
 And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the numerous clans,  
 Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,  
 Known at that time by name of refugees—  
 The rod of persecution from their home,  
 Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,  
 And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well ! our two friends were sauntering thro' the street  
 In hope some fool of humor soon to meet,  
 When in a window near a light they view ;  
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,

It seemed the prologue of some merry play,  
So towards the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thundering knock,  
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock)

"I'll ask," says King, "if Thompson lodges here?"—  
"THOMPSON," cries t'other, "who the devil is he?"  
"I know not," King replies, "but want to see,  
"What kind of animal will now appear."

After some little time a Frenchman came,  
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,  
The other held a thing they call *culotte*;  
An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,  
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er his shoulders spread,  
Scarce half awake he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,  
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,  
Bending his head politely to his knee—

"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late;  
"I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you wait;  
"Pray tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,  
"As by your house I chanc'd to go—

"But really I disturb your sleep I fear—  
"I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,  
"Among the folks who in this street may dwell,  
"If there's a Mr. THOMPSON lodges here?"

The shivering Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find  
The business of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,  
Shrugg' out a sigh that thus his rest should break,  
Then with unaltered courtesy he spake—

"No, Sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here?"  
Our wag begg'd pardon, and towards home he sped,

While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed ;  
 But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,  
 So the next night, with more of whim than grace  
 Again he made a visit to the place,  
 To break once more the poor Frenchman's rest.

He knocked—but waited longer than before ;  
 No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,  
 Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound ;  
 King with the knocker, thundered then again,  
 Firm on his post determin'd to remain,  
 And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last, King hears him o'er the passage creep,  
 Wondering what fiend again disturb'd his sleep ;  
 The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;  
 Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise ;  
 (While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)  
 " Is there—a Mr. THOMPSON—lodges here ?"

The Frenchman faltered with a kind of fright—  
 " Vy Sare, I'm sure I told you, Sare, last night  
 (And here he labored with a sigh sincere)  
 " No Monsieur Tonson in de varld I know,  
 " No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so ;  
 " Indeed, Sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here ?"

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,  
 And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.  
 The rogue next night pursued his old career—  
 'Twas long before the man came nigh,  
 And then he muttered in a piteous cry,  
 " Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here !"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,  
 And the next night came forth a prattling maid,  
 Whose tongue, indeed, than any Jack went faster,  
 Anxious she strove his errand to inquire,

He said, " 'tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,  
 " He would not stir till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began in doleful state,  
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,  
 And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—  
 King told her she must fetch her master down,  
 A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,  
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd she went the snoring man to call,  
 And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to bawl,  
 'Fore she could rouse this torpid lump of clay—  
 At last he wakes—he rises, and he swears,  
 But scarcely had he tottered down the stairs,  
 When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain,  
 To this tormentor mildly to complain,  
 And straight in rage began his crest to rear—  
 " Sare, vat de devil make you treat me so ?  
 " Sare, I inform you, Sare, three nights ago,  
 " Cot tam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here."

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife  
 Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wife,  
 Which should descend to chace the fiend away ;  
 At length to join their forces they agree,  
 And straight impetuously they turn the key,  
 Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero with the firmness of a rock,  
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,  
 Uttering the old inquiry, calmly stood—  
 The name of THOMPSON, rais'd the storm so high,  
 He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly  
 With, " Well I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent  
 Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,  
 So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :  
 They threw out water—for the watch they call,  
 But King expecting, still escapes from all—  
 Monsieur at last his house was forced to quit.

It happen'd that our wag about this time,  
 On some fair prospect sought the eastern clime,  
 Six lingering years were there his tedious lot ;  
 At length content, amid his ripening store,  
 He treads again on Britain's happy shore,  
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,  
 And the same night, as former freaks arise,  
 He fain must stroll, the well known haunt to trace—  
 " Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,  
 " My poor old Frenchman I suppose is dead—  
 " Egad, I'll knock and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,  
 And while he eager eyes the opening door,  
 Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?  
 Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say !  
 He took his old abode that very day—  
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,  
 Who fiend-like haunted him so long ago,  
 Just in his former trim he now appears ;  
 The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,  
 With rush light as before he creeping came,  
 And King's detested voice, astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,  
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,

His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—  
 Then staring he exclaim'd in rueful strain,  
 "Begar ! here's Monsieur Tonson come again !"  
 Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more !

---

## THE GAMESTER.

AH ! who is he whose haggard eye  
 Scarce dares to meet the morning ray ?  
 Who trembling would, but cannot fly  
 From man, and from the busy day.  
 Mark how his lip is fever'd o'er,  
 Behold his cheek how deathly it appears !  
 See how his blood-shot eye-balls pour  
 A burning torrent of unpitied tears !

Now watch the varying gesture wild !  
 See how his tortured bosom heaves !  
 Behold misfortune's wayward child,  
 For whom no kindred nature grieves.  
 Despis'd, detested, ruined, lost !  
 His fortune, health, and reputation flown ;  
 On misery's stormy ocean tost,  
 Condemn'd to curse his fate, and curse alone.

Once were his prospects bright and gay,  
 And independence blest his hours ;  
 His was the smooth and sunny way,  
 Where pleasure tip-toe scatter'd flow'rs.  
 Love bound his brow with thornless sweets,  
 And smiling friendship fill'd his cup of joy ;  
 Now not a friend the victim meets,  
 For like a wolf he wanders to destroy.

All day upon a couch of thorn  
 His weary fey'rish limbs recline ;

All night distracted and forlorn,  
 He hovers round the hateful shrine !  
 Eager to seize, with grasping hands,  
 The slender pittance of the easy fool ;  
 He links himself with caitiff bands,  
 And learns the lesson of the Gamester's school.

One hour elate with ill got gold,  
 And dazzled with the shining store !  
 In plenitude of joys, behold  
 The Prodigal displays his store !  
 The next in poverty and fear,  
 He hides him, trembling at approaching fate,  
 While greedy creditors appear,  
 And with remorseless rage lurk round the gate.

Then comes the horror-breeding hour !  
 While recreant suicide attends ;  
 And madness with impetuous power,  
 The scene of desolation ends !  
 Upon his grave no parent mourns,  
 No widow'd love laments with graceful woe ;  
 No dawn of day for him returns—  
 For heav'n demands that peace his frenzy lost below.

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FROM A VERSION OF AN  
 ADMONITORY POEM OF PHOCYLIDES.

THE REV. MR. YOUNGE.

‘ SPEAK honest truth, and scorn the subterfuge  
 Of mental reservation ; nor appear  
 A polypus, and change in ev'ry site.  
 Base is the man who with premeditation



Unjustly acts, but whom necessity  
 Compels to frauds, is but a partial knave.  
 In ev'ry deed, consider the design.  
 Swell not with pride, for wisdom, strength, nor riches ;  
 Mortals have none to boast : one Pow'r alone  
 Is rich, omniscient, and omnipotent.  
 'Tis vain to grieve at evils which are past ;  
 For what is done can never be recall'd.  
 Restrain your hand, and bridle furious anger ;  
 For when, indulg'd, it gives a loose to blows,  
 And murder follows oft, though undesign'd.  
 Be kind and humble : luxury begets  
 Immoderate desires ; and opulence  
 Is, in its nature, haughty and disdainful.  
 The virtuous emulate, and not the bad.  
 A steady purpose much assists the honest,  
 But makes the villain worse. Let venery,  
 Which brings disgrace, give way to love of virtue.  
 Eat, drink, and speak ; do *all* in moderation.  
 Excesses shun, and keep the golden mean.  
 Free from dark envy live : superior pow'rs,  
 Pleas'd with their stations, envy not each other.  
 Look round the world : observe the pallid moon ;  
 She envies not the sun's all-glorious orb :  
 This earth, unenvious, humbly views the heav'n  
 Stretch'd far above her : all, content, agree,  
 Should discord actuate the pow'rs divine,  
 This whole creation must at once be ruin'd.

' Live temperate : avoid obscenity ;  
 Nor study deep revenge ; for soft persuasion  
 Bids strife to cease ; but strife engenders strife.  
 Trust not too soon ; but ever mark the end.  
 Outdo the kind in kindness. 'Tis far better  
 To treat a stranger with immediate welcome,  
 Though frugal, than with formal, feign'd delays.  
 Be not to poverty an usurer.

Let none attempt, who rob a nest of young,  
 To seize the parent bird, but give her liberty ;  
 And other future broods shall pay the ransom.  
 'Tis not the office of a fool to judge :  
 Let wise teach wisdom, artists teach their arts.  
 He can't improve, who cannot learn to hear.  
 Flee the base sycophant ; nor think to find  
 A friend in him who loves thy board alone,  
 And serves the time, insatiably rapacious.  
 Trust not the crowd : the crowd is ever various,  
 Like fire and torrents, not to be restrain'd.  
 Ev'n in devotion chose the middle way.  
 Entomb the dead, nor impious treat the graves  
 Of those who rest in peace. The sun abhors  
 So foul a sight ; and heav'nly vengeance follows.  
 Touch not their poor remains ; for Hope declares  
 That man shall rise from earth to light again,  
 Survive his earthly spoils, and live immortal.  
 Souls bloom corruptless, though the frames decay,  
 Breath'd from the Godhead in the form of God.  
 Our bodies shap'd of dust, to dust return ;  
 But the free spirit soars aloft to heav'n.  
 Where is the use of riches to a mortal  
 Who cannot bear his hoarded heaps away ?  
 The stroke of death makes ev'ry station equal ;  
 But heav'n disposes of the soul at pleasure.  
 A king shall boast his regal pomp no more :  
 The starveling beggar, ev'ry vulgar dead,  
 Must join his side, and use one common mansion.  
 Born but to die, these bodies soon decay ;  
 Yet, in perpetual vig'rous youth, the soul  
 Survives her prison, and forever blooms.  
 Nor fortune prosp'rous should exalt the mind,  
 Nor adverse damp it. Serve necessity :  
 'Tis vain to blow thy breath against a storm.  
 Bless'd is the man whom pow'rful words attend ;  
 For reason conquers more than conqu'ring steel.<sup>9</sup>

*Kosciusko* was a Polish count : in his earlier days he enjoyed the confidence of his Sovereign, by whom he had been frequently employed in a military character. Early in the revolutionary war he came to America, and offered his services to General *Washington*, who received him with cordiality, and gave him a command. After the peace which acknowledged the Independence of the United States, he returned to Poland, where he greatly distinguished himself in an attempt to liberate his country from the odious vassalage of Russia. The attempt was foiled ; Poland was dismembered ; and *Kosciusko*, dangerously wounded, was cast into a prison near Petersburg, where he was released on the accession of Paul. He then went to London, where, emaciated as he was by his wounds and his sufferings, he became an object of jealousy to the Government, by which he was ordered to depart the country. He came thence to America, where he was welcomed as his valor and his virtues deserved, and rewarded as justice and gratitude demanded. The following lines of Pindar were written when *Kosciusko* was going to embark for America.

---

## TO GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

PETER PINDAR.

O THOU, whose wounds from Pity's eye  
 Could force the stream and bid her sigh,  
 That God-like valor bled in vain—  
 Sigh that the land which gave them birth  
 Should droop its sorrowing head to earth,  
 And groaning curse the Despot's chain !

Her beams around shall Glory spread,  
 Where'er thy star thy steps shall lead,

And Fame thy ev'ry deed repeat :  
 Each heart in suff'ring virtue's cause  
 Shall swell amid the loud applause,  
 And raptur'd catch a kindred heat.

In Fancy's eye, thy friend, the Muse,  
 Thy bark, from wave to wave pursues,  
 With fondest wish to join the way,  
 To view the shore where Freedom reigns,  
 (An exile long from British plains)  
 And blesses millions by her sway.

While thou, in Peace's purple vale,  
 Fair Freedom, Fame and Health shall hail,  
 At ease reclin'd amid the shade—  
 Britannia's wail will wound thy ear ;  
 And lo ! I see thy gen'rous tear  
 Embalms her laurels as they fade.

---

## THE KISS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

GIVE me a kiss before you go,  
 And then—we'll part for ever :  
 I little thought she would do so—  
 May all the Saints in Heaven forgive her !

The kiss I felt whole weeks and days,  
 And yet it made my bosom shiver ;  
 She fled, and left me in amaze :—  
 May all the Saints in Heaven forgive her !

Oft have I traver'd hills of snow,  
 Oft have I cross'd the dreadful river,

To press that cheek where roses blow :  
 May all the Saints in Heaven forgive her !

And yet, perhaps, she may relent,  
 And cheer me once again—no never—  
 The greatest sinner may repent,  
 May all the Saints in Heaven forgive her !

---

The *first* part of MARY LE MORE has been frequently published ; the *second* I have never seen in print. I have received corrected copies of both the parts from the hand of the poor blind author. He is an Englishman who keenly feels and deeply regrets the conduct of his countrymen in Ireland. The poem of Mary le More has all of poetical excellence that such a trifle and such a subject is capable of: it is greatly to be lamented that it is a tale of Truth, not the offspring of Fancy. Many of the images and lines are worthy the successor of *Homer*, of *Ossian*, and of *Milton*. The first line of the third verse in the second part, is peculiarly beautiful.

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## MARY LE MORE.

EDWARD RUSHTON.

### PART I.

AH ! soldiers of Britain, your merciless doings  
 Long, long, must the children of Erin deplore,  
 All sad is my soul when I view yon black ruins,  
 Where once stood the cabin of Mary le More.  
 Her Father, God rest him ! lov'd Ireland most dearly,  
 All our wrongs, all our sufferings he felt most severely,  
 And with Freedom's firm sons he united sincerely,  
 But gone is the Father of *Mary le More*.

One cold winter's eve as poor *Dermot* sat musing,  
 Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash went the door ;  
 The fierce soldiers ent'red, and straight 'gan abusing,  
 The brave, yet mild Father of *Mary le More*.  
 To their scoffs he replied not, with blows they assail'd  
 him :

He felt all indignant, his caution now failed him ;  
 He repell'd their vile blows, and all Munster bewail'd  
 him,  
 For stabb'd was the Father of *Mary le More*.

From her Father's pale cheek, which her lap had sup-  
 ported,

To an out-house these ruffians the lovely girl bore ;  
 With her prayers, her entreaties, her sorrows they  
 sported,

And by force they deflour'd the sweet *Mary le More*.  
 And now a poor maniac, she roams the wide common,  
 'Gainst the soldiers of Britain she warns every woman,  
 And she sings of her Father in strains more than human,  
 'Till tears often flow for poor *Mary le More*.

O Ireland's fair daughters, your country's salvation,  
 While the waves of old Ocean shall beat round your  
 shore,

Remember the wrongs of your long shackl'd nation,  
 Remember the woes of poor *Mary le More*.

And while your hearts swell, O, with spirits all fire,  
 Your lovers, your brothers, your husbands inspire,  
 Till the *Union* shall make all oppressors retire,  
 From the soil where now wanders poor *Mary le More*.

The *Mother's* wild screams, and the *Children's* distrae-  
 tion,

Whilst the Father, the Husband, lay stretch'd in his  
 gore ;

Ah ! who can relate, and not curse the foul faction—  
 Who blasted that rose-bud, sweet *Mary le More*.

Oh, my Father, my Father, she cried wildly throwing  
 Her arms round his neck, whilst his life's stream  
     was flowing ;  
 She kiss'd his cold lips—but poor Dermot was going :  
 He swoon'd, and left Fatherless, *Mary le More*.

With destruction uncloy'd this infernal banditti,  
 Tho' the rain fell in sheets, and the wind it blew sore ;  
 These friends of the Castle, these foes to all pity,  
     Set fire to the cabin of *Mary le More*.  
 The mother and children half naked and shrieking,  
 Escap'd from the flames where poor Dermot lay  
     reeking :  
 And whilst the sad victims for shelter were seeking,  
 Ah, mark what befel the poor *Mary le More*.

---

#### MARY LE MORE—PART II.

As I strayed o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,  
 While the dew drops of morn the sweet primrose  
     array'd :  
 I saw a poor female whose mental disorder,  
 Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd.  
 On the sward she reclin'd by the green fern surrounded,  
 Ather side speckl'd daisies and crow flowers abound-  
     ed :  
 To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,  
 Her sighs were unceasing---'twas *Mary le More*.  
 Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,  
 Yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her cheek ;  
 Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,  
 And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.  
 While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd, " O my Mo-  
     ther,  
 " See the blood on that lash---'tis the blood of my  
     Brother ;

"They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another,

" 'Tis *Connor*, the friend of poor *Mary le More*.

"Tho' his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,

" Those soldiers shall find that my Father is brave ;

" My Father," she cried, with the wildest emotion,

" Ah ! no ! my poor Father now sleeps in his grave.

" They have toll'd his death bell---they have laid the turf o'er him ;

" His white locks were bloody--no aid can restore him ;

" He is gone ! he is gone---and the good will deplore him,

" When the blue wave of Erin hides *Mary le More*."

A lark from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew near her,

Now 'rose and with energy caroll'd his lay---

" Hush!---hush !" she continued, " the trumpet sounds clearer,

The horsemen approach---Erin's daughter's away :"

Ah ! Britons, 'twas foul---while the cabin was burning,

And o'er her pale father a wretch had been moaning ;

Go hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,

These ruffians have ruin'd poor *Mary le More*.

" Away ! bring the ointment—O God ! see those gashes---

" Alas ! my poor brother ; come dry the big tear,

" Anon, we'll have vengeance for these servile lashes,

" Already the screech owls and ravens appear.

" By day the green grave that lies under the willow,

" With wild flowers I'll strew and by night make my pillow,



"Till the ooze and dark sea-weeds beneath the curl'd  
billow---

"Shall furnish a death-bed for *Mary le More*."

Thus raved the poor Maniac, in tones more heart-rend-  
ing,

Than society's voice e'er pour'd on my ear ;  
When lo ! on the waste, and their march towards her  
bending,

A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear---  
"Oh ! the fiends !" she exclaim'd, and with wild hor-  
ror started,

Thus thro' the tall fern loudly screaming she darted ;  
With an o'ercharg'd bosom I slowly departed,  
And sigh'd for the wrongs of *Mary le More*.

## THE DRESS OF 1700.

ANDREW MERRY.

WHAT modesty then mark'd our fair,  
They did not leave their bosoms bare,  
Creating passion !

But hiding almost all the skin,  
They wore large caps tied under chin :  
Ah, sweet old fashion !

And the rough handkerchief did so pin,  
That no part of the breast lay open.

The titled lady, neat and prim,  
Exhibited a person slim,

With waist so neat and taper ;  
How neatly fix'd was ev'ry pin !  
So tightly lac'd, she look'd as thin

As was her own thread-paper.  
And then by a large hoop's assistance,  
She kept the fopling at a distance.

The macaroni, like a lord,  
 Walk'd with full-bottom'd wig and sword,  
 And cravat as was made then :  
 A long square coat, with a large cuff,  
 For tailors put in cloth enough,  
 A sign that they were paid then !  
 With fierce cock'd hat like men,  
 And wore two costly rings.  
 At first large buckles, small ones then---  
 But never thought of strings.

---

The *Beggar's Petition* is in every one's possession, and by every one admired for its simple pathos. The following petition of a *Debtor* is poetic and affecting ; the recollection of the fate of his daughter, and its connection with his pecuniary difficulties, so naturally overwhelms the afflicted old man, that it is scarcely possible not to sympathise in his sorrows.

---

## THE DEBTOR.

SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.,

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r !  
 O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;  
 Let not the hand of comfortless Despair  
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,  
 With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear,  
 Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,  
 Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear..

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,  
 To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born ;

The hand of pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,  
And ev'ry blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah, how quick the change !—the morning gleam,  
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,  
Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,  
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below !  
Fond hope a while the trembling flow'ret rears ;  
Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,  
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,  
I trusted:---(who from faults is always free ?)  
And the short progress of one fatal day  
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid ?  
To whom the ruins of my state commend ?  
Left to myself, abandon'd and betray'd,  
Too late I found, *the wretched have no friend !*

E'en he amid the rest, the favor'd youth,  
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm returns,  
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,  
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand  
To guard the sacred wreaths that Hymen wove,  
While pale-eyed Avarice, from his sordid stand,  
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,  
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,  
And faintly strove with sickly smiles to hide  
The canker worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty,---nor wish'd to hate,  
 Whom once she lov'd---but pitied and forgave :  
 Then unrepining yielded to her fate,  
 And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r !  
 O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;  
 Let not the hand of comfortless despair  
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

---

### MISFORTUNE.

YOUNG.

MISFORTUNE stands with her bow ever bent  
 Over the world ; and he who wounds another,  
 Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,  
 Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

---

### CONSCIENCE.

YOUNG.

O treach'rous *Conscience* ! while she seems to sleep  
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song ;  
 While she seems nodding o'er her charge, to drop  
 On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,  
 And give us up to license, unrecall'd,  
 Unmark'd---see, from behind her secret stand,  
 The sly Informer minutes ev'ry fault,  
 And her dread diary with horror fills.  
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;  
 She reconnoiters Fancy's airy band,  
 A watchful foe ! the formidable spy,  
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp.  
 Our dawning purposes of heart-explores,

And steals our embryo of iniquity,  
 As all-rapacious Usurers conceal  
 Their doomsday book from all consuming heirs,  
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats  
 Us, spendthrifts of inestimable Time :  
 Unnoted notes each moment misapplied ;  
 In leaves *more durable, than leaves of brass,*  
 Writes our whole History, which Death shall read  
 In ev'ry pale Delinquent's private ear :  
 And Judgment publish to more worlds  
 Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.

---

How eloquent a lesson of wisdom is the following---  
 how powerful is its appeal to our judgment---and with  
 what felicity of expression does it point out the dan-  
 gers of Procrastination. The youth who commits it to  
 memory, and makes its precept the rule of his con-  
 duct, will be more benefitted than his present experi-  
 ence can appreciate.

---

### TO-MORROW.

COTTON.

To-morrow didst thou say ?  
 Methought I heard *Horatio* say, To-morrow,  
 Go to---I will not hear of it---To-morrow !  
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury  
 Against thy plenty---who takes his ready cash  
 And pays thee, nought but wishes, hopes and promises.  
 The currency of ideots---injuriously bankrupt,  
 That gulls the easy creditor !---To-morrow !  
 It is a period no where to be found  
 In all the hoary registers of Time,  
 Unless perchance in the Fool's calendar.  
 Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society  
 With those who own it. No, my *Horatio*,  
 'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;

Wrought of such stuff as dreams are ; and as baseless  
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.  
 But soft my friend---*arrest the present moments :*  
 For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales ;  
 And though their flight be silent, and their path  
 Trackless, as the winged couriers of the air,  
 They post to heav'n, and *there record thy folly.*  
 Because tho' stationed on th' important watch,  
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless centinel,  
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.  
 And know, for that thou, slumb'redest on the guard,  
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
 For ev'ry fugitive ; and when thou thus  
 Shall stand impleaded at the high tribunal  
 Of hood-wink'd *Justice*, who shall tell thy audit ?

*Then stay the present instant*, dear Horatio,  
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings,  
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious  
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.  
 O ! let it not elude thy grasp ; but, like  
 The good old Patriarch upon record,  
 Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

---

## THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HARD by the road, where, on that little mound,  
 The high grass rustles to the passing breeze,  
 The child of mis'ry rests her head in peace.  
 Pause there in sadness. That unhallow'd ground  
 Inshrines what once was Isabel. Sleep on,  
 Sleep on, poor outcast !---Lovely was thy cheek,  
 And thy mild eye was eloquent to speak  
 The soul of pity. Pale and woe begone,

Soon did thy fair cheek fade, and thine eye weep  
 The tear of anguish for the babe unborn,  
 The helpless heir of poverty and scorn.  
 She drank the draught that chill'd the soul to sleep.  
 I pause and wipe the big tear from mine eye,  
 While the proud Levite scowls and passes by.

---

## A PARISH POOR-HOUSE.

CRABBE.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,  
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door :  
 There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,  
 And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day :  
 There *children* dwell who know no parent's care ;  
*Parents* who know no children's love, dwell there ;  
 Heart-broken *matrons* on their joyless bed,  
 Forsaken *wives*, and *mothers* never wed ;  
 Dejected *widows* with unheeded tears,  
 And crippled *age* with more than childhood fears !  
 The *lame*, the *blind*, and far the happiest they !  
 The moping *idiot*, and the *madman* gay.  
 Here too the *sick* their final doom receive,  
 Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve :  
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,  
 Mixt with the clamors of the crowd below ;  
 Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,  
 And the cold charities of man to man :  
 Whose lays indeed for ruin'd age provide,  
 And *strong Compulsion* plucks the scrap from *Pride* ;  
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,  
 And pride embitters, what it can't deny,  
 Say ye, oppress by some fantastic woes,  
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;

Who press the downy couch while slaves advance  
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance,  
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,  
 To name the nameless ever-new disease ;  
 Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,  
 Which *real* pain, and that alone, can cure ;  
 How would *you* bear in real pain to lie ;  
 Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?  
 How would you bear to draw your latest breath,  
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?  
 Such is that room which one rude beam divides,  
 And naked rafters from the sloping sides ;  
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,  
 And lath and mud are all that lie between ;  
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way  
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day ;  
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,  
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;  
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,  
 Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;  
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,  
 Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

---

## THE POOR-HOUSE APOTHECARY.

CRABBE.

BUT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,  
 Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls :  
 Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,  
 All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;  
 With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,  
 With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go ;  
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,  
 And carries fate and physic in his eye ;  
 A potent Quack, long vers'd in human ills,  
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;



Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,  
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect.  
 Paid by the parish for attendance here,  
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer ;  
 In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,  
 Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes ;  
 And, some habitual queries, hurried o'er,  
*Without reply* ; he rushes on the door :  
 His drooping patient long inur'd to pain,  
 And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;  
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave  
 Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

---

## ON THE WORD REPRESENTATIVE.

TO represent is but to personate,  
 Which should be truly done at any rate ;  
 Thus they who're fairly chose without a fee,  
 Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty ;  
 But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,  
 He represents them best --who takes a bribe.

---

## HOPE.

YOUNG.

HOPE, of all passions, most befriends us here ;  
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.  
*Joy* has her tears, and *Transport* has her death :  
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,  
 Man's heart at once inspirits and serenest ;  
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys ;  
 'Tis all our present state can safely bear,

Health to the frame ! and vigor to the mind !  
 A joy attemper'd ! a chastis'd delight !  
 Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild and sweet !  
 'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below !

---

## SUSPICION.

SPENSER.

BUT he was foul, ill-favored and grim,  
 Under his eye-brows, looking still ascaunce ;  
 And ever as *Dissemblance* laught on him,  
 He lower'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,  
 Shewing his nature in his countenance ;  
 His rolling eyes did never rest in place  
 But walkt each way for fear of hid mischance  
 Holding a lattice still before his face,  
 Thro' which he still did peep as forward he did pass.

---

## APPREHENSION.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHY, sweet Affection, hast thou power,  
 Such stings from Fear to borrow ?  
 Or why in Pleasure's rosy bower  
 To plant the thorns of Sorrow ?

If he I love be far away,  
 Though sure and soon returning ;  
 Anxious I pass the lingering day,  
 And joyless view the morning.

If on my infant's dimpled cheek  
 The rose a moment sickens,

Hope's cheering smile in vain I seek,  
And gloom around me thickens.

Yet some survive, through deepest woe;  
Alone on earth to languish;  
O may I never live to know  
Such keen and cureless anguish.

O why, Affection, hast thou power,  
Such stings from Fear to borrow?  
Or why, in Pleasure's rosy bower,  
To plant the thorns of sorrow?

---

The following lines were written by a Lady under a Drawing from an antique gem representing Venus in a Chariot, holding a whip in her right hand, and in her left the reins, to the other end of which Cupid is fastened, and flying through the air, drawing the chariot with the Paphian Queen.

---

## CUPID AND VENUS.

[ORIGINAL.]

T'other night when great *Jove* was disposed to be gay,  
He invited the Gods to a petit souper,  
Which with joy they received (for though common on  
earth,

*Jove's* time was too precious to waste it in mirth.)  
When the day was arrived for this long desired fete,  
Madam *Venus* (who wished to be carried in state)  
Called *Cupid*, and told him her car to prepare,  
And to yoke both her swans and her doves to the chair;  
'But you can't have them both,' cried her son, 'for  
alas!

'Dear Mamma all your doves I've just taken to grass!

‘ And you know to your pasture the journey is long,  
 ‘ So that e’er I return ’twould be time to be gone ;  
 ‘ Besides they’re not fastened or tied with much care,  
 ‘ And by this time they’re flown no one knows where.’  
 “ Then to teach you in future more care to bestow,  
 “ Nor the doves nor the swans to this supper shall go,  
 “ But yourself shall conduct me, so hasten away,  
 “ For the reins and the car, there’s no time for delay :”  
 ‘ Then if I must take you,’ cried Cupid, ‘ at least  
 ‘ I’ve your leave to attend you to share in the feast ?’  
 “ How can you suppose it,” Cytherea exclaimed,  
 “ In that case your neglect would pass almost unblam-  
     ed,  
 “ No, no, when you’ve brought me to Jove’s lofty  
     dome,  
 “ The stray doves you must find to convey me safe  
     home,  
 “ And I beg no more time may be loitered in vain,  
 “ To hear your complaints I can’t longer remain :”  
 Poor Cupid who found he could have no relief,  
 To his own tortured bosom confined all his grief,  
 But, tho’ silent, a scheme he soon formed, to impart  
 All the anger he felt to fair Venus’s heart ;  
 Without further delay for the chariot he wends,  
 And Venus impatient her station ascends,  
 One fair hand with nice skill adjusts the silk reins,  
 Whilst the far-sounding lash the other sustains ;  
 Towards the palace of Jove they now rapidly flew,  
 But ere that abode of delight met their view,  
 Cupid suddenly turned, and directed his flight  
 From the regions above, on this earth to alight ;  
 “ Hold my son,” cried his mother, suspecting no plot,  
 “ The road to the palace, you have surely forgot,  
 “ This way you must turn ;” but still downward he  
     flies,  
 Of entreaties unmindful, and deaf to her cries,  
 The loose flowing bridle now tighter she drew ;  
 And the deep cutting lash o’er his shoulders she threw,

"Ah wretch," she exclaimed, "your design is now  
 plain,  
 "But if to the skies you don't bear me again,  
 "I swear that by Styx you shall mourn this rash deed,  
 "An oath from which e'en the Gods can't recede;"  
 But her whip and her menace alike were in vain,  
 A loud laugh of contempt was all she could gain:  
 Now *Phæbus* an hour since had sunk in the west,  
 When the wond'ring Earth hail'd her heavenly guest,  
 And Cupid who thought his revenge was complete,  
 In triumph to Heaven secur'd his retreat;  
 'Good bye, dear Mamma,' he exclaim'd as he flew,  
 'When I've found the stray doves I shall send them  
 for you.'

---

The lines which follow were written, on seeing a  
 charming little girl, the daughter of a friend, carrying  
 a small basket full of toys.

---

## TO ELIZABETH SARAH

[ORIGINAL.]

CHILD of mirth and careless pleasure,  
 Hither guide thy tiny feet,  
 Hither bring thy hoarded treasure,  
 Share with me thy favorite seat;

Bring thy ball whose bounding motion,  
 Long has pleased thy infant sight,  
 Heedless of our wiser caution,  
 Tossing it with baby might,

Where's thy basket, which delighted,  
 Thou hast fill'd with arduous toil,  
 Firm, thy little hands united,  
 Bear along the fairy spoil ;

In thy blue eyes, quickly glancing  
 At my voice, what charms I see,  
 In thy sportive giddy dancing,  
 Every step is dear to me.

Child of mirth and careless pleasure,  
 Hither turn thy wandering feet,  
 Hither bring thy hoarded treasure,  
 And my fond caresses meet.

---

## EDGAR AND EMMA.

[ORIGINAL.]

- ‘ When the darkness of midnight o’ershadows the  
 plain,  
 ‘ Ah ! why will my *Edgar* depart ?  
 ‘ Ah ! why will he leave his loved maid, when he sees  
 ‘ All the fears that oppress her sad heart ?
- ‘ ‘Tis true the wild winds have exhausted their rage,  
 ‘ And are sunk on their pillows to sleep,  
 ‘ Yet piercingly cold is the air, and the snow  
 ‘ In the valley is drifted, and deep ;
- ‘ Though the storm may be hushed, and the light  
 winged snow,  
 ‘ May in silence descend on the plain,  
 ‘ Yet trust not that calm, for alas ! it too oft  
 ‘ Brings the silence of Death in its train.

- ' O ! stay then my love, nor thus rashly expose,  
 ' A life that's so precious to me,  
 ' Ah ! think what distraction thy *Emma* must feel,  
 ' If Death should deprive her of thee.'
- ' Cease, cease, thou fair mourner, those fruitless com-  
 plaints,  
 ' Nor add to my grief by thy woe,  
 ' 'Tis fancy alone that creates the bleak air,  
 ' 'Tis thy fear that gives depth to the snow ;
- ' Suppress, I implore thee, that agoniz'd sigh,  
 ' And repel to its source the salt tear,  
 ' With thy image my love, to give warmth to my  
 heart,  
 ' Neither tempest nor snow shall I fear ;
- ' Yet one parting embrace on thy Edgar bestow,  
 ' And banish his cares with a smile,  
 ' That smile half reluctant, that tender embrace,  
 ' Shall the lingering moments beguile,
- ' Then adieu, best beloved of this fond beating heart,  
 ' Nor my absence thus tenderly mourn,  
 ' But look forward with hope to the rising of morn,  
 ' When thy Edgar expects to return.'

Yes, 'tis true lovely maid that thy Edgar returns,  
 And returns with the rising of morn,  
 But, alas ! when restored to thy anxious embrace,  
 An inanimate corse he is borne.

Yet with tender affection he called on thy name,  
 Till the bleak air arrested his breath,  
 And thy much cherished image still glowed in his  
 heart,  
 Till he sunk on the bosom of Death.

## LOVE AND HYMEN.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHEN Jove to Hymen gave the nuptial rein,  
 He bade his archer brother form the bands,  
 And Love of purple roses wove the chain  
 Where kindred hearts unite their willing hands.

But blind, alas, poor God!--he could not see  
 To pluck the thorns that lurked beneath the flowers,  
 Hence love's best joys from grief may not be free—  
 The happiest consorts suffer painful hours.

## A HYMN.

[ORIGINAL.]

ALMIGHTY God ! at thy command  
 The raging deeps tumultuous heave,  
 THOU spread'st THY all-controlling hand,  
 In silence rolls each peaceful wave.

THOU dart'st the lightning thro' the skies,  
 THOU point'st the thunder's awful course,  
 THOU bid'st the dreadful whirlwind rise,  
 And curb'st the storms impetuous force.

Each living flower that decks the earth,  
 Its animation owes to *thee* ;  
 THOU gavest each shining planet birth,  
 And badest the whole creation Be.

THY arm directs the golden sun  
 Along yon blue ethereal plain ;



Yet when his heavenly race is run,  
Still thro' Eternity thou'lt reign.

Eternity ! mysterious name !  
In vain I trace thy wond'rous links,  
Each fibre of my shivering frame,  
Before the dread idea shrinks.

Almighty God ! I bow to thee,  
My finite sense can bear no more,  
But trembling low on bended knee,  
In awe-struck silence I adore.

---

An act of devotion is performed by the Russians every evening at the main guard, when a priest makes a short speech, whilst the soldiers rest their arms, and a fine vocal performance concludes the ceremony.

---

## MARTIAL DEVOTION.

[ORIGINAL.]

HARK ! how that music fills the listening ear,  
From yonder host the vocal transport flows,  
Soft o'er each glowing cheek descends the tear,  
And every form in adoration bows.

The sacred song the Russian soldiers raise  
To Him, the God of love, the God of peace,  
The pealing chorus swells the note of praise ;  
Now all is hush'd, the strains of worship cease.

To Him the God of love they chaunt the lay,  
 To Him the God of peace they lift the voice ;  
 But when to-morrow's sun shall pour the day,  
 And bid the nations in his light rejoice,

Those lips that now attune the solemn air,  
 Shall shout defiance to the intrepid foe,  
 Those hands that now are raised in fervent prayer,  
 Shall strike with furious rage the deadly blow.

Yon plain now smiling to the evening beam,  
 Shall then with many a mingled corse be strewn,  
 And swelled with human blood yon torrent stream,  
 And on the dead, the dying warrior groan ;

Yet then returning from the murderous strife,  
 Those slaughtering hands again to heaven they raise,  
 Again invoke the Lord of love and life,  
 And chaunt the hymn of gratitude and praise.

And can you thus implore the God of peace,  
 When war's triumphant banner waves on high ?  
 Ah ! cease the strain, or bid the carnage cease,  
 And wipe each tear-drop from the mourner's eye.

Oh ! if his precepts pure mankind inspired,  
 No more their breasts with dire revenge would glow,  
 No more the great by wild ambition fired,  
 With human blood would bid the torrent flow.

---

### A TURKISH ODE—MESIHI.

So strong is the taste for Poetry among the Turks,  
 and so numerous are those who have indulged in the  
 exercise of their talents for this species of composition,  
 that, about the middle of the century which has lately

closed, there was published in Constantinople a collection of the works of five hundred and nine poets, ranking as classics in the language. Among the names of these, that of MESİHI is honored with a very distinguished place. One of his numerous odes has been given to us in four different forms, by the pen of Sir WILLIAM JONES. 1. He has transcribed it in the Roman character ; 2. Translated it into English prose ; 3. Imitated it in English verse ; and 4. He has imitated it in Latin verse, on the model of the PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

Sir WILLIAM prefixes the following remarks:—  
 “ The Turkish Ode on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by MESİHI, a poet of great repute at Constantinople, who lived in the reign of Soliman the Second, or the Law-Giver ; it is not unlike the Vigil of Venus, which has been ascribed to CATULLUS : the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the Latin poem ; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza : the works of MESİHI are preserved in the archives of the Royal Society. *Port Folio,*

## ODE.

### A LITERAL VERSION.

THOU hearest the tale of the nightingale, “ That the vernal season approaches.” The Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful ; be full of mirth ; for the Spring passes soon away ; it will not last.

The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers ; a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us

shall be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed; among the plants, the fortunate tulip represents his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed, this is the season of merriment! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright cimeter. The dew-drops fall through the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself by thinking these charms will have a long duration! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

Tulips, roses, and anemonies, appear in the gardens; the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the color of blood.—Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

The time is past in which the plants were sick and the rosebud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which mountains and rocks are covered with tulips! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden ; the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk. Be not neglectful of thy duty thro' too great a love of the world ! Be cheerful ; be full of mirth ; for the Spring passes soon away ; it will not last.

The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful ; be full of mirth ; for the Spring passes soon away ; it will not last.

Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden ; but the King of the world again appeared, dispensing justice to all ; in his reign, the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful ; be full of mirth ; for the Spring passes soon away ; it will not last.

By these strains, I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley ; may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids ! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Me-sihi, when thou walkest with the damsels whose cheeks are like roses ! Be cheerful ; be full of mirth ; for the Spring passes soon away ; it will not last.

## THE SAME.

### A METRICAL VERSION.

HEAR, how the nightingales, of ev'ry spray,  
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May !  
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,  
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows :

The smiling season decks each flowery glade,  
Be gay ; too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air ;  
Hills, dales and woods their loveliest mantles wear.  
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,  
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May ?  
E'en death, perhaps, our vallies will invade.  
Be gay ; too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

The tulip now its varied hue displays,  
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.  
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,  
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue !  
Will not these notes your tim'rous minds persuade ?  
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

The sparkling dew-drops o'er the lilies play,  
Like orient pearl, or like the beams of day !  
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,  
Attend, ye nymphs, (a poet's words are sage !)  
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,  
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade :

The fresh-blown rose like Teneib's cheek appears,  
When pearls, like dew-drops, glitter in her ears,  
The charms of youth at once are seen and past,  
And nature says, " they are too sweet to last."  
So blooms the rose, and so the blushing maid !  
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold,  
With rubies flaming, and with living gold ;  
While chrystal showers from weeping clouds descend  
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.  
Now while the wines are brought ; the sofa's laid,  
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead ;  
 No more the rose-bud hangs its pensive head ;  
 The shrubs revive in vallies, woods and bowers,  
 And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers ;  
 In silken robes each hillock stands array'd—  
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

Clear drops each morn impearl the roses bloom,  
 And from its leaf the zephyr drinks perfume :  
 The dewy buds expand their lucid store :  
 Be this your wealth : ye damsels ask no more !  
 Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,  
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

The dew-drops, sprinkled with the musky gale,  
 Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale.  
 The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,  
 Without our labor, o'er our favor'd heads.  
 Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade,  
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

Late, gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,  
 Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.  
 Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,  
 And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.  
 Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,  
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

May this rude lay from age to age remain,  
 A true memorial of this lovely train—  
 Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,  
 Thyself the rose, and he the bird of Spring !  
 Love bids him sing ; and Love will be obey'd !  
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade !

The following effusion, the production of Mrs. O'Neal, possesses superior merit. There is something in it so mildly sweet, so tender and so melancholy, as to induce a belief that it was the dictate of a heart of extreme woe. The poetry is simple, but very expressive : and the child of Misery, wheresoever it may wander, who has steeped its cares in the opiate of the Poppy, will feel the force, and can appreciate the beauties of these lines of sorrow.

### ODE TO THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the labor'd field,  
 Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,  
     I bend at Ceres' shrine ;  
 For dull to humid eyes appear  
 The golden glories of the year,  
     Alas ! a melancholy worship's mine.  
 I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower,  
     Thou brilliant weed,  
     That dost so far exceed  
     The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow ;  
 Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour,  
     Thou comforter of woe,  
 Till Sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when Fancy cheats,  
     A various wreath I wove  
 Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,  
     To deck ungrateful love,  
 The rose or thorn my numbers crown'd,  
 As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd ;  
     But love and joy and all their train are flown,  
 E'en languid hope no more is mine,  
     And I will sing of thee alone ;  
     Unless perchance the attribute of grief,



The cypress bud and willow leaf,  
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail lovely blossom ! thou canst ease  
The wretched victim of disease,  
Can'st close those weary eyes in sleep,  
Which never open but to weep !  
For oh ! thy potent charm,  
Can agonizing pain disarm,  
Expel imperious memory from her seat,  
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Soul-soothing plant ! that can such blessings give  
By thee the mourner loves to live,  
By thee the hopeless die,  
Oh, ever friendly to despair,  
Might Sorrow's palid votary dare,  
Without a crime, that remedy t' implore,  
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,  
I'd court thy palliating aid no more,  
No more I'd sue that thou should't spread  
Thy spell around my aching head,  
But would conjure thee to impart  
Thy balsam for a broken heart,  
And by thy soft Leathean power,  
Inestimable flower,  
Burst these terrestrial bands and other regions try

---

## THE MARSEILLES MARCH,

OR, BATTLE HYMN.

YE sons of France, awake to glory,  
Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise,  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary ;  
Behold their tears, and hear their cries !

Shall hateful Tyrants, mischief-breeding,  
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
 Affright and desolate the land,  
 While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding !

## CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave,  
 The avenging sword unsheath,  
 March on, march on, all hearts resolve  
 On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling  
 Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise,  
 The dogs of war, let loose are howling,  
 And lo ! our towns and cities blaze !  
 And shall we basely view the ruin,  
 While lawless force with guilty stride  
 Spreads desolation far and wide,  
 With crimes and blood his hands embruining ;

To arms, ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
 The vile insatiate despots dare,  
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
 To mete the light and vend the air.  
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
 Like Gods would bid their slaves adore,  
 But man is man, and who is more ?  
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?

To arms, ye brave, &c.

O Liberty ! can man resign thee  
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame ?  
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?

Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,  
 But freedom is our sword and shield,  
 And all their arts are unavailing.

## CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave,  
 The avenging Sword unsheath ;  
 March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd  
 On Victory or Death.

---

*From the Providence R. I. Gazette*

## ODE TO WAR.

DREAD offspring of Tartarean birth,  
 Whose nodding casque is stain'd with gore,  
 Whom to some *giant son of earth*,  
*Strife*, in strong pangs of child-bed, bore ;  
 O WAR ! fierce monster, homicide,  
 Who marching on with hideous stride,  
 Shaking thy spear, distilling blood—  
*Bellona*, thee in angry mood,  
 Taught proud *Ambition's* spoils to win,  
 Amidst the loud, conflicting din  
 Of arms, where *Discord's* Gorgon featured form  
 High shakes her flaming torch amidst the martial  
 storm.

Stern God ! wolf-hearted and accurst,  
 Foster'd by *Power*, by *Rapine* nurs'd  
*Oppression*, ever in thy train,  
 For hapless man prepares her chain ;  
 A thousand vulture-forms beside  
 Stalk on before thee—bloated *Pride*,

Thick-ey'd *Revenge*, his soul on fire,  
 And *Slaughter*, breathing threat'nings dire,  
*Tumult*, and *Rage*, and *Fury* fell,  
 And *Cruelty*, the imp of hell,  
 Her heart of adamant, and arm'd her hand  
 With iron hooks, and cords and *Desolation's* band.

There, where the battle loudest roars—  
 Where wide th' impurpled deluge pours,  
 And ghastly *Death*, his thousands slain,  
 Whirls his swift chariot o'er the plain,  
 Wrapt in wild *Horror's* frantic fit,  
 'Midst the dire scene thou lov'st to sit,  
 To catch some wretch's parting sigh—  
 To mark the dimly-gazing eye—  
 The face, into contortions thrown,  
 Convuls'd—the deep, deep length'ning groan—  
 The frequent sob—the agonizing smart,  
 And Nature's dread release, the pang that rends the  
 heart.

Avaunt from fair Columbia's shore,  
 Therefore thy yells be heard no more,  
 Nor bid the crimson banners fly,  
 Terrific, through the troubled sky,  
 But stay thee in thy wild career,  
 Lay by thy glitt'ring shield and spear—  
 Thy polish'd casque, and nodding crest,  
 And let thy sable steeds have rest :  
 At length the work of *Slaughter* close,  
 And give to Europe's sons repose ;  
 Bid the hoarse clangors of the trumpet cease,  
 And smooth thy wrinkled front to meet the smiles of  
 PEACE.

## MERCY.

SELLECK OSBORNE.

TO crown Creation's mighty plan,  
 Th' Almighty mandate thunder'd forth,  
 "Let procreant Earth produce a MAN!"  
 And straight the creature sprung to birth.

Health, strength and beauty cloth'd his frame;  
 He mov'd with majesty and grace;  
 A bright, a pure angelic flame  
 Illum'd each feature of his face.

Upon his brow sat calm repose,  
 His eyes with love and mildness shone;  
 Till a grim band of imps arose,  
 And mark'd the victim for their own;

There HATE, in livid hues, pourtray'd  
 The gnashing teeth, the bloodshot eye;  
 There curst INGRATITUDE display'd  
 The foulest blot, the blackest dye.

And AVARICE, ambitious too,  
 To plant her odious image there,  
 Cast o'er his cheeks a sallow hue,  
 And wrinkled marks of worldly care.

In wrath th' ETERNAL view'd the stain  
 Which marr'd the offspring of his word,  
 Spurn'd the weak wretch with high disdain,  
 And bade stern JUSTICE lift her sword!

But MERCY, heaven's loveliest child,  
 Imploring, knelt before the throne—

Alternate pray'd and wept, and smil'd,  
 With angel sweetness all her own---

Then turn'd to MAN, with kind embrace,  
 And wept to see his dire decay---  
 Her tears fell plenteous on his face,  
 And wash'd the hideous blots away!

---

### JOHN AND JOAN.

NO plate had JOHN and JOAN to hoard,  
 Plain folk, in humble plight;  
 One only tankard crown'd their board,  
 And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,  
 In pride of chubby grace,  
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd  
 A baby *angel's* face.

JOHN swallow'd first a mod'rate sup;  
 But JOAN was not like JOHN;  
 For when her lips once touch'd the cup,  
 She swill'd till all was gone.

JOHN often urg'd her to drink fair,  
 But she ne'er changed a jot;  
 She lov'd to see the *angel* there,  
 And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,  
 Another card he play'd,  
 And, where the *angel* stood so plain,  
 He got a *d vil* pourtrayed.

JOAN saw the horns, JOAN saw the tail,  
 Yet JOAN as stoutly quaff'd !  
 And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,  
 She clear'd it at a draught.

JOHN star'd, with wonder petrify'd,  
 His hairs rose on his pate ;  
 And ' why dost guzzle now ' he cry'd,  
 ' At this enormous rate ?'

' O JOHN !' said she, ' am I to blame ?  
 ' I can't in conscience stop  
 ' For sure 'twould be a burning shame  
 ' To leave the *devil* a drop !'

---

## ECONOMY.

PETER PINDAR.

ECONOMY'S a very useful broom ;  
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room  
 To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb--  
 Too oft Economy's an iron vice,  
 That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,  
 That peep with fearful eyes and ask a crumb.

Proper Economy's a comely thing---  
 Good in a subject---better in a king ;  
 Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling--  
 Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean ;  
 Inclines them too to villainy to lean,  
 To over-reaching, perjury and stealing.

Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,  
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,

And swallows up th' affections all so mild---  
Witness the Jewess, and her only child.

#### THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless Son,  
Who, wishing to obtain the foremost seat  
In imitation of th' ambitious great,  
High from the gallery, *ere the Play began*,  
He fell all plump into the pit,  
Dead in a minute as a nit.  
In short he broke his pretty Hebrew neck ;  
Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck !

The mother was distracted, raving wild---  
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her child---  
Afflicted every heart with grief around :  
Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,  
And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,  
She cast about her eyes in thought profound :

And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,  
She thus the play-house manager address'd :---  
' Sher, I'm the moder of de poor Chew lad,  
' Dat meet mishfarten here so bad---  
' Sher, I mus haf de shilling back, you know,  
' Ass Moses haf nat see de show."

---

#### THE HERO.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

ALL hail to the hero whom victory leads,  
Triumphant from fields of renown !  
From kingdoms left barren ! from plains drench'd in  
blood !  
And the sacking of many a fair town !



His gore dripping sword shall hang high in the hall ;  
 Revered for the havoc it spread !  
 For the deaths it has dealt ! for the terrors it struck !  
 And the torrents of blood it has shed !

His banners in haughty procession shall ride,  
 On Jehovah's proud altars unfurl'd !  
 While anthems and priests waft to heaven his praise  
 For the slaughter and wreck of the world !

Though widows and orphans together shall crowd,  
 To gaze at heaven's dread rod,  
 And mutter their curses, and mingle their tears,  
 Invoking the vengeance of God :

Though while bloated Revelry roars at his board,  
 Where surfeiting hecatombs fume,  
 Desolation and famine shall howl, and old earth  
 Her skeleton hordes shall entomb :

All ghastly and mangled, from fields where they fell,  
 With horrible groanings and cries,  
 What though, when he slumbers, the dead from the  
 graves  
 In dread visitation shall rise ?

Yet he among heroes exalted shall sit ;  
 And slaves to his splendor shall bend :  
 And senates shall echo his virtues ; and kings  
 Shall own him their saviour and friend !

Then hail to the hero whom victory leads,  
 Triumphant, from fields of renown !  
 From kingdoms left barren ! from plains drench'd in  
 blood !  
 And the sacking of many a fair town !

The following lines are extracted from "THE LOOKER-ON." They were written to console a young lady who had an impediment in her speech. The delicate flattery which they so sweetly express, becomes not only excusable, but laudable, when it is considered that it is directed to the best of all objects, "the consolation of misfortune."

---

WHEN fair Almeria's gentle voice  
Divides the yielding air,  
Fix'd on her lips, the quiv'ring sounds  
Excess of bliss declare ;

There lingering round their rosy gate,  
They view their fragrant cell,  
Unwilling yet to leave that mouth  
Where all the graces dwell.

While some soft accents strike the ear  
With sweet imperfect sound,  
A thousand others die within,  
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet, through this cloud, distinct and clear,  
Strong sense directs its dart ;  
And, while it seems to shun the ear,  
Strikes home upon the heart.

---

## THE LILY OF INNOCENCE.

[FROM THE ITALIAN,]

'Give me that snowy lily, gentle fair,'  
To Innocence the frolic Cupid cried ;

‘ Why shouldst thou guard it with such jealous care ?  
 ‘ Why should its fragrance be to me denied ?’

Proudly she viewed the favorite flower she chose,  
 ‘ Too well whose son thou art, she cried, I know,  
 ‘ Thy mother of its whiteness robb’d the rose,  
 ‘ And thou wouldst steal my lily’s spotless snow.’

---

The truth and nature which distinguishes the following poem, added to the chastity, correctness and elegance of the language, make it well worthy the perusal of all who love freedom and mourn over its misfortunes, wherever felt, or by whomsoever inflicted.

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### THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

FAREWEL, farewell, my native land,  
 A long farewell to life and thee !  
 On thy last rock I ling’ring stand,  
 Thy last rude rock how dear to me !

Once more I view thy vallies fair,  
 But dimly view, with tearful eye ;  
 Once more I breathe thy healthful air,  
 But breathe it in how deep a sigh !

Ye vales with downy verdure spread,  
 Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,  
 As bursting from the mountain’s head,  
 Its foaming waves in silver gleam ;

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam  
 That floods with fire yon peak of snow,

As evening vapors blueely stream,  
And stilly roll their volumes slow ;---

Scenes on this bursting heart impress'd,  
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of woe ;  
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,  
Or warmer youth's impassion'd glow ;

The tears by filial duty shed  
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb ;  
Where sleep, too blest, the reverend dead,  
Unconscious of their country's doom.

Say ! can Helvetia's patriot child,  
A wretched exile, bear to roam,  
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,  
Nor die to leave his native home ?

His home !---no home has he---  
He scorns in servile yoke to bow,  
He scorns the land no longer free,  
Alas !---he has no country now !

Ye snow-clad Alps, whose mighty mound  
Great Nature's adamant wall,  
In vain oppos'd your awful bound  
To check the prone descending Gaul ;

What hunter now, who darting leaps,  
Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,  
Who clothe with vines your craggy steeps,  
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks ;

While low the free born sons of toil  
Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,  
To freedom true, the stubborn soil  
Shall pine, and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your rav'ning bands,  
 To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,  
 And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands  
 From legal domes and sculptur'd fanes,

What seek ye here ? Our niggard earth,  
 Nor gold, nor sculptur'd trophies owns ;  
 Our wealth was peace, and guiltless mirth,  
 Our trophies are our tyrant's bones.

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell  
 Morat's proud glories on my view ;  
 Heroic scenes, a long farewell,  
 I fly from madness and from you.

Beyond the dread ATLANTIC deep,  
 One gleam of comfort shines for me :  
 There shall these bones untroubled sleep  
 And press the earth of LIBERTY.

Where wide, that waste of water rolls,  
 And sadly smiles that distant land,  
 Yet there I hail congenial souls,  
 And Freemen give the brother's hand.

COLUMBIA, hear the exile's prayer,  
 To him thy fostering love impart ;  
 So shall he watch with patriot care,  
 So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O ! forgive, with anguish fraught,  
 If sometimes start th' unbidden tear,  
 As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,  
 ' Still, still, I am a stranger here !'

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and free,  
 Where first this fleeting breath I drew,

This heart must ever beat for thee,  
In absence near---in misery true!

---

THE BRITISH ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY'S DIRECTIONS  
FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE APPARENTLY DEAD,  
VERSIFIED.

### PHILANTHROPY.

Whoe'er would know how great the joy to save,  
Friend, Child, or Parent, from th' untimely grave;  
And snatch from death the victim of despair,  
Or gain the generous lover's grateful pray'r,  
Studious, attend ; while we, with care, explain  
How you the heart-felt pleasure may attain.

#### GREAT CAUTION, AND RECEIVING-HOUSES.

WHEN in the stream, by accident, is found  
A pallid body of the recent drown'd,  
Though *every sign of life* is wholly fled,  
And all are ready to pronounce it dead,  
With tender care the clay-cold body lay  
In flannel warm, and to some house convey :  
The nearest cot (whose doors still open lie  
When mis'ry calls) will every want supply.

#### INFANTS.

Is it a Child, yet weak in strength and age,  
Then let thy thoughts the gentlest means engage  
In some warm bed, between two persons, laid,  
Infant or child may claim no further aid.

#### ADULTS.

If woman, man, or youth, attendance claims,  
Then mark the rules that sage experience frames :  
First, lay the body on a couch or bed,  
With gentle slope, and lightly raise the head.

## THE SUN, &amp;c.

Do Winter's cold, or damps, extend their gloom,  
 Let moderate fires attemper safe the room ;  
 Or does the sun in summer splendor stream,  
 Expose the body to its cheering beam !

## FRICTION.

And, when with tepid cloths it well is dried,  
 Let friction soft, with flannels, be applied :  
 These lightly sprinkle first, ere you begin,  
 With rum or brandy, mustard, or with gin.

## COMMUNICATION OF HEAT.

Bottles, or bladders, fill'd with water hot,  
 And heated tiles, or bricks, should next be got ;  
 These *wrap in flannel*, with precaution meet,  
 And then apply them to the hands and feet ;  
 Nor with the heated warming pan be slack ;  
 But move it lightly o'er the spine and back.

## INFLATION.

Let one the mouth, and either nostril close,  
 While through the *other*, bellows gently blows.  
 Thus the pure air with steady force convey,  
 To put the flaccid lungs again in play.  
 Should bellows *not* be found or found too late,  
 Let *some kind soul* with willing mouth inflate :  
 Then *downward*, tho' but lightly, press the chest ;  
 And let th' inflated air be *upward* press'd.

## TOBACCO FUMES.

But should not these succeed, with all your care,]  
 With vigor then to different means repair :  
 Tobacco-smoke has often prov'd of use,  
 Nor proudly thou the potent herb refuse :  
 Th' enlivening fumes with watchful patience pour  
 Into the bowels thrice within the hour :

If this should fail, tobacco clysters ply,  
Or other juice of equal energy.

#### AGITATION.

Mere agitation oft assistance gives,  
And, slumb'rous life awak'ning, oft relieves :  
Let some assistant hands, with sinews strong,  
The undulating force awhile prolong.

#### FORTITUDE.

Nor yet th' important doubtful task forego,  
Nor quit too hastily the scene of woe :  
Try other means, nor quit the glorious strife,  
Till gain'd the Prize of slow returning life.

#### ADDITIONAL MEANS OF HEAT.

Shouldst thou these means a tedious hour pursue,  
Yet not one gleam of life returning view  
Despond not ;—still for kind assistance fly  
To brewhouse, bakehouse, or to glasshouse nigh :  
Haste, haste with speed the remedy embrace ;  
In ashes, grains, or lees, the body place,  
There let it, cover'd, rest ; there gently meet  
The latent blessing of attemper'd heat :  
On health's true standard all are well agreed,  
The heat should not that measure much exceed ;  
Great good from baths, if they're with ease obtain'd,  
With early care applied, is often gain'd.

#### ELECTRICITY.

Sometimes, though life is cold in ev'ry vein,  
And death o'er all the pow'rs may seem to reign,  
Th' electric fluid, Nature's purest fire,  
The soul reviving vigor can inspire,  
Breathe through the frame a vivifying strife,  
And wake the *torpid powers* to sudden life.  
Yet more—this shock of life is oft the test,  
Though all who look may be of doubt possess :



Let fly the sudden shock, if life remain  
 Spasms and contractions instantly are plain.  
 No longer doubt, no more the case debate,  
 You see the body in a living state.

## RESUSCITATION.

When these, or other pleasing signs, appear,  
 Oh ! then rejoice, *returning life* is near :  
 Proceed, proceed—if he can swallow aught,  
 Pour luke warm water careful down the throat  
 Give brandy, rum, or wine, a small supply,  
 Whatever he can bear, or may be nigh.

## PRUDENCE.

*Now see* your patient snatch'd from instant death,  
 Restor'd to draw, once more, the vital breath,  
 Go then—convey him with a friendly arm,  
 And let him feel, in bed, the comforts warm.  
 Ah ! cease from noise—his half shut eye-lid shows  
 He wants the soothing of a sweet repose.

## GRATITUDE.

Soon, soon again from slumber shall he wake ;  
 Soon, soon again of cheering health partake ;  
 And now restor'd to partner, child, or friend,  
 Shall bless your name to life's remotest end.

## PERSEVERANCE.

But, ah ! a fatal error oft has been,  
 When life, though latent, was not quickly seen,  
 Then thinking that the conflict all was o'er,  
 That life was fled, and could return no more ;  
 Who much have wish'd, and yet despair to save,  
 Too *rashly* doom'd the body to the grave.  
 More patient thou, with ardor persevere  
 Four hours at least : the *gen'rous heart* will fear  
 To quit its charge, too soon, in dark despair,  
 Will ply each mean, and watch th' effect with care :

For, should the smallest spark of life remain,  
Life's genial heat may kindle bright again.

---

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

SHAW.

YET do I live ? Oh how shall I sustain  
This vast unutterable weight of woe ?  
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,  
Or all the complicated ills below ?  
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,  
Is gone—for ever fled—  
My dearest Emma's dead ;  
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall.  
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,  
She lives—but (cruel thought !) she lives for me no  
more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day  
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight ;  
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,  
And fondly blame the slow return of night ;  
How, how shall I endure  
(O misery past a cure !)  
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,  
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul ?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame ?  
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake ?  
Did she not love me with the purest flame ?  
And give up friends and fortune for my sake ?  
Though mild as evening skies,  
With downcast, streaming eyes,  
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,  
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train  
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays),  
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain,  
 And oh discard the pageantry of phrase :  
 Ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine !

Thus, haply, as I paint

The source of my complaint,

My soul may own th' impassioned line :

A flood of tears may gush to my relief,

And from my swelling heart discharge this load of  
 grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear

To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell ;

'How good she was, how gentle, and how fair !'

In pity cease—alas ! I know too well

How in her sweet expressive face

Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,

Yet heighten'd by exterior grace

Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,

But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,

While smiles of affability

Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.

Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,

Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,

Stranger to every female art,

Alike to feign or to disguise :

And, oh the boast how rare !

The secret in her faithful breast repos'd

She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,

In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.

Oh feeble words—unable to express

Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !

Relentless death ! that, steel'd to human woe,

With murd'rous hands deals havoc on mankind,

Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,  
 And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?  
 Hark ! groans come wing'd on every breeze !  
 The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow,  
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
 And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :  
 In vain—perverse, still on th' unweeting head  
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;  
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,  
 And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour  
 When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r ;  
 When thou no more shall blot the face of day,  
 Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.  
 Alas the day !—where'er I turn my eyes,  
 Some sad memento of my loss appears ;  
 I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,  
 Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears :  
     But, ah ! in vain—no change of time or place  
     The memory can efface  
 Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,  
 Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of heaven, oh where !  
 Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep ?  
 Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,  
 She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep :  
 Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,  
     To see her force th' endearing smile,  
     My sorrows to beguile,  
 When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd ;  
 Sure they had warded that untimely dart,  
 Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's  
     heart.  
 How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,  
 When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,

My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,  
And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears !

' Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,  
' And we must part, alas ! to meet no more !  
' But oh ! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,  
' If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear ;  
' If from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,  
' Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in  
vain ;  
' If it has been my sole endeavor still  
' To act in all obsequious to thy will ;  
' To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,  
' Then only truly blest when thou wert so ;  
' If I have doted with that fond excess,  
' Nor love could add, nor Fortune make it less ;  
' If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind  
' To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.  
' When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,  
' Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,  
' With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,  
' And hate it for the love thou bor'st to me :  
' My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears ;  
' But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—  
' Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow  
' (Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)  
' That to some distant spot thou wilt remove  
' This fatal pledge of helpless Emma's love,  
' Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,  
' And oh ! be tender for its mother's sake.  
' Wilt thou ?——  
' I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent ;  
' And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content.'

I, who with more than manly strength have bore  
The various ills imposed by cruel Fate,

Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,

But sink beneath the weight :

Just Heaven ! I cried, from memory's earliest day

No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known ;

Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,

Has claim'd me for her own.

But, oh ! in pity to my grief, restore

This only source of bliss ; I ask—I ask no more—

Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,

Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——

Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,

And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,

How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !

With impious wish to tear her from the skies,

How curse my fate in bitterness of woe !

But whither would this dreadful phrenzy lead ?

Fond man, forbear,

Thy fruitless sorrow spare,

Dare not to task what Heav'n's high will decreed ;

In humble rev'rence kiss th' afflictive rod,

And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,

Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;

To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,

And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach :

To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,

Which tow'ring Hope so fondly builds in air,

One fatal moment can destroy,

And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.

Then, oh ! with pious fortitude sustain

Thy present loss—haply thy future gain ;

Nor let thy Emma die in vain :

Time shall administer its wonted balm,

And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,  
 Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,  
 Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,  
 Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage :  
 But finding all its efforts weak and vain,  
 No more it pants and rages for the plain ;  
 Moping awhile, in sullen mood

Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long  
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,  
 And meditates the song :  
 Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,  
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven ! yet the tears will flow,  
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past !  
 My budding joys, just promising to blow,  
 All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blast !  
 My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,  
 Move heavily along ;

Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song ?  
 Time creeps, unconscious of delight :  
 How shall I cheat the tedious day ;  
 And oh——the joyless night !  
 Where shall I rest my weary head ?  
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed ?

Come, Theban drug,\* the wretch's only aid,  
 To my torn heart its former peace restore ;  
 Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,  
 Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore :  
 Haply, when lock'd in sleep's embrace,  
 Again I shall behold my Emma's face,  
 Again with transport hear  
 Her voice soft whispering in my ear ;  
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,  
 And taste at least of visionary bliss.

\* Laudanum.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light  
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,  
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,

And wake me to the sense of all my woes :  
 If to the verdant fields I stray,

Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?

Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,

And darkens all the scene with woe.

By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,  
 Sorrowing I rove

Through valley, grot and grove ;

Nought can their beauties or my loss restore ;

No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,

And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,

Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,

With lenient hand support my drooping head,

Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief ?

Should worldly business call away,

Who now in my absence shall fondly mourn,

Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,

Impatient for my quick return ?

Should aught my bosom discompose,

Who now, with sweet complacent air,

Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,

And soften all my woes ?

Too faithful Memory—cease, oh cease—

How shall I e'er regain my peace ?

(Oh, to forget her !)—but how vain each art,

Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart !

And thou, my little cherub, left behind

To hear a father's complaints, to share his woes,

When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,

And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,

How oft with sorrow shall my eyes run o'er,

When, twining round my knees, I trace



Thy smother's smile upon thy face !  
 How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore  
 Sad mem'ry of my joys—ah, now no more !  
 By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,  
 More beggar by the riches once possess'd,  
 My little darling !—dearer to me grown

By all the tears thou'st caus'd—oh strange to hear !  
 Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,  
 Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier :  
 Who now shall seek with fond delight  
 Thy infant steps to guide aright ?  
 She, who with dotting eyes would gaze  
 On all thy little artless ways,  
 By all thy soft endearments blest,

And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,  
 Alas ! is gone——yet shalt thou prove  
 A father's dearest, tenderest love ;  
 And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state !)  
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,  
 When years thy judgment shall mature,  
 And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,  
 Wilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,  
 For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth  
 (Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth),  
 And be the comfort of my age ?

When sick and languishing I lie,  
 Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply ?  
 And, oft as to thy listening ear  
 Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,  
 Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,  
 Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?  
 Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,  
 Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,  
 Which I would vainly seek to hide,  
 Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?  
 To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,  
 And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?

## THE RETURN HOME.

[ORIGINAL.]

HOME of my youth ! once more thy scenes I view,  
 Now Spring with rosy touch awakes the bloom  
 Which slept secure thro' winter's icy reign,  
 And every flowret yields a soft perfume.

Once more I visit, with unsated gaze,  
 Each well known glade, and rugged mountain's brow,  
 Each distant Alp whose towering summit taught  
 The strong emotion in my breast to glow.

All Nature smiles, in richest verdure drest,  
 The woodland songsters pour the joyous strain ;  
 Yet o'er the scenes grief spreads a shadowy cloud,  
 Saddening the lustre of the sylvan plain.

Closed is *her* eye, whose sparkling glance surveyed  
 With fond delight, our childhood's sportive wiles,  
 Nor less, when circling years matured our youth,  
 Beheld our varied works with friendly smiles.

Still would she join the gay light-hearted jest,  
 And oft repeat the tale of other times,  
 Oft ling'ring pause, to dwell upon the worth  
 Of her who wanders now in foreign climes.

Tho' rackt by pain, and tortured with disease,  
 No murmurs e'er escaped her steady mind,  
 The social circle owned her cheering smile,  
 Her griefs, her sufferings, to herself confined.

Yon little mound, with simple turf adorned,  
 Her mould'ring form forever shall enfold,  
 No more our eyes that mould'ring form shall view,  
 Forever silent, and forever cold.

Yet shall we murmur, that released from pain  
 Her spirit soars ? thro' cloudless skies to rove,  
 Or imperceptible to mortal eyes,  
 It hovers round the objects of her love.

Perchance amidst the mild and silvery light  
 Of yon fair planet, free from care's alloy,  
 Potent she waits in calm and blissful hope  
 To hail their spirits in the realms of joy.

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### LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

The following pathetic ballad is supposed to have been composed by a Scotch Lady of quality of the name of *Bothwell*, who, together with her infant baby, had been cruelly abandoned by her husband or lover.

---

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe ;  
 If thoust be silent, I'de be glad,  
 Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.  
 Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,  
 Thy father breides me great annoy.  
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luv,  
 And with his sugred wordes to muve,  
 His faynings fals, and flettering cheire,  
 To me that time did not appeire :  
 But now I see, most cruell hee  
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe a while,  
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile :  
 But smile not, as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids : nay, God forbid !  
 But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire  
 Thy fatheris heart and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will  
 Be luvng to thy father stil :  
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,  
 My love with him maun stil abyde :  
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,  
 Mine hart can neir depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,  
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;  
 Be loyal to thy luvr trew,  
 And nevir change hir for a new :  
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,  
 For womens banning's wonderous fair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,  
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine :  
 My babe and I'll together live,  
 He'll comfort me whan cares do grieve ;  
 My babe and I right saft will ly,  
 And quite forget man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,  
 That ever kist a woman's mouth !  
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee  
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;

For if we doe but chance to bow,  
 They'le use us than they care not how.  
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

## THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

SHENSTONE.

——— *Auditae voces, vagitus et ingens,  
 Infantumque animae flentes in limine primo.* VIRG.

AH me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,  
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn  
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise ;  
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise :  
 Lend me thy clarion, Goddess ! let me try  
 To sound the praise of merit ere it dies ;  
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,  
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire,  
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
 There dwells in lowly shade, and mean attire,  
 A matron old, whom we School-mistress name ;  
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame :  
 They, grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,  
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which Learning near her little dome did stow,

Whilome a twig of small regard to sec,  
 Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,  
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low ;  
 And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,  
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So I have seen (who has not, may conceive)  
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd ;  
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast :  
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast ;  
 Sad servitude ! Such comfortless annoy,  
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !  
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy ?

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do display,  
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !  
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
 Do Learning's little tenement betray ;  
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
 And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;  
 Her apron dyed, in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field :  
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield  
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,  
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,  
 And stedfast hate, and sad affliction join'd,  
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,  
 The childish faces of old Æol's train,  
 Libs, Notus, Auster : \* these in frowns array'd,  
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,  
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?  
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
 Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;  
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;  
 'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare ;  
 And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd around,  
 Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare ;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on  
 ground.

Albeit, ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth ;  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear :  
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;  
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear :  
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honor'd eld with these revere ;  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,  
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;  
 Such favor did her past deportment claim :

\* The south-west wind, south, &c

And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;  
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she  
 found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,  
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,  
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,  
 But herbs for use and physic not a few,  
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew ;  
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
 Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,  
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,  
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;  
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue ;  
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;  
 And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;  
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,  
 To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,  
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare per-  
 fume.  
 And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd  
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,  
 Ere, driven from its envied site, it found  
 A sacred shelter for its branches here,  
 Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear,  
 O wassel days ! O customs meet and well !  
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere ;  
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,  
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete.



If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave ;  
 But in her garden found a summer seat :  
 Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat  
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
 While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,  
 All for the nonce untuning every string,  
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to  
 sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;  
 And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore  
 The time when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,  
 And tortious Death was true Devotion's meed ;  
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,  
 That would on wooden image place her creed ;  
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn :  
 Ah ! dearest Lord ! forefend thilk days should e'er re-  
 turn.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,  
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd.  
 The matron sate : and some with rank she grac'd,  
 The source of children's and of courtier's pride !  
 Redress'd affronts (for vile affronts there pass'd),  
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,  
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;  
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :  
 E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo ! now with state she utters the command !

Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;  
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,  
Which with pellucid horn secured are,  
To save from fingers wet the letters fair.

The work so gay that on their back is seen  
St. George's high achievements does declare,  
On which thilk wight that has ygazing been,  
Kens the forth-coming red ; unpleasing sight, I ween !

Ah ! luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write ;

As erst the bard\* by Mulla's silver stream,

Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite ;

For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin

To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !

And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,  
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure

His little sister doth his peril see ;

All playful as she sate, she grows demure,

She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;

She meditates a pray'r to set him free :

Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny

(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,

And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;

And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,

To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,

To stay harsh justice in its mid career.

\* Spenser.

On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear !  
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)  
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,  
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?  
 Or, what device his loud laments explain ?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?  
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain ?  
 When he in abject wise implores the dame,  
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;  
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke pro-  
 claim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay  
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care ;  
 By turns, astonished, every twig survey,  
 And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware,  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;  
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair,  
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,  
 And gingerbread y-rare ; now, certes, doubly sweet !

'See, to their seats they hye with merry glee,  
 And in beseemly order sitten there,  
 All but the wight of bum y-galled ; he  
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair,  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)   
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare  
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines ;  
 His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.  
 Oh the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r !  
 All, all but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all but she, regret this mournful hour :  
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall  
 claim,  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;  
 Ne for his fellows joyance careth ought,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns,  
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;  
 And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
 The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !  
 But if that pride it be which thus inspires,  
 Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see,  
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :  
 Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres  
 (All coward arts) is valor's gen'rous heat ;  
 The firm fix'd breast which sit and right requires,  
 Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.  
 Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !  
 E'en now sagacious foresight points to show  
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
 And there a chancellor in embryo,  
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so ;  
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall  
 die !  
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low ;

Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,  
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,  
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
Shall Dennis be, if rigid Fate incline ;  
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,  
And many a poet quit the Aonian field :  
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
As he who now, with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,  
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,  
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, ' What stuff is  
here !'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,  
And Liberty unbars her prison door ;  
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er  
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.  
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run ;  
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !  
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,  
Appear to British elf more gladly than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,  
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers ;  
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid ;  
For never may ye taste more careless hours  
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs.  
O vain, to seek delight in earthly things !  
But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs ;  
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring  
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !  
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;  
Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer,  
Salute the stranger passing on his way :

Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;  
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
 With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to play ;  
 Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,  
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been ;  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Gallin full sore th' unmonied wight, are seen ;  
 And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green :  
 And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear ;  
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween ;  
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,  
 Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless care !

See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies tied,  
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,  
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,  
 And must be bought, tho' penury betide ;  
 The plum all azure, and the nut all brown ;  
 And here each season do those cakes abide,  
 Whose honor'd names th' inventive city own,  
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.\*

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride  
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,  
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried ;  
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :  
 Ah ! midst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave  
 Whose art did first these dulcet cakes display !  
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,  
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,  
 Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

\* Shrewsbury cakes.

## ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

COLLINS.

*Selim ; or, the Shepherd's Moral.*

Scene, a valley near Bagdat—Time, the Morning.

' YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,  
 ' And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.  
 ' Not all are blest, whom Fortune's hand sustains  
 ' With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains :  
 ' Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;  
 ' 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.'

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd ;  
 Nor praise but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd :  
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd  
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;  
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,  
 What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,  
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride ;  
 When wanton gales along the vallies play,  
 Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away ;  
 By Sygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung  
 This useful lesson for the fair and young :

' Ye Persian dames,' he said, ' to you belong  
 ' (Well may they please) the morals of my song :  
 ' No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,  
 ' Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !  
 ' The morn that lights you, to your love supplies  
 ' Each gentle ray, delicious to your eyes ;  
 ' For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,  
 ' And yours the love that kings delight to know.  
 ' Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,  
 ' The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair :

' Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,  
 ' Boast but the worth Balsora's\* pearls display !  
 ' Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright ;  
 ' But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.  
 ' Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,  
 ' By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.  
 ' Self-flatt'ring sex ! your hearts believe in vain  
 ' That love shall blind, when once he fires, the swain ;  
 ' Or hope a lover by your faults to win,  
 ' As spots on ermin beautify the skin :  
 ' Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care  
 ' Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;  
 ' Each tender passion man delights to find  
 ' The lov'd perfection of a female mind !  
 ' Blest were the days when wisdom held her reign,  
 ' And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;  
 ' With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,  
 ' Immortal Truth ! and daughters bless'd their love.  
 O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues, come away !  
 ' Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !  
 ' The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,  
 ' By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.  
 ' Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,  
 ' The dear deserters shall return again.  
 ' Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are  
     clear ;  
 ' To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear :  
 ' Here make thy court amidst our rural-scene,  
 ' And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.  
 ' With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,  
 ' Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;  
 ' But man the most—not more the mountain doe  
 ' Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.  
 ' Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;  
 ' A silken veil conceals her from the view.

\* The Gulf of that name, famous for the pearl-fishery.



' No wild desires amidst thy train be known,  
 ' But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :  
 ' Desponding meekness, with her downcast eyes,  
 ' And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;  
 ' And Love the last. By these your hearts approve ;  
 ' These are the virtues that must lead to love.'

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,  
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :  
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;  
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song

## ECLOGUE II.

*Hassan ; or, the Camel-Driver.*

Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-day.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,  
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd :  
 One cruse of water on his back he bore,  
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;  
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,  
 And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh :  
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,  
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !  
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man  
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :  
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !  
 ' Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,  
 ' The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !  
 ' Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,  
 ' When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?

‘ Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;  
 ‘ Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?  
 ‘ Ye mute companions of my toils that bear  
 ‘ In all my griefs a more than equal share !  
 ‘ Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
 ‘ Or moss-crown’d fountains mitigate the day,  
 ‘ In vain ye hope the green delights to know,  
 ‘ Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow :  
 ‘ Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,  
 ‘ And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.  
     ‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
     ‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !

    ‘ Curst be the gold and silver which persuade  
 ‘ Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !  
 ‘ The lily Peace outshines the silver store,  
 ‘ And life is dearer than the golden ore :  
 ‘ Yet money tempts us o’er the desert brown,  
 ‘ To ev’ry distant mart and wealthy town.  
 ‘ Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;  
 ‘ And are we only yet repaid by thee ?  
 ‘ Ah ! why this ruin so attractive made ?  
 ‘ Or why, fond man, so easily betray’d ?  
 ‘ Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
 ‘ The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure’s song ?  
 ‘ Or wherefore think the flow’ry mountain’s side,  
 ‘ The fountain’s murmurs, and the valley’s pride ;  
 ‘ Why think we these less pleasing to behold  
 ‘ Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?  
     ‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
     ‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !

    ‘ O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,  
 ‘ When thought creates unnumber’d scenes of woe.  
 ‘ What if the lion in his rage I meet !  
 ‘ Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :  
 ‘ And, fearful ! oft, when day’s declining light  
 ‘ Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,

' By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,  
 ' Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train ;  
 ' Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way !  
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.  
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

' At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
 ' If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :  
 ' Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,  
 ' And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
 ' Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor ;  
 ' From lust of wealth, and dread of death, secure !  
 ' They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find :  
 ' Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.  
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

' O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,  
 ' The tender Zara, will be most undone !  
 ' Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'rful maid,  
 ' When fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus she said :  
 ' Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,  
 ' Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain ;  
 ' Yet, as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise  
 ' Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !  
 ' Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see ;  
 ' No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth, like me !'  
 ' O let me safely to the fair return,  
 ' Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn !  
 ' O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,  
 ' Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears !'  
 He said ; and call'd on Heaven to bless the day  
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

## ECLOGUE III.

*Abra ; or, the Georgian Sultana.*

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are seen  
In distant view along the level green ;  
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,  
And the tall forests cast a longer shade ;  
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,  
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;  
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,  
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,  
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain ;  
At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,  
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead :  
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,  
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.  
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,  
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made.  
Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,\*  
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows,  
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :  
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,  
By love conducted from the chace away :  
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,  
And sought the vales and echoing groves among.

\* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;  
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,  
‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;  
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :  
Oft as she went she backward turn’d her view,  
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.  
Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove ;  
To richer scenes of golden pow’r and love !  
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd’s strain ;  
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,  
‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix’d her love  
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;  
Still, with the shepherd’s innocence, her mind  
To the sweet vale and flow’ry mead inclin’d :  
And oft as Spring renew’d the plains with flow’rs,  
Breath’d his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours ;  
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,  
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.  
Her maids around her mov’d, a duteous band !  
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand :  
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung ;  
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,  
‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

And oft the royal lover left the care  
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;  
Oft to the shades and low-roof’d cots retir’d,  
Or sought the vale, where first his heart was fir’d

A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore ;  
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.  
 ' Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,  
 ' And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !'

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led :  
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.  
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel ;  
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.  
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne  
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone ;  
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,  
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.  
 ' O happy days !' the maids around her say ;  
 ' O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !  
 ' Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,  
 ' And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !'

#### ECLOGUE IV.

*Agib and Secander ; or, the Fugitives.*

Scene, a Mountain, in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,  
 Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind ;  
 At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,  
 And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains ;  
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,  
 And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky ;  
 Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,  
 Where, wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led :  
 Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay  
 Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.  
 Along the mountain's bending side they ran ;  
 'Till faint and weak, Secander thus began :

## SECANDER.

Oh stay thee, Agib ; for my feet deny,  
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.  
 Friend of my heart, oh turn thee, and survey,  
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way !  
 And first review that long-extended plain,  
 And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain !  
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried !  
 And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side !

## AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know  
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !  
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,  
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind ;  
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,  
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.  
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,  
 Drops its fair honors to the conquering flame ;  
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair ;  
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

## SECANDER.

Unhappy land ! whose blessings tempt the sword ;  
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !  
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,  
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !  
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,  
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind :  
 Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,  
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

## AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,  
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.  
 Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,  
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !

No more the virgins shall delight to rove  
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;  
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,  
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale ;  
 Fair scenes ! but ah ! no more with peace possest,  
 With ease alluring and with plenty blest.  
 No more the shepherds' whit'ning tents appear,  
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;  
 No more the date, with snowy blossom's crown'd ;  
 But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

## SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,  
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :  
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,  
 'Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair.  
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;  
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

## AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far  
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;  
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,  
 To shield your harvest, and defend your fair :  
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,  
 Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.  
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,  
 By lust incited, or by malice led,  
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,  
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;  
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,  
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard  
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :  
 Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,  
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.



## THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

J. PHILLIPS.

“ ——— Sing, heavenly Muse !

“ Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme ;”

A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras *dire*.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,  
 In silken or in leathern purse retains  
 A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain  
 New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale :  
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,  
 To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall\*, repairs ;  
 Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye  
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,  
 Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass  
 Wisheth' ner health, and joy and equal love.  
 Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,  
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.  
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,  
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,  
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,  
 (Wretched repast !) my meagre corse sustain :  
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff  
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or, from tube as black  
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,  
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent ;  
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,  
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,  
 Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings  
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he  
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,  
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,  
 High overshadowing rides, with a design

\* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

To vend his wares, at th' Arvonian mart,  
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town  
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream  
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !  
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie  
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,  
 With looks demure, and silent peace, a Dun,  
 Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,  
 To my aerial citadel ascends :  
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,  
 With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know  
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.  
 What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd  
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly  
 Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect  
 Thro' sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews  
 My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)  
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;  
 So horrible he seems ! His faded brow  
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conick beard,  
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,  
 Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand  
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,  
 With character and figures dire inscrib'd,  
 Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert  
 Such plagues from righteous men !). Behind him stalks  
 Another monster, not unlike himself,  
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd  
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods  
 With force incredible, and magic charms,  
 Erst have endued ; if he his ample palm  
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay  
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch  
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),  
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,  
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,

In durance strict detain him ; till, in form  
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors ! when ye walk beware,  
Be circumspect : oft with insidious ken  
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof ; and oft  
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,  
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch  
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)  
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn  
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye  
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,  
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice  
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web  
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,  
Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands  
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,  
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils  
Inextricable, nor will aught avail  
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;  
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,  
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings  
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,  
Useless resistance make : with eager strides,  
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils ;  
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood  
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave  
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades  
This world envelop, and th' inclement air  
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts  
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;  
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light  
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk  
Of loving friends, delights ; distress'd, forlorn,  
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,

Dark'ning I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts  
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse  
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,  
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,  
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.  
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,  
 And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat  
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :  
 But if a slumber haply does invade  
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,  
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,  
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,  
 In vain : awake, I find the settled thirst  
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.  
 Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,  
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays  
 Mature—john-apple, nor the downy peach  
 Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,  
 Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.  
 Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :  
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood  
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,  
 By time subdued (what will not time subdue ?  
 A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice  
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds,  
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force  
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,  
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,  
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,  
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,  
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near  
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush  
 On Scylla or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)  
 She strikes rebounding ; whence the shatter'd oak  
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,  
 Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side  
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,

Resistless, overwhelming ! Horrors seize ;  
 'The mariners ; death in their eyes appear ;  
 'They stare, they rave, they pump, they swear,  
     they pray :  
 (Vain efforts !) still the batt'ring waves rush in,  
 Implacable ; till, delug'd by the foam,  
 'The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

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### THE FAMISHED MOTHER.

LOUD, loud, blows the wind on the moor ;  
 And still is my path through the snow :  
 An outcast, unfriended and poor,  
 O'er the face of the wide world I go.

Hush, hush, my sweet babe ! for thy cry  
 Is more than my anguish can bear ;  
 O God ! will thy merciful eye  
 Not look on my frantic despair ?

At the door of the rich man I knock'd,  
 For plenty was written thereon ;  
 But the rich man my poverty mock'd,  
 And tauntingly bid me begone,

But, cold is thy bosom, O clay !  
 Yet colder the hard heart of pride ;  
 No tear for the wretched have they  
 Who sail on prosperity's tide.

The passenger witness'd my grief,  
 And he told me he pitied my sigh ;  
 But I spurn'd at his proffer'd relief,  
 For lewd was the glance of his eye.

My steps by a banquet house pass'd  
 Where guests enter'd joyous and free :  
 I shrank at the wintery blast ;  
 But *there* was no entrance for me.

'Thro' the night, and the storm, and the cold,  
 Must I and my little one roam ;  
 But 'ere many moments are told,  
 Shall we both reach a last quiet home.

Cease, baby, thy screaming so wild—  
 'There ! creep to this half-frozen breast—  
 And now will the mother and child  
 Lie down on the deep snows to rest.

---

## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

There came to the beach a poor EXILE of ERIN,  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;  
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing  
 To wander alone by the sea beaten hill :—  
 But the Day-star attracted his eyes sad devotion ;  
 For it rose on his own native Isle of the Ocean,  
 Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion  
 He sung the bold Anthem of "*Erin*, go bragh !"

" Oh, sad is my fate ! (said the heart-broken Stranger)  
 The wild deer and Wolf to a covert can flee ;  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger—  
 A house and a Country remain not to me !

Ah never, again in the green sunny Bowers  
 Where my Fore fathers lived shall I spend the sweet  
     hours,  
 Or cover my Harp with the wild-woven flowers—  
 And strike to the numbers of "*Erin go bragh!*"

*Erin*, my country, though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
 But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken ;  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more,  
 Oh, cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no person can chase me,  
 Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me ?  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood !  
 Sisters, and Sire, did ye weep for its fall ?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?  
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?  
 Ah, my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,  
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure !  
 Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without measure—  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal !

But yet all, its fond recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw ;—  
*Erin*, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing !  
 Land of my Forefathers *Erin*, go bragh !  
 Buried and cold, when my Heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the Ocean ;  
 And thy harp-stringing Bards sing aloud with devotion,  
 "*Erin, ma vourneen—Erin, go bragh!*"

---

GRAY's justly celebrated ELEGY was first published  
 in 1750, and ran through eleven editions in a very

short space of time. Its popularity is probably greater than any other poem in the English language, and it will assuredly preserve it as long. Such is its universally acknowledged superiority that both in print and conversation, it is distinguished and known by the name of "*the Elegy*," without any mention of the name of the author or the subject. Mr. *Wakefield*, writing of the *Elegy* says, "it is not possible for praise to be too liberal, and to transcend the expectation of the reader. I suppose the whole world cannot shew such a finished and pathetic poem, Pope's *Eloisa* alone excepted." Dr. *Johnson*, who was certainly not friendly to Mr. Gray, remarks, that "the Church-yard abounds with images which find a mirror in every breast, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo.—Had Gray written often thus, it had been in vain to blame, and useless to praise him." It cannot however be denied, that the last verse of the Epitaph is ambiguous: it and the verse preceding we think the least beautiful in the Poem.

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### ELEGY written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain



Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care ;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the env'y'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth 'ere gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour :—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,  
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, though the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can story'd urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll ;  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscrib'd alone,  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,  
 Dost in those lines their artless tales relate,  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 " Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic root so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies, he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss’d him on the ’custom’d hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :  
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of Earth,  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
Heav’n did a recompense as largely send :  
He gave to mis’ry all he had, a tear ;  
He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

The *Evening's Contemplation* of Duncombe has great merit as a picture of college life. It abounds with the most pleasing and appropriate imagery, and the style is of a very superior grade. We doubt very much whether the whole range of English poetry can produce a Parody of so much excellence. To parody the Elegy was a bold undertaking, but the author has proved that his powers were equal to his daring.

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AN EVENING'S CONTEMPLATION IN A COLLEGE, IN  
IMITATION OF GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY  
CHURCH-YARD.

DUNCOMBE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates ;  
With jarring sound the porter turns the key ;  
Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,  
And slowly, sternly quits it, though for me.

Now shines the spires beneath the paly moon,  
And through the cloisters peace and silence reign ;  
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,  
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain.

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room ;  
Where sleeps a student in profound repose,  
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes thro' the gloom  
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where thro' the glimmering shade  
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,  
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,  
The noisy servants rattling o'er their heads,  
The calls of business, and domestic cares,  
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,  
 No dread have they of discord and of strife,  
 Unknown the names of husband and of sire,  
 Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,  
 Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight,  
 How jocund are their looks when dinner calls !  
 How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate !

O ! let not Temperance, too disdainful, hear  
 How long their feasts, how long their dinners last :  
 Nor let the fair with a contemptuous sneer,  
 On these unmarried men reflections cast !

The splendid fortune, and the beauteous face,  
 (Themselves confess it, and their sires bemoan)  
 Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace ;  
 These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,  
 If these no feats of gaiety display  
 Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault  
 Melodious *Fraasi* trills her quavering lay.

Say is the sword well suited to the band ?  
 Does broider'd coat agree with sable gown ?  
 Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand ?  
 Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town ?

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside  
 Some who were once the darling of the fair,  
 Some who of old, could tastes and fashions guide,  
 Control the manager and awe the player.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind  
 With Rome's rich spoils, and truths exalted views

Fir'd them with transport of a nobler kind,  
And bid them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark high towering to the sky,  
Unheard, unneeded, greets the approach of light ;  
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye  
With twinkling lustre glimmers through the night.

Some future *Herring*, who, with dauntless breast,  
Rebellion's torrent shall like him oppose,  
Some, mute, unconscious *Hardwicke* here may rest,  
Some *Pelham*, dreadful to his country's foes.

From Prince and People to command applause,  
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,  
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,  
And steer with steady course the helm of state—

Fate yet forbids ; nor circumscribes alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines,  
Forbids in Freedom's veil t' insult the throne,  
Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs ;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind  
With pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews !  
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,  
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy towns tumultuous strife,  
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray ;  
Content and happy in a single life,  
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Ev'n now their books from cobwebs to protect,  
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style,  
On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deck'd,  
They claim the passing tribute of a smile ;

Oft are the authors' names though richly bound,  
 Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care ;  
 And many a catalogue is strew'd around,  
 To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,  
 Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book ?  
 Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,  
 And on those cases cast a lingering look ?

Reports attracts the lawyer's parting eyes,  
 Novels, Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,  
 For Songs and Plays the voice of beauty cries  
 And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
 If chance with prying search, in future years,  
 Some antiquarian should inquire thy fate ;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,  
 And say ' Each morn unchill'd by frosts he ran,  
 ' With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,  
 ' To reach the chapel ere the psalms began ;

' There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,  
 ' Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,  
 ' At noon, he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,  
 ' And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

' Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,  
 ' Or mirthful converse would he loitering stand ;  
 ' Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,  
 ' Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand !

' One morn we miss'd him at the hour of pray'r,  
 ' Nor in the hall, nor on his favorite green :



' Another came ; nor yet within the chair,  
 ' Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.  
 ' The next we heard that in a neighboring shire,  
 ' That day to church he led a blushing bride,  
 ' A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear  
 ' Improv'd her beauty, while the knot was tied.  
 ' Now, by his patron's bounteous care, remov'd,  
 ' He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent :  
 ' Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,  
 ' Read here the letter which he lately sent.'

#### THE LETTER.

In rural innocence secure I dwell,  
 Alike to fortune and to fame unknown ;  
 Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,  
 And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,  
 Two gifts my endless gratitude engage—  
 A wife the joy and transport of my youth ;  
 Now, with a son, the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,  
 In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move ;  
 Content with calm domestic life, where meet  
 The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

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### EULOGIUM ON RUM.

JOSEPH SMITH.

ARISE ! ye pimpled, tipling race, arise !  
 From ev'ry town and village tavern, come !

Shew your red noses, and o'erflowing eyes,  
 And help your poet chaunt the praise of Rum.  
 The cordial drop, the morning dram, I sing,  
 The mid-day toddy, and the evening sling.

Hail, mighty Rum ! and by this general name  
 I call each species—whiskey, gin, or brandy :  
 (The kinds are various—but the effect's the same ;  
 And so I choose a name that's short and handy :  
 For reader, know, it takes a deal of time,  
 To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.)

Hail, mighty Rum ! thy song-inspiring merit  
 Is known to many a bard in these our days :  
 Apollo's drink, they find, is void of spirit :  
 Mere chicken-broth—insipid as their lays :  
 And, pleas'd, they'd give a riv'let—aye a sea  
 Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee !

Hail, mighty Rum ! how wond'rous is thy pow'r !  
 Unwarm'd by thee, how would our spirits fail,  
 When dark December comes, with aspect sour,  
 And, sharp as razor, blows the northern gale !  
 And yet thou'rt grateful in that sultry day,  
 When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail, mighty Rum ! to thee the wretched fly :  
 And find a sweet oblivion of their woes ;  
 Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave, they lie—  
 Forget their kindred—and forgive their foes.  
 And Lethe's stream, (so much extoll'd by some,  
 In ancient times) I shrewdly guess, was Rum.

Hail, mighty Rum ! what can thy pow'r withstand !  
 E'en lordly Reason flies thy dreadful face :  
 And Health, and Joy, and all the lovely band  
 Of social virtues, shun thy dwelling place :

(For in whatever breast it rears its throne,  
Like Turkish monarchs, Rum must rule alone.)

When our bold fathers cross'd th' Atlantic wave,  
And here arriv'd—a weak defenceless band—  
Pray, what became of all the tribes so brave—  
The savage owners of this happy land?  
Were they sent headlong to the realms below,  
' By doom of battle?' friend,\* I answer no.

Our fathers were too wise to think of war;  
They knew the woodlands were not quickly past,  
They might have met with many an ugly scar—  
Lost many a foretop—and been beat at last.  
But Rum, assisted by his son, Disease,  
Perform'd the business with surprising ease.

And would our western brethren be less proud, or,  
In other words, throw by their gun and drum—  
For ducks and squirrels, save their lead and powder,  
And send the tawny rogues some pipes of rum—  
I dare predict, they all would gladly suck it;  
And ev'ry mother's son soon *kick the bucket*.

But lo! th' ingratitude of Adam's race!  
Tho' all these clever things to Rum we owe—  
Gallons of ink are squirted in his face;  
And his bruised back is bang'd with many a blow:  
Some hounds of note have rung his funeral knell,  
And ev'ry puppy joins the gen'ral yell.

So I have seen (the simile is fine—  
And wonderfully pat—tho' rather old)  
When rising Phœbus shot his rays benign,  
A flock of sheep come skipping from the fold;  
Some restless sheep cries baa: and all the throng  
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour along.

But fear not, Rum, tho' fiercely they assail,  
And none but I, the bard, thy cause defend,

\* This alludes to Jersey, Pennsylvania, &c.

Think not thy foes—tho' num'rous—shall prevail,  
 Thy pow'r diminish, or thy being end :  
 Tho' spurn'd from table, and the public eye,  
 In the snug closet safely shalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the sky;  
 And humbler Cynthia mounts her one-horse chair,  
 To that snug closet shall thy vot'ry fly ;  
 And, wrapt in darkness, keep his orgies there ;  
 Lift the full bottle, joyous, to his head,  
 Then, great as Cæsar, reel sublime to bed.  
*Burlington, Dec. 7, 1789.*

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## THE COUNTRY MEETING ; OR, FRIENDS' PLACE OF WORSHIP.

T. C. JAMES.

OF wars tremendous deeds, the din of arms,  
 And acts by Fame renown'd, fain would I sing,  
 But that Ambition ne'er my bosom warms,  
 Nor would Calliope her succour bring  
 To bard that soars with too advent'rous wing.  
 O Shenstone ! sweetest child of fancy fair,  
 Dart one fond ray, and guide the weakest quill,  
 That ever rashly claim'd thy guardian care,  
 To point the high path up the slipp'ry hill,  
 Where thou thy lyre dost touch with still improving  
 skill.

Themes that have ne'er been polished into rhyme,  
 Would a faint pencil in this verse pourtray,  
 If in the fond attempt to gain on time,  
 No taunting critic meet on my way,

And with these accents rude my heart dismay :  
 ' Vain youth, forbear, by desp'rate folly mov'd,  
 ' Of poetasters the mean herd to swell ;  
 ' But mark his strain whom laurell'd Phœbus lov'd,  
 ' What Horace, tuneful bard, has sung so well,  
 ' How Dædalus's son, bold artist, headlong fell.'

View yonder ancient dome with trees beset,  
 From which no lofty spire doth proudly rise,  
 Nor hence each week, when congregation's met,  
 Are studied hymns e'er wing'd unto the skies,  
 Nor doth amen from parish clerk arise.  
 E'en music's lulling charms beseemeth wrong,  
 To those who did this modest temple rear ;  
 For all, who to those lonely confines throng,  
 Worship in guise of solemn silent prayer :  
 Nor can they think that words their sinful deeds re-  
 pair.

No pulpit here doth grace the naked wall,  
 Nor doth the sculptor his gay art express :  
 For thus they teach : ' Religion does not call  
 ' For the vain ornaments of splendid dress,  
 ' Nor will meek heaven superfluous grandeur bless.'  
 And wrong they hold it, that the flock should pay  
 For truths which ought to flow without control,  
 Free as the silver dew, or light of day,  
 To beam mild virtue on the expanding soul,  
 And spread celestial sparks, free gift, from pole to  
 pole.

But see, o'er yonder field, the elder train  
 Of village dames their little infants bring,  
 Who else might loiter on the grassy plain,  
 And wet their new clothes in yon bubbling spring,  
 Which would their parents' minds with sorrow sting.

The sportive urchins oft will skip away,  
 To chase the partridge from the neighb'ring bush ;  
 And oft, with balls of well-temper'd clay,  
 Will from its covert fright the trembling thrush,  
 Nor mind the matron's careful voice, which would  
 them hush.

Down the slop'd hill the gayer tribe descend,  
 On neighing steeds, that champ the steeled bit,  
 Strait to the fane their pompous way they tend ;  
 There 'midst their peers in goodly order sit,  
 Young swains for strength renown'd, and maids for  
 wit :

Such strength as at the mill-door oft is seen,  
 When Colin lifts the sack of mighty weight ;  
 Such wit as sports in gambols o'er the green,  
 And would the ear of nicer townsman grate :  
 He'd call it shocking stuff, and rude, unseemly prate.

Yet Humor her abode will deign to fix  
 Amidst the lively rustics of the place,  
 And with the village hinds will often mix,  
 Giving to every feat a festive grace,  
 And spreading cheerfulness o'er ev'ry face.  
 Let the polite, the polish'd, blame their joys,  
 Whom Nature unconstrain'd, can never charm :  
 'This is the life which *ennui* never cloy,  
 Nor e'er can fell Ambition work it harm,  
 Blowing with hideous blast its poisonous alarm.

See yonder youth on prancing bay steed ride,  
 While satisfaction on his broad front beams ;  
 And view his gentle charmer by his side,  
 For whom he wishes, and of whom he dreams ;  
 Of heavenly form and mind to him she seems..  
 For her each ev'ning, anxiously he culls,  
 Of wild flow'rs fair, a nosegay scented sweet :  
 For her the chesnut drops its prickly hulls,

And the wood pigeon yields its sav'ry meat,  
 With thousand tempting gifts which verses cannot  
 repeat.

And now thro' folding doors, full wide display'd,  
 The assembly's grave and pious numbers throng,  
 While well each noisy buzzing murmur's stay'd,  
 With the loose prattling of each infant tongue ;  
 For oft confusion has from childhood sprung.  
 See the wise elder's venerable grace,  
 Mark with what slow-pac'd dignity he moves :  
 See ev'ry little eye hangs on his face,  
 And over all his features fondly roves,  
 For he the junior train affectionately loves.

The village teacher sits with looks profound,  
 And marks the ent'ring throng with eye askance ;  
 If, as he careful views the dome around,  
 He should on careless pupil's visage chance,  
 He sends him straight a play-forbidding glance.  
 Of looks like these he hath a plenteous store,  
 To fright his students from each frolic mood :  
 And well they watch to see his aspect lour,  
 Trying each art to avert the baleful wood,  
 By sitting wond'rous still, and seeming e'en as good.

Silence with Sleep his empire now divides,  
 While some on this, and some on that side nod ;  
 The ploughman still his steers and ploughshare guides,  
 And breaks, in pleasing dreams, the fancied sod ;  
 While the school-mistress wields the birchen-rod.  
 Others, more wakeful, plan their future deeds,  
 While on increase of wealth their wishes stray :  
 The farmer thus in rapture counts his steeds,  
 And deals to each his part of winter's hay,  
 Till spring renews the grass, and gives returning  
 May.

Where will not thirst of treach'rous gold approach,  
 Since here, e'en here, it holds its wide domain !  
 From the warmer cit who rolls in gilded coach,  
 To the dull carter, whistling o'er the plain,  
 Does Plutus, god of shining lucre, reign.  
 Happy, thrice happy, are th' instructed few,  
 On whom fell Want ne'er lays her harpy claws,  
 But, far retir'd from 'midst the toiling crew,  
 Live in observance of wise Nature's laws,  
 And learn from her to trace the great Eternal Cause.

---

## THE HOUSE OF SLOTH.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

" BESIDE yon lonely tree, whose branches bare,  
 Rise white, and murmur to the passing air,  
 There, where the twining briars the yard enclose,  
 The House of Sloth stands hush'd in long repose.

" In a late round of solitary care,  
 My feet instinct to rove, they knew not where,  
 I thither come. With yellow blossoms gay,  
 The tall rank weed begirt the tangled way :  
 Curious to view, I forc'd a path between,  
 And climb'd the broken stile, and gaz'd the scene.

" O'er an old well, the curb half fallen spread,  
 Whose boards, end-loose, a mournful creaking made ;  
 Pois'd on a leaning post, and ill-sustain'd,  
 In ruin sad, a mouldering swepe remain'd ;  
 Useless, the crooked pole still dangling hung,  
 And, tied with thrumbs, a broken bucket swung.

" A half-made wall around the garden lay,  
 Mended, in gaps, with brushwood in decay.



No culture through the woven briars was seen,  
 Save a few sickly plants of faded green :  
 The starv'd potatoe hung its blasted seeds,  
 And fennel struggled to o'ertop the weeds.  
 There gaz'd a ragged sheep, with wild surprise,  
 And two lean geese upturn'd their slanting eyes.

“ The cottage gap'd, with many a dismal yawn,  
 Where, rent to burn, the covering boards were gone ;  
 Or, by one nail, where others endwise hung,  
 The sky look'd thro', and winds portentous rung.  
 In waves, the yielding roof appear'd to run,  
 And half the chimney-top was fallen down.

“ The ancient cellar-door, of structure rude,  
 With tatter'd garments caulk'd, half open stood.  
 There, as I peep'd, I saw the ruin'd bin :  
 The sills were broke ; the wall had crumbled in ;  
 A few, long-emptied casks lay mouldering round,  
 And wasted ashes sprinkled o'er the ground ;  
 While, a sad sharer in the houshold ill,  
 A half-starv'd rat crawl'd out, and bade farewell.

“ One window dim, a loop-hole to the sight,  
 Shed round the room a pale, penurious light ;  
 Here rags gay-colour'd eked the broken glass ;  
 There panes of wood supplied the vacant space.

“ As, pondering deep, I gaz'd, with gritty roar,  
 The hinges creak'd, and open stood the door.  
 Two little boys, half-naked from the waist,  
 With staring wonder, ey'd me, as I pass'd  
 The smile of Pity blended with her tear—  
 Ah me ! how rarely Comfort visits here.

“ On a lean hammoc, once with feathers fill'd,  
 His limbs by dirty tatters ill conceal'd,

Tho' now the sun had rounded half the day,  
 Stretch'd at full length, the loungeer snorting lay :  
 While his sad wife, beside her dresser stood,  
 And wash'd her hungry household's meagre food,  
 His aged sire, whose beard, and flowing hair,  
 Wav'd silvery, o'er his antiquated chair,  
 Rose from his seat ; and as he watch'd my eye,  
 Deep from his bosom heav'd a mournful sigh—  
 ' Stranger, he cried, once better days I knew ;'  
 And, trembling, shed the venerable dew.  
 I wish'd a kind reply ; but wish'd in vain ;  
 No words came timely to relieve my pain :  
 To the poor parent, and her infants dear,  
 Two mites I gave, besprinkled with a tear ;  
 And, fix'd again to see the wretched shed,  
 Withdrew in silence, clos'd the door, and fled.

“ Yet this so lazy man I've often seen,  
 Hurrying, and bustling, round the busy green ;  
 The loudest prater, in a blacksmith's shop ;  
 The wisest statesman, o'er a drunken cup ;  
 (His sharp-bon'd horse, the street that nightly fed,  
 Tied, many an hour, in yonder, tavern-shed)  
 In every gambling, racing match, abroad :  
 But a rare hearer, in the house of God.”

---

The *three black Crows* is an instructive moral illustration of the rapidity of the growth and progress of untruth. The gradations, variations, and windings of Falsehood, are innumerable. The path of Truth is straight, and though not so beaten as the ways of Falsehood, is more safe and beyond comparison more honorable to walk in. The following story affords a valuable lesson by its exemplification of the advantages of perseverance, and the good which arises from a thorough investigation of the facts connected with the

various reports which are ever-springing up and ever-dying among mankind.

### THREE BLACK CROWS.

BYRON.

TWO honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,  
One took the other, briskly, by the hand ;  
Hark-ye, said he, 'tis an odd story this,  
About the crows !—I don't know what it is,  
Reply'd his friend—No ! I'm surpris'd at that ;  
Where I come from, it is the common chat :  
But you shall hear ; an odd affair indeed !  
And that it happen'd, they are all agreed :  
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,  
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,  
This week, in short, as all the *alley* knows,  
Taking a puke, has thrown up *three black crows*.

Impossible !—Nay, but it's really true ;  
I have it from good hands, and so may you—  
From whose, I pray ? so having nam'd the man ;  
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.  
Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—  
Yes, Sir, I did ; and if it's worth your care,  
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me ;  
But, by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*.—

Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an event,  
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.  
Sir,—and so forth—Why, yes ; the thing is fact,  
Though in regard to number not exact ;  
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*,  
The truth of *that* you may depend upon.  
The gentleman himself told me the case—  
Where may I find him—Why, in such a place.

Away goes he, and having found him out,  
 Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—  
 Then to his last informant he referr'd,  
 And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard ;  
 Did you, Sir, throw up 'a black crow ?—Not I !—  
 Bless me ! how people propagate a lie !  
 Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two, and one ;*  
 And here I find all comes at last to *none !*

Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all* ?  
 Crow—Crow—perhaps I might, now I recall  
 The matter over—And pray, Sir, what was't ?—  
 Why, I was *horrid* sick, and, at the last,  
 I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,  
 Something that was *as black*, Sir, as a crow.

---

## ODE TO SUSPICION.

G. TRUMBULL.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.—SHAKESPEARE.

AH, who is yon with haggard mien,  
 That lurks in secret place unseen ?  
 Yet from the den where he is pent,  
 Full many a wary look is sent :  
 Now ev'ry way, with cautious gaze,  
 The wide extended space surveys :  
 Looking around, with eyes askance,  
 Then sudden turns, with eager glance ;  
 When, hark ! he hears the rushing wind  
 Disturb the rustling wind behind !  
 Then down upon the earth aghast,  
 In haste his trembling limbs he cast.

Yes, now I know the monster well,  
 Suspicion, progeny of hell :  
 Of Guilt begot ; of Danger born,  
 And nurs'd in Fear's grim cave forlorn.  
 Away, tormenting fiend, away,  
 Nor urge with innocence thy stay !  
 Hence ! and in some dreary cell,  
 With the trembling miser dwell ;  
 Feed him with fantastic fears  
 Of want, in his declining years ;  
 Bid each hollow blast that blows  
 Wake the wretch from short repose,  
 To snatch his bags, and eager hold  
 From fancied thieves, his idol, gold :  
 Find where, immers'd in tears and sighs,  
 The half-neglected lover lies ;  
 And place full in his tortur'd sight,  
 His fair inconstant all the night :  
 And, to augment his soul's despair,  
 Place thou his hated rival there :  
 Let him the willing charmer kiss,  
 And feast in luxury of bliss.  
 Or find, where, under midnight skies,  
 Athwart the gloom the murd'rer flies ;  
 Whilst he the stings of conscience feels,  
 Be thou, fell monster, at his heels :  
 Possess his madly beating brains  
 With racks and gibbets, whips and chains ;  
 Let every bush and waving tree  
 Bursting blood-hounds to him be !  
 Or, find the man, whose iron sway  
 Makes abject, prostrate slaves obey :  
 Who, by oppression, swells his state,  
 And in their misery grows great ;  
 Picture some chief, whom justice draws,  
 Espousing the afflicted cause ;

Aiming the meritorious blow,  
To lay the ruthless tyrant low !

For me, no wealth have I to keep,  
No gold, to break my silent sleep ;  
No faithless maid my fancy warms ;  
No rival youth my fear alarms ;  
No blood my guiltless hand hath stain'd ;  
Oppression's rod I ne'er maintain'd ;  
Free is my heart, devoid of fear :  
Then come not with thy scorpions here.  
Thy foul suggestions hurt not me ;  
The guilty only harbor thee.  
Then hence, tormenting fiend, away,  
Nor urge with innocence thy stay.

---

The following beautiful Ode was written on the English army joining the Germans in an attack on the French army in the wood of St. Amand. It was first published in the *Sheffield Iris*, about the close of the year 1793. It breathes much of that indignant spirit of Freedom which long since animated the people of England, and is indeed a noble appeal to their pride and their principles.

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## ON THE BATTLE OF ST. AMAND.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

GENIUS of Britain is it thou,  
From whom admiring nations caught  
That sense of right, that patriot glow,  
That love of science, force of thought,  
Which o'er Oppression's face diffused,  
Quits wild paleness, terrors dews ?

Genius of Britain, is it thou,  
 To whom the vales of Gallia fair,  
 The beauteous banks of Delaware,  
 Their dearest, best of plants, the plant of Freedom owe?

It is not thou—the hand that sowed  
 Could near, with impious hate, have striven  
 To blast the boon its love bestowed,  
 Those blossoms dear to man, and heaven?  
 The natural mother will not so,  
 Direct the murderous desperate blow,  
 Against the offspring of her womb,  
 As when across the Atlantic wave  
 Thy veteran legions, vainly brave,  
 Were sent to crush the birth they idolized at home.

It is not thou!—from Amands' wood,  
 What means that dire conflicting sound?  
 Angels of mercy! is it blood  
 That dyes so dreadfully the ground?  
 What mighty motive thus has joined  
 The butchers fierce of human kind?  
 Has lust of power, or lust of spoil?  
 Say whence this murderous phrenzy springs?  
 Is this the favorite game of kings?  
 Are these the blest effects of consecrating oil?

Source of all guilt, and all distress,  
 Detested WAR—whate'er thy plea,  
 The votaries of the Prince of Peace  
 No fellowship can have with thee.—  
 But when to introduce again  
*Oppression's* harpies, *Slavery's* chain,  
 And *Superstition's* glaring crew,  
 When to perpetuate vice and woe  
 Thou bidst the streams of crimson flow,  
*What words invented yet, can paint the abhorrence due?*

Sweet muse of history, as thy art  
 The lamentable scene displays,  
 I see the workings of thy heart,  
 I feel the light'ning of thy phrase—  
 Oh ! hide it, hide it, muse sublime,  
 Where the keen eye of future time  
 The dismal record ne'er may find ;  
 Nor in the number of the year  
 Let that oppression's day appear,  
 When Britain join'd the league of courts against man-  
 kind.

---

### THE WASHING-DAY.

THE Muses are turn'd gossips ; they have lost  
 The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,  
 Language of gods. Come then, domestic muse,  
 In slip-shod measure, loosely prattling on  
 Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,  
 Of drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire,  
 By little whimp'ring boy, with rueful face ;  
 Come, muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-day.

Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,  
 With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day,  
 Which week smooth sliding after week brings on,  
 Too soon ; for to that day nor peace belongs  
 Nor comfort :—Ere the first gray streak of dawn,  
 The red-arm'd washers come, and chase repose.

Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,  
 E'er visited that day :—The very cat,  
 From the wet kitchen scar'd, and reeking hearth,  
 Visits the parlor, an unwonted guest.



The silent breakfast-meal is soon dispatch'd,  
 Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks  
 Cast at the low'ring sky, if sky should low'r.

From that last evil, O! preserve us, heav'n!  
 For should the skies pour down, adieu to all  
 Remains of quiet: then expect to hear  
 Of sad disasters---dirt and gravel stains  
 Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once  
 Snapp'd short---and linen-horse by dog thrown down,  
 And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack,  
 And Montezuma smil'd on burning coals;  
 But never yet did housewife notable  
 Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.

But grant the welkin fair, require not thou  
 Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,  
 Or study swept, or nicely-dusted coat,  
 Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,  
 Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents  
 Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find  
 Some snug recess impervious: shouldst thou try  
 The custom'd garden walks, thine eye shall rue  
 The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,  
 Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight  
 Of coarse check'd apron, with impatient hand  
 Twitch'd off, when show'rs impend: or crossing lines  
 Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet  
 Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend,  
 Whose evil stars have urg'd him forth to claim,  
 On such a day, the hospitable rites!  
 Looks blank, at best, and stinted courtesy  
 Shall he receive: vainly he feeds his hopes  
 With dinner of roast chicken, sav'ry pie,

Or tart, or pudding ;---pudding he nor tart  
 That day shall eat : nor though the husband try,  
 Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth  
 From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow  
 Clear up propitious : the unlucky guest  
 In silence dines, and early slinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe  
 This day struck into me ; for then the maids,  
 I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me from  
 them ;

Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope  
 Usual indulgencies ; jelly or creams,  
 Relique of costly suppers, and set by  
 For me their petted one ; or butter'd toast,  
 When butter was forbid ; or thrilling tale  
 Of ghost, or witch, or murder---so I went  
 And shelter'd me beside the parlour fire ;  
 There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms  
 Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm ;  
 Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles  
 With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins  
 Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have sour'd  
 One less indulgent.-----

At intervals, my mother's voice was heard,  
 Urging dispatch ; briskly the work went on,  
 All hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to wring,  
 To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.

Then would I sit me down, and ponder much  
 Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bole  
 Of pipe, amus'd, we blew, and sent aloft  
 The floating bubbles ; little dreaming then  
 To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball  
 Ride buoyant through the clouds---so near approach  
 The sports of children and the toils of men

Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,  
 And verse is one of them---this most of all.

## POOR MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes  
 Seem a heart overcharg'd to express ?  
 She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs ;  
 She never complains, but her silence implies  
 The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek ;  
 Cold and hunger awake not her care :  
 Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow  
 bleak  
 On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare ; and her cheek  
 Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,  
 Poor Mary, the maniac, has been ;  
 The trav'ler remembers, who journey'd this way,  
 No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
 As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,  
 As she welcom'd them in with a smile ;  
 Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,  
 And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,  
 When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd, and young Richard had settled the day,  
 And she hop'd to be happy for life ;  
 But Richard was idle and worthless, and they  
 Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say  
 That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
 And fast were the windows and door ;

Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,  
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight  
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

' 'Tis pleasant,' cry'd one, ' seated by the fireside,  
' To hear the wind whistle without.'  
' A fine night for the abbey,' his comrade reply'd,  
' Methinks a man's courage would now be well try'd,  
' Who should wander the ruins about.

' I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear  
' The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;  
' And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,  
' Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,  
' For this wind might awaken the dead.'

' I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cry'd,  
' That Mary would venture there now.'  
' Then wager and lose !' with a sneer he reply'd,  
' I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
' And faint if she saw a white cow.'

' Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ?'  
His companion exclaim'd with a smile ;  
' I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,  
' And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough  
' From the alder that grows in the aisle.'

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,  
And her way to the abbey she bent ;  
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,  
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky ;  
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,  
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight ;  
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,

Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade  
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast  
Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;  
Over-weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,  
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,  
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,  
And hastily gather'd the bough ;  
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear---  
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,  
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over head :  
She listen'd---naught else could she hear.  
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with  
dread,  
For she heard in the ruins, distinctly the tread  
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,  
She crept to conceal herself there :  
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,  
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,  
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold !  
Again the rough wind hurry'd by---  
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold !  
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd :  
She fell---and expected to die.

' Curse the hat !' he exclaims ; ' nay come on, and first  
hide

' The dead body,' his comrade replies---  
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,

She seizes the hat, fear her courage supply'd,  
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,  
She gaz'd horribly eager around ;  
Then her limbs could support her faint burthen no  
more,  
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,  
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
For a moment the hat met her view ;  
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,  
For, O God ! what cold horror thrill'd thro' her heart,  
When the name of her Richard she knew.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,  
His gibbet is now to be seen ;  
Not far from the inn it engages the eye ;  
The trav'ler beholds it, and thinks with a sigh  
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

---

## HEALTH.

ON a high rock above the vast abyss,  
Whose solid base tumultuous waters lave ;  
Whose airy high-top balmy breezes kiss,  
Fresh from the white foam of the circling wave :---

There ruddy HEALTH, in rude majestic state,  
His clust'ring forelock combatting the winds---  
Bares to each season's change his breast elate,  
And still fresh vigor from th' encounter finds :

With mighty mind to every fortune brac'd,  
To every climate each corporeal power,

And high-proof heart, impenetrably cas'd,  
He mocks the quick transitions of the hour.

Now could he hug bleak Zembla's bolted snow,  
Now to Arabia's heated desarts turn,  
Yet bids the biting blast more fiercely blow,  
The scorching sun without abatement burn.

There this bold Outlaw, rising with the morn,  
His sinewy functions fitted for the toil,  
Pursues, with tireless steps, the rapturous horn,  
And bears in triumph back the shaggy spoil.

Or, on his rugged range of towering hills,  
Turns the stiff glebe behind his hardy team ;  
His wide-spread heaths to blithest measures tills,  
And boasts the joys of life are not a dream !

Then to his airy hut, at eve, retires,  
Clasps to his open breast his buxom spouse,  
Basks in his faggot's blaze, his passions fires,  
And strait supine to rest unbroken bows.

On his smooth forehead, Time's old annual score,  
Tho' left to furrow, yet disdains to lie ;  
He bids weak sorrow tantalize no more,  
And puts the cup of care contemptuous by.

If, from some inland height, that, skirting, bears  
Its rude encroachments far into the vale,  
He views where poor dishonor'd nature wears  
On her soft cheek alone the lily pale ;

How will he scorn alliance with the race,  
Those aspin shoots that shiver at a breath ;  
Children of sloth, that danger dare not face,  
And finds in life but an extended death :

Then from the silken reptiles will he fly,  
 To the bold cliff in bounding transports run,  
 And stretch'd o'er many a wave his ardent eye,  
 Embrace th' enduring Sea-boy as his son !

Yes ! thine alone---from pain, from sorrow free,  
 The lengthen'd life with peerless joys replete !  
 Then let me LORD of MOUNTAINS share with thee,  
*The hard, the early toil !---the relaxation sweet !*

---

The lesson of Temperance, Morality and Religion,  
 delivered by Father *William* in his replies to the young  
 man, reminds us of *Adam* in *AS YOU LIKE IT* :---

“ Tho’ I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility ;  
*Therefore* my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty but kindly——.”

---

### THE OLD MAN’S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 The few locks that are left you are grey.  
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
 I remember’d that youth would fly fast,  
 And *abuse* d not my health and my vigor at first  
 That I never might need them at last.



You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 And pleasures with youth pass away,  
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
 I remember'd that youth could not last ;  
*I thought of the future*, whatever I did,  
 That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 And life must be hastening away ;  
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death !  
 Now tell me the reason I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,  
 Let the cause thy attention engage—  
*In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !*  
 And HE has not forgotten my age.

---

We rarely see so trifling a subject better handled, or  
 made to yield reflections more useful.

---

### TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL thou ! who lies so snug in this old box !  
 With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine ;  
 O 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,  
 And hence the bliss of viewing thee as mine.

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days !  
 Well curl'd and powder'd once it was thy lot  
 To frequent balls, and masquerades, and plays !  
 And panoramas, and the Lord knows what !

O thou hast heard e'en madam Mara sing,  
 And oft times visited my lord mayor's treat ;  
 And once at court, was noticed by the king,  
 Thy form was so commodious, and so neat.

Alas ! what art thou now ? a mere old mop ;  
 With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom,  
 Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,  
 Then hides thee, sliely, in this little lumber room.

Such is the fate of *wigs* ! and *mortals* too !  
 After a few more years than thine are past :  
 The Turk, the Christian, Pagan and the Jew,  
 Must all be shut up in a box at last !

Vain *man* ! to talk so loud, and look so big !  
 How small's the difference 'twixt thee and *wig* ?  
 How small indeed, for speak the truth I must,  
*Wigs* turn to *dusters*, and *man* turns to *dust*.

---

## THE PROTEST.

I PROTEST that no more I'll get drunk—  
 'Tis the curse and the plague of my life ;  
 It ruins my credit, my health and my purse,  
 My peace and my comfort, and what is still worse,  
 It vexes and angers my wife !

I *protest* that no more I'll get drunk—  
 It torments and embitters my life ;  
 To ruin 'twould hurry its votary headlong,  
 And reason declares that I'm quite in the wrong,  
 And so do the tears of my wife !

I *protest* that no more I'll get drunk—  
 Nor lead such a wretched vile life ;

Its attendants are poverty, shame and disgrace !  
 Disease and despair stare me hard in the face,  
 And so does my heart-broken wife !

I *protest* that no more I'll get drunk—  
 'Tis the spring of all evils in life !  
 'Tis the curse of all curses ! of mischief the worst !  
 'Tis the plague of all plagues ! 'Tis a demon accurst !  
 No wonder loud chides my poor wife.

I *protest* that no more I'll get drunk—  
 For I find it the bane of my life :  
 Henceforth I'll be watchful that nought shall destroy  
 That comfort and peace I ought to enjoy  
 In my children, my home and my wife.

---

### THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
 'They softly lie, and sweetly sleep  
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,  
 No more disturbs their deep repose,  
 Than summer evening's latest sigh  
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,  
 And cast me helpless on the wild ;  
 I perish—O, my mother's earth !  
 Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd  
 Shall gently moulder into thee ;  
 Nor leave one wretched trace behind,  
 Resembling me.

Hark ! a strange sound affrights mine ear ;  
 My pulse—my brain runs wild—I rave ;  
 —Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?

‘ I am the GRAVE !

‘ The Grave, that never spake before,  
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;  
 O listen—I will speak no more ;  
 Be silent, Pride !

‘ Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,  
 The victim of consuming care ?  
 Is thy distracted conscience torn  
 By fell despair ?

‘ Do foul misdeeds of former times  
 Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?  
 And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
 Murder thy rest ?

‘ Lash’d by the furies of the mind,  
 From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee ?  
 Ah ! think not, hope not, fool, to find  
 A friend in me.

‘ By all the terrors of the tomb,  
 Beyond the powers of tongue to tell ;  
 By the dread secrets of the womb !  
 By Death and Hell !

‘ I charge thee LIVE !—repent and pray ;  
 In dust thy infamy deplore,  
 There yet is mercy---go thy way,  
 And sin no more.

‘ Art thou a MOURNER ?—Hast thou known  
 The joy of innocent delights ?

Endearing days for ever flown,  
And tranquil nights ?

O LIVE !---and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past :  
Rely on heav'ns unchanging will  
For peace at last.

‘ Art thou a *Wanderer* ?---Hast thou seen  
O’erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?  
A shipwreck’d sufferer has thou been,  
Misfortune’s mark ?

‘ Tho’ long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemn’d in wretchedness to roam,  
*Live* !---thou shalt reach a shel’ring port,  
A quiet home.

‘ To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame ?  
And was thy friend a deadly foe,  
Who stole into thy breast to aim  
A surer blow ?

‘ *Live* ! and repine not o’er his loss,  
A loss not worthy to be told ;  
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
For purest gold.

‘ Go, seek that treasure, seldom found,  
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And soothe the bosom’s deepest wound  
With heavenly balm.

In *woman* hast thou plac’d thy bliss,  
And did the *fair one* faithless prove ?  
Hath she betray’d thee with a kiss,  
And sold thy love ?

‘ *Live !* ’twas a false bewildering fire !

Too often love’s insidious dart  
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,  
But *kills the heart.*

‘ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,

A brighter maiden’s virtuous charms !  
Blest shalt thou be, supremely blest,  
In beauty’s arms;

‘ --- Whate’er thy lot---whate’er thou be---

Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

‘ A bruised reed HE will not break ;

Afflictions all HIS children feel :  
HE wounds them for HIS mercy’s sake,  
HE wounds to heal.

‘ Humbled beneath HIS mighty hand,

Prostrate, HIS Providence adore ;  
’Tis done !---arise ! HE bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.

‘ Now, Trav’ler in the vale of tears,

To realms of everlasting light,  
Through time’s dark wilderness of years  
Pursue thy flight.

‘ There is a calm for those who weep,

A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground.

‘ The SOUL, of origin divine,

God’s glorious image, freed from clay,  
In Heav’n’s eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day !

‘ The sun is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky ;  
 The soul, immortal as its fire,  
*Shall never die.\**’

---

## A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

*Written at Norfolk, in Virginia.*

THOMAS MOORE.

‘ They tell of a young man, who lost his life upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.’

---

‘ THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp,  
 ‘ For a soul so warm and true ;  
 ‘ And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,\*  
 ‘ Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
 ‘ She paddles her white canoe.  
 ‘ And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
 ‘ And her paddle I soon shall hear ;  
 ‘ Long and loving our life shall be,

\* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond’s Pond.

‘ And I’ll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
 ‘ When the footstep of death is near !’

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds---  
 His path was rugged and sore,  
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,  
 And man never trod before !

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,  
 If slumber his eyelids knew,  
 He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep  
 Its venomous tear and nightly steep  
 The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirr’d the brake,  
 And the copper-snake breath’d in his ear,  
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
 ‘ Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
 ‘ And the white canoe of my dear ?’

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright  
 Quick over its surface play’d---  
 ‘ Welcome,’ he said, ‘ my dear-one’s light !’  
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,  
 The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he hollow’d a boat of the birchen bark,  
 Which carried him off from shore ;  
 Far he follow’d the meteor spark,  
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,  
 And the boat return’d no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter’s camp  
 This lover and maid so true  
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,  
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
 And paddle their white canoe !



The following beautiful moral reflection will live and be admired, when the licentious amatory verses and illiberal sarcasms of its author, upon a kind and hospitable people, shall have passed down the stream of Time into the Gulph of Oblivion. How much it is to be regretted that such a mind as *Moore's* should be allied to a corrupt or to an ungrateful heart! How greatly it is to be lamented that a single ray from the sun of Genius should ever be directed to cherish the growth of the poison-vine of Vice, to strengthen its tendrils around the heart of Youth, bind them in the bondage of vicious habits, and intoxicate them with the fruits of their own corruption. Ever hallowed be the pen of Eloquence, ever successful the inspirations of Poetry, when animated by the soul of Virtue.

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## A REFLECTION AT SEA.

THOMAS MOORE.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
 And foams and sparkles for a while,  
 And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
 Rises on Time's eventful sea;  
 And, having swell'd a moment there,  
 Thus melts into eternity!

---

## BALLAD STANZAS.

THOMAS MOORE.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd  
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,

And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,  
'A heart that was humble might hope for it here!'

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around  
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;  
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound  
But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And 'Here in this lone little wood, I exclaim'd  
'With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,  
'Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep when  
I blam'd,  
'How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!  
'By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips  
'In the gush of the fountain how sweet to recline  
'And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,  
'Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!'

---

The sorrow and remorse which preys upon an ingenuous mind, when it has by Passion or by Pleasure been lured into the ways of Vice, has never been depicted with more feeling and truth, than in the following pathetic Elegy. It is, to use the language of its amiable author, well calculated to 'warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,' and teach wisdom to those who are 'of folly studious, even of vices vain.'

### DAMON AND JESSY.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye!  
That eye where mirth, where fancy used to shine?  
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh,  
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace ?

Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care,  
Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace

That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair ?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain

Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore ;  
Alas ! his very praise awakes my pain,

And my poor wretched wounded bosom bleeds the  
more.

For oh ! that nature on my birth had frown'd,

Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell,

Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,

Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,

My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd ;

In fortune's train the syren flattery smil'd,

And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,

Ah vices ! gilded by the rich and gay !

I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,

Nor dropt the chase, till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid ! to stain thy spotless name,

Expençe, and art, and toil, united strove ;

To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,

Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,

I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn ;

I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,

And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy rage alarm'd her care,

Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove ;

I bade my words the won'ed softness wear,  
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest ?  
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline ?  
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,  
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame ;  
Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day ;  
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,  
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

' Henry, she said, by thy dear form subdued,  
See the sad reliques of a nymph undone !  
I find, I find, this rising sob renew'd ;  
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,  
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return ?  
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,  
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn !

Alas ! no more that joyous morn appears  
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame ;  
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,  
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,  
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan ;  
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,  
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,  
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,  
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,  
For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure.

Ye flowers ! that well reproach a nymph so frail ;  
 Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?  
 The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale  
 Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young ;  
 And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee ;  
 Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,  
 That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye ;  
 I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;  
 To die I languish, but I dread to die,  
 Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove  
 And let me silent seek some friendly shore ;  
 There only, banish'd from the form I love,  
 My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;  
 Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;  
 Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,  
 That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread ;  
 Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;  
 Not such the parent's board at which I fed,  
 Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,  
 Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;  
 Envy may slight a face no longer fair ;  
 And pity, welcome, to my native soil.'

She spoke---nor was I born of savage race ;  
 Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign ;

Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,  
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend ;  
I saw her breast with every passion heave ;  
I left her---torn from every earthly friend,  
Oh ! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave ?

Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;  
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain ;  
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close ;  
My Jessy---floats upon the watery plain !

And see my youth's impetuous fires decay ;  
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear ;  
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,  
From Jessy floating on her watery bier !

---

## THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE.

SHENSTONE

### A COMMON CASE.

“ Suade, non certum est.”

SAYS Richard to Thomas, (and seem'd half afraid)  
‘ I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid :  
Now, because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,  
I will do 't if thou bidst me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest on't ; 'tis no jest to me :  
For 'faith I'm in earnest, so prythee be free.  
I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,  
But I'd have thy advice, ere I tye myself to her.’

Said Thomas to Richard, ' to speak my opinion,  
There is not such a b---h in king George's dominion,  
And I firmly believe, if thou knewest her as I do,  
'Thou wouldst chuse out a whipping-post, first to be  
ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,  
And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."  
Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,  
And 'ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had  
said.

---

"Neither do I condemn thee ; go, and sin no more."

*St. John, chap. viii.*

## REPENTANCE.

THOMAS MOORE.

OH ! woman, if by simple wile  
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,  
'Tis mercy only can beguile,  
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,  
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,  
As clouds that sully morning skies  
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go---be innocent, and live---  
The tongues of men may wound thee sore ;  
But Heav'n in pity can forgive,  
And bids thee " go and sin no more !"

## THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

## TO THE READER.

I hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the Author is, I hope, nowhere mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocle's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the Author's short precepts. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine. *N. Rowe.*

---

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;  
 The greatest this, and first of laws obey;  
 Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,  
 And let religion bind thee to thy oath.  
 The heroes next demand thy just regard,  
 Renown'd on earth, and to the stars preferr'd,  
 To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward. }  
 Due rights perform and honors to the dead,  
 To every wise, to every pious shade.  
 With lowly duty to thy parents bow,  
 And grace and favor to thy kindred show:  
 For what concerns the rest of human kind,  
 Choose out the man to virtue best inclin'd; }  
 Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind. }



Possess of such a friend, preserve him still ;  
 Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will ;  
 Pliant to all his admonitions prove,  
 And yield to all his offices of love :  
 Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,  
 Let no rash word, nor light offences tear.  
 Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,  
 And to the utmost still, and still forgive ;  
 For strong necessity alone explores  
 The secret vigor of our latent powers,  
 Rouses and urges on the lazy heart,  
 Force, to itself unknown before, t' exert.  
 By use thy stronger appetites assuage,  
 Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage :  
 From each dishonest act of shame forbear ;  
 Of others, and thyself, alike beware.  
 Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,  
 And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.  
 Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,  
 And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide :  
 For know that death is man's appointed doom,  
 Know that the day of great account will come,  
 When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,  
 Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,  
 And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid. }  
 For wealth, the perishing, uncertain good,  
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,  
 That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,  
 But wandering loves from hand to hand to pass ;  
 Resolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,  
 And think if it be worth thy while to gain.  
 Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,  
 With patience hear the lot to thee assign'd ;  
 Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load ;  
 For know what man calls Fortune is from God.  
 In what thou may'st, from wisdom seek relief,  
 And let her healing hand assuage thy grief ;

Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,  
 What cause soever multiplies thy pains,  
 Let not those pains as ills be understood ;  
 For God delights not to afflict the good.

The reasoning art, to various ends apply'd,  
 Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide.  
 Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,  
 Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve ;  
 The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,  
 And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.  
 When fools and lyars labor to persuade,  
 Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.

This above all, this precept chiefly learn,  
 This nearly does, and first, thyself concern ;  
 Let not example, let no soothing tongue,  
 Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,  
 To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong. }  
 Of good and ill by words or deeds exprest,  
 Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.

Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,  
 And ponder on thy task before begun,  
 Lest folly should the wretched work deface,  
 And mock thy fruitless labors with disgrace.  
 Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,  
 Act without thought, and thoughtless words they waste.  
 But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares  
 Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs ;  
 That sorrow on the end may never wait,  
 Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.

Beware thy meddling hand in ought to try,  
 That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie ;  
 But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought  
 To search the profitable knowledge out.

So joys on joys for ever shall increase,  
 Wisdom shall crown thy labors, and shall bless }  
 Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace.

Nor let the body want its part, but share  
 A just proportion of thy tender care :

For health and welfare prudently provide,  
 And let its lawful wants be all supply'd.  
 Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare  
 Decaying nature's wasted force repair ;  
 And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.  
 In all things still which to this care belong,  
 Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.  
 By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,  
 Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly  
 The glancing curse of her malicious eye.

Seek not in endless luxury to waste  
 Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.  
 Yet flying these, be watchful lest thy mind,  
 Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,  
 And be to sordid avarice inclin'd.  
 Distant alike from each, to neither lean,  
 But ever keep the happy Golden Mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,  
 And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprise,  
 Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,  
 Ere every action of the former day  
 Strictly thou dost and righteously survey,  
 With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,  
 And answer justly to thy own demand.  
 Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd ?  
 What good or ill has this day's life express'd ?  
 Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do ?  
 In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe ?  
 Inquire severe whate'er from first to last,  
 From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has past.  
 If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,  
 And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.  
 If good, the good with peace of mind repay,  
 And to thy secret self with pleasure say,  
 Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.

These thoughts, and chiefly these, thy mind should  
move,

Employ thy study, and engage thy love.

These are the rules which will to virtue lead,  
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.

This by his name I swear, whose sacred lore,  
First to mankind explain'd the mystic Four,  
Source of eternal nature and almighty power. }

In all thou dost first let thy prayers ascend,  
And to the gods thy labors first commend : }

From them implore success, and hope a pros-  
perous end. }

So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,  
And wisdom in her secret ways explore ;  
To range through heaven above and earth below,  
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.

So shalt thou learn what power does all control,  
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole :  
And rightly judge in all this wondrous frame,  
How universal Nature is the same ;

So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place  
On hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched man, thou shalt be taught to know,  
Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.

Unhappy race ! that never yet could tell,  
How near their good and happiness they dwell.

Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see ;

Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,

But stupid, to their own sad fate agree : }

Like ponderous rolling stones, oppress'd with ill,

The weight that rolls them makes them roll on  
still, }

Bereft of choice, and freedom of the will ;

For native strife in every bosom reigns,

And secretly an impious war maintains :

Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,

And every-yielding passion sue for peace.

Would'st thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,  
 Reveal the Dæmon for that task assign'd,  
 The wretched race an end of woes would find.  
 And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,  
 And of the gods celestial part.  
 Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,  
 But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.  
 These if to know thou happily attain,  
 Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.  
 Thy wonderful soul to health thou shalt restore,  
 And free from every pain she felt before.

}

Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,  
 So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul ;  
 So rightly judge ; thy reason so maintain ;  
 Reason which heaven did for thy guide ordain,  
 Let that best reason ever hold the rein.

}

Then if this mortal body thou forsake,  
 And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,  
 Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,  
 Immortal, incorruptible, divine :  
 The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,  
 And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

## MORNING ; OR, THE COMPLAINT.

AN AMERICAN ECLOGUE.

GREGORY.

FAR from the savage bandit's fierce alarms,  
 Or distant din of horrid despot's arms,  
 Tho' Pennsylvania boasts her peaceful plain,  
 Yet *there* in blood her petty tyrants reign.

With waving pines tho' vocal woods be crown'd,  
 And stream-fed vales with living wealth abound,

To golden fields tho' ripening rays descend,  
 With blushing fruit tho' loaded branches bend ;  
 To those who ne'er must freedom's blessings taste,  
 'Tis barren all---'tis a worthless waste.

While hoarse the cataract murmur'd on the gale,  
 And chilling dews swept thro' the murky dale ;  
 Along the hills the dismal tempest howl'd,  
 And lightnings flash'd, and deep the thunders roll'd ;  
 Beneath a leafless tree, ere morn arose,  
 The slave Adala thus laments his woes :—  
 ' Ye grisly spectres, gather round my seat  
 From caves unblest, that wretch's groans repeat !  
 Terrific forms, from misty lakes arise !  
 And bloody meteors threaten thro' the skies !  
 Oh curs'd destroyers of our hapless race,  
 Of human kind the terror and disgrace !  
 Lo ! hosts of dusky captives, to my view,  
 Demand a deep revenge ! demand their due !  
 And frowning chiefs now dart athwart the gloom,  
 And o'er the salt sea wave pronounce your doom :  
 But Gods are just, and oft the stroke forbear,  
 To plunge the guilty in tenfold despair.  
 Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains ;  
 I pant for freedom and my native plains !

' With limbs benumb'd my poor companions lie ;  
 Oppress'd by pain and want the aged sigh ;  
 Through reedy huts the driving tempest pours,  
 Their festering wounds receive the sickly show'rs ;  
 In mad'ning draughts our lords their senses steep,  
 And doom their slaves to stripes and death in sleep :  
 Now, while the bitter blast surrounds my head,  
 To times long past my restless soul is led,  
 Far, far beyond the azure hills, to groves  
 Of ruddy fruit, where beauty fearless roves—  
 O blissful seats ! O self-approving joys !  
 Nature's plain dictates ! ignorance of vice !  
 O guiltless hours ! Our cares and wants were few,

No arts of luxury or deceit we knew.  
 Our labor, sport—to tend our cottage care,  
 Or from the palm the luscious juice prepare ;  
 To sit indulging love's delusive dream,  
 And snare the silver tenants of the stream ;  
 Or (nobler toil !) to aim the deadly blow  
 With dext'rous art against the spotted foe ;  
 O days with youthful daring mark'd ! 'twas then  
 I dragged the shaggy monster from his den,  
 And boldly down the rocky mountain's side,  
 Hurl'd the grim panther in the foaming tide.  
 Our healthful sports a daily feast afford,  
 And even still found us at the social board.

‘ Can I forget, ah me ! the fatal day,  
 When half the vale of peace was swept away !  
 Th’ affrighted maids in vain the gods implore,  
 And weeping view from far the happy shore ;  
 The frantic dames impatient ruffians seize,  
 And infants shriek, and clasp their mother's knees ;  
 With galling fetters soon their limbs are bound,  
 And groans throughout the noisome bark resound.  
 Why was I bound ! why did not the Whydah see  
 Adala gain, or Death or Victory !  
 No storms arise, no waves revengeful roar,  
 To dash the monsters on our injur'd shore.  
 Long o'er the foaming deep to worlds unknown,  
 By envious winds the bulky vessel's blown,  
 While by disease and chains the weak expire,  
 Or parch'd endure the slow consuming fire.  
 Who'd in this land of many sorrows live,  
 Where death's the only comfort tyrants give ?  
 Tyrants unblest ! Each proud of strict command,  
 Nor age nor sickness holds the iron hand ;  
 Whose hearts, in adamant involv'd, despise  
 The drooping female's tears, the infant cries,  
 From whose stern brows no grateful look e'er beams,  
 Whose blushless front nor rape nor murder shames.

' Nor all I blame ; for Nasta!, friend to peace,  
 Thro' his wide pastures bids oppression cease ;\*  
 No drivers goad, no galling fetters bind,  
 Nor stern compulsion damps th' exalted mind.  
 There strong Arcona's fated to enjoy  
 Domestic sweets, and rear his progeny ;  
 To till his glebe employs Arcona's care,  
 To Nasta!'s God he nightly makes his pray'r ;  
 His mind at ease, of Christian truths he'll boast—  
 He has no wife, no lovely offspring lost.  
 Gay his Savannah blooms, while mine appears  
 Scorch'd up with heat, or moist with blood and tears.  
 Cheerful his hearth in chilling winter burns,  
 While to the storm the sad Adala mourns.  
 Lift high the scourge, the soul my rack disdains ;  
 I pant for freedom and my native plains.

' Shall I his holy prophet's aid implore,  
 And wait for justice on another shore ?  
 Or, rushing down yon mountain's craggy steep,  
 End all my sorrows in the sullen deep ?  
 A cliff there hangs in yon grey morning cloud,  
 The dashing wave beneath roars hard and loud—  
 But doubts and fears involve my anxious mind,  
 The gulf of death once pass'd, what shore we find.  
 Dubious, if sent beyond th' expanded main,  
 This soul shall seek its native realms again :  
 Or if in gloomy mists condemn'd to lie,  
 Beyond the limits of yon arching sky.  
 A better prospect oft my spirit cheers,  
 And in my dreams the vale of peace appears,  
 And fleeting visions of my former life :  
 My hoary sire I clasp, my long-lost wife,

\* The Quakers in America have set free all their Negroes, and allow them wages as other servants.



And oft I kiss my gentle babes in sleep,  
 Till with the sounding whip I'm wak'd to weep.  
 Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains ;  
 I pant for freedom and my native plains !

‘ Chiefs of the earth, and monarchs of the sea,  
 Who vaunt your hardy ancestors were free !  
 Whose teachers plead the oppress'd and injur'ds cause,  
 And prove the wisdom of your prophet's laws ;  
 To force and fraud if justice must give place,  
 You're dragg'd to slavery by some rougher race.  
 Some rougher race your flocks shall force away,  
 Like Afric's sons your children must obey ;  
 The very Gods that view our constant toil,  
 Shall see your offspring till a ruder soil,  
 The pain of thirst and pinching hunger know,  
 And all the torments that from bondage flow,  
 When, far remov'd from Christian worlds, we prove  
 The sweets of peace, the lasting joys of love.

‘ But, hark ! the whip's harsh echo thro' the trees !  
 On every trembling limb fresh horrors seize—  
 Alas ! 'tis morn, and here I sit alone—  
 Be strong, my soul, and part without a groan !  
 Ruffians, proceed ! Adala ne'er shall swerve,  
 Prepare the rack, and strain each aching nerve !  
 Sift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains ;  
 I pant for freedom and my native plains.

‘ Thou God, who gild'st with light the rising day !  
 Who life dispensest by thy genial ray !  
 Will thy slow vengeance never, never fall,  
 But undistinguish'd favor shine on all ?  
 O hear a suppliant wretch's last, sad pray'r !  
 Dart fiercest rage ! infect the ambient air !  
 This pallid race, whose hearts are bound in steel,  
 By dint of suffering teach them how to feel.

Or, to some despot's lawless will betray'd,  
 Give them to know what wretches they have made !  
 Beneath the lash let them resign their breath,  
 Or court, in chains, the clay-cold hand of death.  
 Or, worst of ills ! within each callous breast,  
 Cherish uncurb'd the dark internal pest ;  
 Bid Av'rice swell with undiminish'd rage,  
 While no new worlds th' accurst thirst assuage ;  
 Then bid the monsters on each other turn,  
 The fury passions in disorder burn ;  
 Bid Discord flourish, civil crimes increase,  
 Nor one fond wish arise that pleads for peace—  
 Till, with their crimes in wild confusion hurl'd,  
 They wake t' eternal anguish in a future world.\*

\* This Eclogue was written during the American war.

## EVENING ; OR, THE FUGITIVE.

AN AMERICAN ECLOGUE.

GREGORY.

SAY whither, wand'rer, points thy cheerless way,  
 When length'ning shades announce the close of day ?  
 In yon wild waste no friendly roof thou'lt find  
 The haunt of serpents and the savage kind.  
 And sure rememb'rance mocks me, or I trace  
 In thine the semblance of Zamboia's face ?  
 Yet scarce thyself ; for in thy alter'd eye  
 I read the records of hard destiny.  
 From thy rack'd bosom sighs that ceaseless flow,  
 A man bespeak thee exercis'd in woe  
 Say, then, what chance has burst thy rigid chains,  
 Has led thee, frantic, o'er these distant plains ?

What potent sorrows can thy peace infest ?  
 What crimes conceal'd prey on thy anxious breast ?

## ZAMBOIA.

No crimes this heart infest, this hand defile,  
 Or frantic drive me o'er a foreign soil.  
 A murder'd wife and wrongs unmatch'd I mourn,  
 And buried joys that never shall return !  
 If then thou'rt tempted by the traitor's meed,  
 Take this poor life, and prosper by the deed !

## MOMBAZE.

Not the rich produce of Angola's shore,  
 Not all the miser's heap'd and glittering store,  
 Not all that pride would grasp, or pomp display,  
 Should tempt this hand the wretched to betray.  
 No traitors dwell within this blest domain,  
 The friends of peace we live, a guileless train.  
 Grief dims thy eye, or gladly wouldst thou see  
 Thy lov'd Mombaze yet survives in me.  
 Canst thou forget ? I taught thy youth to dare  
 The sylvan herd, and wage the desp'rate war.  
 Canst thou forget ? One common lot we drew,  
 With thee enchain'd, a captive's fate I knew.  
 Distrust me not, but unreserv'd disclose  
 The anxious tale that in thy bosom glows.  
 To part our griefs is oft to mitigate,  
 And social sorrows blunt the darts of fate.

## ZAMBOIA.

Dear to my sight that form, and doubly dear  
 Thy well-known accents meet Zamboia's ear.  
 O ! had I died, and left the name of slave  
 Deep, deep entomb'd within an early grave !  
 O ! had I died, ere ruthless fates constrain,  
 With thee enthrall'd, to cross the western main !  
 O ! to have met a glorious death in arms,  
 And ne'er beheld Melinda's fatal charms !

Time would be short, and memory would fail,  
 To dwell distinctly on the various tale.  
 Tedious to tell what treach'rous arts were tried,  
 To sooth the smart of still revolting pride.  
 I liv'd, and lov'd—then kiss'd the fatal chain !  
 No joy but one to cheer a life of pain.  
 Yet witness bear, thou dear departed ghost,  
 That lonely rov'st thy Gambia's sacred coast !  
 How sweet the toil that met the morning's ray,  
 How light the labor that o'er-lasting day !  
 The reed-built hovel, and the scanty fare,  
 Imperial bliss could give, Melinda there !  
 Soft was my pillow, on thy gentle breast,  
 When o'er-prest Nature droop'd in want of rest !  
 And if a rebel ear disgrac'd my eye,  
 Thine was the tear, and thine the bursting sigh.  
 Bliss I could boast, unenvied had it pass'd,  
 But bliss too great for hapless slaves to last.

A wretch, who banish'd from his native clime,  
 Defil'd with many a black and monstrous crime,  
 Presided o'er us, and with iron hand  
 Held savage sway o'er all the servile band.  
 In him each hellish passion rudely glow'd,  
 And cruelty in him most cruel shew'd.  
 Him lust infernal, one sad ev'ning, led  
 T' invade the chasteness of my marriage bed :  
 I chanc'd to approach—the caitiff I surpris'd—  
 My wife preserv'd, and had his guilt chastis'd  
 While full with vengeance boil'd my wounded heart :  
 But chance reserv'd him for a baser part.  
 Meanwhile, o'erjoy'd that vice e'en once had fail'd,  
 I bless'd the gods that innocence prevail'd.

The baffled villain, now a foe profess'd,  
 Rolls scenes of blood within his rankling breast ;  
 With coward arts he forg'd a crafty tale ;  
 And hands unrighteous poise the partial scale.

Imputed crimes to crush the weak suffice,  
 Hearsay is guilt, and damning fact surmise.  
 Where uncurb'd will usurps the place of laws,  
 No friendly pleader takes the wretch's cause.  
 Our tyrant's fears each want of proof supplied,  
 We stand condemn'd, unquestion'd, and untried.

O ! had the grief and shame been all my own,  
 And the black vengeance lit on me alone !  
 But harsher fates a harder curse decreed ;  
 These eyes were doom'd to see Melinda bleed.  
 I saw her by relentless ruffians bound,  
 The brandish'd scourge inflict the mortal wound ;  
 Her tender frame abus'd, and mangled o'er,  
 I saw her welt'ring in a flood of gore.  
 The murd'rous scene had soon a dreadful close—  
 And do I live ! and can I speak my woes !  
 Her pregnant womb no longer could sustain  
 The public shame, and agony of pain ;  
 A birth abortive robb'd her of her breath,  
 And pangs convulsive seal'd her eyes in death.  
 One only pledge my weary soul retains,  
 This hapless infant, all that now remains ;  
 The mournful image of my once-lov'd wife,  
 And ties me down awhile to hated life.  
 Else this bold hand should liberty restore,  
 And my rapt spirit seek a happier shore.  
 Thro' devious paths with timid haste we fly,  
 Where yon blue mountains meet the bending sky.  
 Nor serpent haunts I dread, nor deserts drear,  
 The master-savage, Man, alone, I fear.

#### MOMBAZE.

Since from our native realms compell'd to part,  
 Such poison'd sorrows have not touch'd my heart.  
 Insatiate plunderers ! could it not suffice  
 To rend, inhuman, all the social ties ?

From guiltless joys that bless'd our native soil,  
 Dragg'd to a life of misery and toil ;  
 Would you yet take the little God has given,  
 And intercept the gracious dew of Heaven ?  
 Your rage for blood, wild as your thirst of gain,  
 Shall no respects, not truths divine, restrain ?  
 'Th' eternal fabric can a name undo ?  
 Is rape and murder sanctified in you ?  
 And us, what laws, as impious as severe,  
 Forbid the common rites of man to share ?  
 Didst thou, creative Power ! thy views confine ?  
 For one proud race, the spacious earth design ?  
 For them alone does plenty deck the vale,  
 Blush in the fruit, and tinge the scented gale ?  
 For them the seasons all their sweets unfold ?  
 Blooms the fresh rose, and shines the waving gold ?  
 O no ! all bounteous is thy equal hand,  
 And thy fix'd laws irrevocable stand !  
 Hapless Zamboia ! had it been thy fate  
 With me to share my more propitious state ;  
 Thy soul had breath'd no impious wish to die,  
 Nor the big tear had trembled in thine eye.  
 Disjoin'd from thee, I too to slavery went ;  
 But Heaven a father, not a master, lent.  
 He seems as Virtue's self, in moral guise ;  
 Tho' wealthy, simple ; and tho' modest, wise.  
 Blest be the hand that life and freedom gave !  
 That pow'r can boast, exerted but to save !  
 Blest the sage tongue that stor'd the vacant mind,  
 The manners soften'd, and the heart refin'd !  
 That, still to Heaven's unerring dictates true,  
 Eternal truth unfolded to our view !  
 But, come ! thy faint and weary limbs repose,  
 Forgetful of thy fears, thy griefs compose ;  
 By morning's dawn with earnest food I speed,  
 Nor sleep these eyes till I behold thee freed.  
 Some wealth I have ; and, did I prize it more,  
 Well spar'd for this I deem the sacred store.

So talk'd these friends, and to the cottage haste ;  
 While sad Zamboia his pursuers trac'd.  
 The ruffian band arrest the hapless swain,  
 And pray'rs, and tears, and promises are vain :  
 Their vengeful fervor, no—not gifts abate ;  
 But, bound in chains, they drag him to his fate.\*

\* A higher reward is generally offered for the *head* of a fugitive negro than for bringing him alive.

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## TO WISDOM.

MRS. BARBAULD.

*Dona præsentiſ rape lætus, horæ, ac Linque ſevera.* HORACE.  
 O WISDOM ! if thy ſoft control  
 Can ſooth the ſickneſs of the ſoul,  
 Can bid the warring paſſions ceaſe,  
 And breathe the calm of tender peace,  
 WISDOM ! I bleſs thy gentle ſway,  
 And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'ſt with frown austeræ  
 To nurse the brood of care and fear ;  
 To bid our ſweeteſt paſſions die,  
 And leave us in their room a ſigh ;  
 O if thine aſpect ſtern have power  
 To wither each poor tranſient flower  
 That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,  
 And dry the ſprings whence hope ſhould flow ;  
 Wiſdom, thine empire I diſclaim,  
 Thou empty boaſt of pompous name !  
 In gloomy ſhade of cloiſters dwell,  
 But never haunt my cheerful cell.  
 Hail to pleaſure's frolic train !  
 Hail to fancy's golden reign !

Festive mirth, and laughter wild,  
 Free and sportful as the child !  
 Hope with eager sparkling eyes,  
 And easy faith, and fond surprise !  
 Let these, in fairy colours drest,  
 For ever share my careless breast :  
 Then, tho' wise I may not be,  
 The wise themselves shall envy me.

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THE SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT OF  
 ORESTES—A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES *by* JOHN HUGHES.

*Argument.*—Orestes had killed his mother Clytemnestra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the story is the subject of the *Electra* of Sophocles, where, in the conclusion of the play, Clytemnestra is heard behind the scene crying out in vain for mercy, while her son is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written first ; and Euripides took up the story where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Orestes's mind with so much horror as afterwards caused his distraction. In this condition he is represented in the following scene, lying on a couch, and his sister Electra, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I shall detain the reader no longer than to observe, that the tenderness of Electra, and the alternate starts and returns of madness and reason in Orestes, are touched with the most exquisite strokes of nature and passion.

[Translator



## CHORUS, ORESTES, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

DRAW near, Electra, to thy brother's couch :  
See if he breathes : this long-protracted rest  
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

ORESTES, waking.

O sweet refreshing sleep ! thou balmy cure  
Of sickness and of pain !  
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me ?  
O soft oblivion of surrounding ills,  
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms !  
Where am I ?—speak—inform me, tell me where.  
How came I hither ? for I know not how !  
Alas ! I've lately been bereft of reason !  
And now no track of former thought remains.

ELECTRA.

O my much-lov'd Orestes ! O my brother !  
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing slumbers.  
Come—shall I help to raise thee from thy couch ?

ORESTES.

Soft, I pray thee—first wipe away these drops,  
That sit all dewy o'er my face.

ELECTRA.

Ye gods !  
How pleasant is this task to a sister's love !

ORESTES.

Come, let me lean upon thee ; how cans't thou bear  
me ?  
Put forth thy hand ; remove the clotted locks  
That shade my sight ; I scarcely yet can see—

ELECTRA.

O my poor brother ! how has sickness chang'd thee !  
Thy face, thy beard, so long unwash'd, deform thee,  
And spread an unknown horror o'er thy mien.

ORESTES.

I'm weary ; lead me to my couch again.  
When my fit leaves me I am weak and faint,  
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

ELECTRA.

How friendly is the sick man's bed ; though pain  
Dwell there, yet there he best may bear it.

ORESTES.

I fain would walk—and, seeming well awhile,  
Delude my anxious thoughts.

ELECTRA.

Now hear me, brother ;  
Hear me, while yet the cruel furies leave thee  
This pause from grief, this interval of reason.

ORESTES.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis welcome ;  
If ill—I've load enough ; nor add thou more.

ELECTRA.

Then know thy uncle Menelaus comes ;  
His ship is in the port—

ORESTES.

What dost thou say ?  
He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs  
And chase away the blackness of despair ;  
My father's brother, and his best-lov'd friend !

ELECTRA.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd Troy  
His-beauteous Helen—

ORESTES.

Say'st thou? better far  
He came alone—and he alone surviving;  
But if with Helen—then he brings a curse,  
A heavy curse—

ELECTRA.

The race of Tyndarus  
Have through all Greece spread infamy and shame.

ORESTES.

Beware then—shun the deeds of impious women.  
Wear no false face—be good, as well as seem so—  
Beware I say—

ELECTRA.

Alas! what means my brother? you are chang'd  
Your color shifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—  
Your fit returns—O Heavens! he's lost again;

ORESTES.

Mother, forbear! What! no forgiveness—never?  
O! take away these furies—how they shake  
Their snaky locks, and grin around me!

ELECTRA.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms thee.  
Compose thyself: why dost thou leave thy couch?  
Here are no fiends; thou talk'st to shapeless air.

ORESTES.

Help, help me, Phœbus---see those dogs of hell  
With famish'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!

Th' infernal priestesses look fiercely on me ;  
They thirst for blood, and I'm the destin'd victim !

ELECTRA.

Nay, strive not—for I will not let thee go,  
While these weak arms can fold thee—

ORESTES.

What art thou ?  
One of my curst tormentors ? Hence—I know thee ;  
Thou grasp'st me thus to plunge me down to hell.

ELECTRA.

Oh ! whence can wretched mortals hope for succour,  
When Heaven is deaf, and all the gods our foes ?

ORESTES.

Reach me the weapons of the shooting god,  
Apollo's gifts, the shafts and horny bow ;  
With these he bad me drive the fiends away,  
When cruel, they attack me—

ELECTRA.

Can they feel ?  
Can deathless beings feel a mortal wound ?

ORESTES.

They shall---or leave my tortured sight---behold !  
Dost thou not see their feather'd shafts fly round me ?  
Begone, ye ministers of wrath---Away ! away !  
The guilt's not mine ! hence, through the yielding  
    skies,  
Fly swift to heaven---and charge Apollo there,  
Whose oracle betray'd me---Ah ! I faint ;  
My spirits sink---Where am I now ? Alas !  
How have I left my bed ? how stray'd hither ?  
O---I perceive---once more the raging waves  
Have spent their force---and all is calm again---

My sister ? weeping to ? Why dost thou turn  
 Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment ?  
 I grieve to think what I have made thee suffer ?  
 I know my sickness bears too hard upon thee ;  
 Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid !  
 The deed was mine : Thou only didst consent :  
 'Twas I that slew my mother---Phœbus himself  
 Advis'd that impious act---the guilt be his,  
 Whose words spake comfort, but who now forsakes  
 me.

But oh ! Electra, had our father's shade  
 Been present then---had I, before the god,  
 Ask'd his consent, to strike the murderess dead,  
 The pitying manes sure had stopp'd my hand,  
 Nor would have wish'd for his own life again,  
 Redeem'd by guilt, so horrid in a son.

Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid ;  
 Though we're both wretched, tears are shed in vain ;  
 And when thou seest again my faltering reason,  
 Be ready thou to rule my broken sense,  
 And comfort my affliction---And when thou  
 Shalt sink beneath thy pressing woes, I'll strive  
 By soothing words to mitigate thy sorrows.  
 Such offices become our fond affection.

But now, retiring to thy own apartment,  
 Let gentle slumber close thy wakeful eyes ;  
 Then rise refresh'd ; anoint thy wearied limbs,  
 And with due nourishment recruit thy spirits.  
 Such ceaseless watchings will exhaust thy strength,  
 And make thy languid life a burden to thee.  
 Thou seest all other friends are fled, thou art  
 My only solace in this dire affliction.  
 Should'st thou forsake me too, I'm lost indeed.

## ELECTRA.

O no ! thy sister will never forsake thee ;  
 Nor only will I live, but die, with thee ;

What joy could life afford a wretched woman  
Bereft of father, brother, every friend ?

But if you so command, I will retire ;  
In the meanwhile compose thyself to rest,  
Reclin'd upon thy couch ; nor let vain terrors  
Rouse thee again---Thy own upbraiding conscience  
As the revengeful fiend that haunts thy breast !

## ODE TO HEALTH.

[ORIGINAL.]

Oh ! blest Hygea, hither come,  
Attend thy suppliants prayer ;  
Softens the anguish of her doom,  
And sooth the brow of care.

Long have I woo'd thee, cruel maid,  
Long sought thee as a guest ;  
Alas ! in vain I sue for aid,  
In vain I sigh for rest.

Ah ! what is grandeur, what is wealth  
No joys can they impart ;  
Deprived of that first blessing Health,  
Sole cheerer of the heart.

Where shall I seek thee ? In the grot,  
Where temperance doth dwell,  
Or in the hardy peasan 's cot,  
Or hermit's lonely cell.

Oh ! wilt thou to thy favor'd seat,  
Thine ardent votary lead,  
Where urg'd by peace in thy retreat,  
Time flies with joyous speed.

There let me rest in soft repose,  
 Sharing thy sweetest smile,  
 Drink an oblivion to my woes,  
 And every care beguile.

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## ODE TO SICKNESS.

[ORIGINAL.]

Haste thee, pale sickness ! with thy wither'd form,  
 - I woo not---ask not---wish not---thy embrace ;  
 Why, with thy presence, blast each youthful charm;  
 Why bid the roses fly their wonted place ?

Can the mild fragrance of the new-born spring,  
 The sweets exhaling from the blossom'd bough,  
 Can these give pleasure, whilst thy baneful sting  
 Bids at thy shrine the victim prostrate bow ?

Rous'd by the perfume of the tender morn,  
 Attendant Health strings every nerve to joy ;  
 Cheerful with hasty steps we tread the lawn,  
 And catch the passing odors as they fly.

Chill'd by thy touch, can the inactive soul,  
 Enjoy the breeze, or court the morning hour,  
 The varying landscape as the seasons roll,  
 Imparts no rapture by thy gloomy power.

The vale illumin'd by the setting sun,  
 Throws a delicious softness o'er the heart,  
 And when the Night proclaims his reign as done,  
 The azure frame can still delight impart.

With thee, all scenes are sad ; we faintly view  
 The dying glories of the orb of day,

Our weary footsteps can no path pursue,  
But where dull melancholy points the way.

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## BLESSINGS OF RELIGION.

RICHARD BLACKMORE.

WE grant, a train of mischief oft proceeds  
From superstitious rites and penal creeds ;  
But view Religion in her native charms,  
Dispersing blessings with indulgent arms,  
From her fair eyes what heavenly rays are spread ?  
What blooming joys smile round her blissful head !

Offspring divine ! by thee we bless the cause,  
Who form'd the world, and rules it by His laws ;  
His independent being we adore,  
Extol His goodness, and revere His power.

Our wond'ring eyes His high perfections view,  
The lofty contemplation we pursue,  
'Till ravish'd we the great idea find,  
Shining in bright impressions on our mind.

Inspir'd by thee, guest of celestial race,  
With generous love, we human kind embrace ;  
We provocations unprovok'd receive,  
Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive ;  
Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cause,  
Nor deviate from the line unerring justice draws.

Thy lustre, blest effulgence, can dispel  
The clouds of error, and the gloom of hell ;  
Can to the soul impart ethereal light,  
Give life divine and intellectual sight :  
Before our ravish'd eyes thy beams display,  
The opening scenes of bliss, and endless day ;



By which incited we with ardor rise,  
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies.

Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,  
Break all their tortures, and indulgent grow.  
Ambitious conquerors in their mad career,  
Check'd by thy voice, lay down the sword and spear.  
The boldest champions of impiety,  
Scornful of heaven, subdu'd or won by thee,  
Before thy hallow'd altars bend the knee.  
Loose wits, made wise, a public good become,  
The sons of pride an humble mien assume,  
The profligate, in morals grow severe,  
Defrauders just, and sycophants sincere.

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THE lamentations of OSSIAN and MILTON for their loss of sight, have often called forth the praises of genius and the tears of humanity. These, and a sweetly melancholy poem of RUSHTON'S, are the most eloquent productions which the subject has brought forth. They all follow in the order the names are here written. *Ossian's* lamentation is beautifully descriptive. There is a placid sublimity in his expressions of sorrow, and in his source of consolation, which are worthy of a great mind. *Milton's* regrets are deep and afflictive, but in the conclusion the complainings to the Deity are not distinguished by that dignified resignation which is necessary to excite the fullness of sympathy. *Rushton's* blindness is bewailed with feelings and references which are united with the sweetest chords of sensibility. His second verse is feelingly expressive of the most tender emotion: lives there a husband or a father who does not *feel* the woes of *such* a situation in every fibre of his heart?

## OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! Whence are thy beams, O Sun ! thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty ; the stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone ; who can be a companion of thy course ! The oaks of the mountains fall : the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean sinks and grows again : the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art for ever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests : when thunder rolls, and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.

But to Ossian thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season ; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills ; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

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## SAMPSON'S ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

JOHN MILTON.

—————But chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !

Blind *among enemies*, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
 Light, the prime work of God, to me' is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd.  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,  
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In pow'r of others, never in my own ;  
 Scarcely half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day !  
 O first-created Beam, and thou great Word,  
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;  
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ?  
 The sun to me is dark.  
 And silent as the moon,  
 When she deserts the night  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part : why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?  
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,  
 That she might look at will through every pore ?  
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death,  
 And bury'd ; but O yet more miserable !  
 Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
 Bury'd, yet not exempt  
 By privilege of death and burial  
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,

But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity,  
 Among inhuman foes.

## BLINDNESS.

EDWARD RUSHTON.

AH ! think, if June's delicious rays  
 The eye of sorrow can illumine,  
 Or wild December's beamless days  
 Can fling o'er all a transient gloom.  
 Ah ! think, if skies obscure or bright,  
 Can *thus* depress or cheer the mind ;  
 Ah ! think, 'midst clouds of utter night,  
 What mournful moments wait the blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe,  
 To love the wife he ne'er shall see ;  
 To be a sire and not to know  
 The silent babe that climbs his knee ;  
 To have his feelings daily torn,  
 With pain, the passing meal to find ;  
 To live distress'd, and die forlorn,  
 Are ills that oft await the blind.

When to the breezy uplands led,  
 At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,  
 He hears the red breast o'er his head,  
 While round him breathes the scented thorn :  
 But oh ! instead of Nature's face,  
 Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd ;  
 Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,  
 Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,  
 'Midst countless thousands, pines unblest,  
 As the gay flower, withdrawn from light,  
 Bows to the earth where all must rest.  
 Ah ! think when life's declining hours  
 To chilling penury are consigned,  
 And pain has palsied all his powers,  
 Ah ! think what woes await the blind !

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## THE MAD MOTHER.

W. WOODSWORTH

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,  
 The sun has burnt her coal-black hair,  
 Her eye-brows have a rusty stain,  
 And she came far from over the main.  
 She has a baby on her arm,  
 Or else she were alone ;  
 And underneath the hay-stack warm,  
 And on the green wood stone,  
 She talked and sung the woods among ;  
 And it was in the English tongue.

' Sweet babe ! they say that I am mad,  
 But nay, my heart is far too glad ;  
 And I am happy when I sing  
 Full many a sad and doleful thing :  
 Then, lovely baby, do not fear ;  
 I pray thee have no fear of me,  
 But, safe as in a cradle, here  
 My lovely baby ! thou shalt be :  
 To thee I know, too much I owe ;  
 I cannot work thee any woe.

" A fire was once within my brain :  
 And in my head a dull, dull pain ;  
 And fiendish faces one, two, three,  
 Hung at my breasts, and pulled at me :  
 But then there came a sight of joy ;  
 It came at once to do me good ;  
 I waked, and saw my little boy,  
 My little boy of flesh and blood ;  
 Oh joy for me that sight to see !  
 For he was here and only he.

" Suck little babe, oh suck again !  
 It cools my blood, it cools my brain :  
 Thy lips I feel them, baby ! they  
 Draw from my heart the pain away.  
 Oh ! press me with thy little hand ;  
 It loosens something at my chest ;  
 About that tight and deadly band  
 I feel thy little fingers press'd.  
 The breeze I see is in the tree ;  
 It comes to cool my babe and me.

" Oh ! love me, love me, little boy !  
 Thou art thy mother's only joy ;  
 And do not dread the waves below,  
 When o'er the sea-rocks edge we go ;  
 The high crag cannot work me harm,  
 Nor leaping torrents when they howl ;  
 The babe I carry on my arm,  
 He saves for me my precious soul ;  
 Then happy lie, for blest am I ;  
 Without me my sweet babe would die.

" Then do not fear, my boy ! for thee  
 Bold as a lion I will be !  
 And I will always be thy guide,  
 Through hollow snows and rivers wide ;

I'll build an Indian bower ; I know  
 The leaves that make the softest bed ;  
 And if from me thou wilt not go,  
 But still be true 'till I am dead,  
 My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing,  
 As merry as the birds in spring.

" Thy father cares not for my breast,  
 'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest :  
 'Tis all thine own ! and if its hue  
 Be changed, that was so fair to view,  
 'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove !  
 My beauty, little child, is flown ;  
 But thou wilt live with me in love,  
 And what if my poor cheek be brown ?  
 'Tis well for me thou canst not see  
 How pale and wan it else would be.

" Dread not their taunts, my little life !  
 I am thy father's wedded wife ;  
 And underneath the spreading tree  
 We two will live in honesty.  
 If this sweet boy he could forsake,  
 With me he never would have stayed :  
 From him no harm my babe can take,  
 But he poor man ! is wretched made,  
 And every day we two will pray  
 For him that's gone and far away.

" I'll teach my boy the sweetest things ;  
 I'll teach him how the owlet sings.  
 My little babe ! thy lips are still,  
 And thou hast almost suck'd thy fill.  
 —Where art thou gone my own dear child ?  
 What wicked looks are those I see !  
 Alas ! that look so wild,  
 It never, never came from me :

If thou art mad, my pretty lad,  
Then I must be for ever sad.

“ O ! smile on me, my little lamb !  
For I thy own dear mother am.  
My love for thee has well been tried :  
I’ve sought thy father far and wide.  
I know the poisons of the shade,  
I know the earth-nuts fit for food ;  
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid ;  
We’ll find thy father in the wood.  
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away !  
And there, my babe, we’ll live for aye.

---

## AN ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. MARY WHARTON,

*Who died at Philadelphia on the 2d day of June, 1793.*

BY HER HUSBAND.

“ O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,  
“ Si nostros olim tua fistula dicat amores” VIRG.

Sing our past loves, when I am gone, she said ;  
Thy tender strains shall cheer my clay-cold bed. c H. W.

DULL rolls the hours, and heavy hangs the day,  
Oppress’d with woe my broken spirit lies,  
Since my poor heart to wretchedness a prey,  
Heav’d its last sigh o’er Mary’s closing eyes.



Stretch'd on the rack of thought, my tortur'd mind  
 Recalls each image of the doleful scene ;  
 Nor in the range of nature can it find  
 One transient ray that borders on serene.

Creation's glories, once my keenest joys,  
 On contemplation's eye unseemly pall,  
 Ev'n friendship's balm my loathing bosom cloy,  
 For she is gone who once gave zest to all.

Flow on, ye tears ; pour forth, my woe-worn breast,  
 O'er the cold clay your unavailing grief ;  
 For nought but sorrow now can yield me rest,  
 In nought but tears my heart can find relief.

O ye, who fann'd by Hymen's choicest gales  
 Once floated gaily down the stream of life,  
 While love's soft breath fill'd all your flowing sails,  
 And all was harmony unmix'd with strife ;

Say, from your arms did e'er the envious blast  
 Dash some fond hope beneath a ruthless sea,  
 Or on rude rocks some darling object cast ?  
 Then, ' if ye lost an angel, pity me.'

For she alas ! was all to me, and more  
 Than bright-ey'd fancy's fairest visions shew  
 Of female worth, when she surveys the store,  
 And culls each antidote to human woe.

Soft was her heart and gentle was her mind,  
 They taught each wish at virtue's voice to move,  
 While bounteous heav'n had in her soul combin'd  
 With duty friendship, and with friendship love.

Thoughtless of self alone, her gen'rous breast  
 On social duties dwelt with fond delight ;

Each gnawing care found there a place of rest,  
Sooth'd by her voice, or melted at her sight.

O lovely Mary ! dearer far to me  
Than India's wealth, or pleasure's brightest charms,  
What can alas ! supply the loss of thee,  
For ever, ever absent from my arms ?

How in this world, to me a desert grown,  
Without my heart's best portion can I dwell ?  
For me forlorn, forsaken, and alone,  
O toll full soon the last sad solemn knell.

Farewel bless'd spirit ; and if aught below  
Can still to thee a sense of pain impart,  
O witness not my agonising woe,  
View not the gloom that broods upon my heart.

Thus to the winds I breath'd my sad complaint  
Along great Delaware's majestic shore,  
'Midst bitter sighs impatient of restraint,  
And rising sorrows still demanding more ;

When on my clouded soul a sudden blaze  
Shed its mild radiance of ethereal light,  
Such as a pitying angel oft conveys  
To chase the shades of intellectual night :

Cease, faithful mourner, cease thy doleful strain ;  
A small still voice or said, or seem'd to say ;  
Dar'at thou the Allwise Disposer to arraign ?  
Or with rash grief control his sov'reign sway ?

Know then (' enough on earth for thee to know,')  
Thy Mary lives ; escap'd from human sight,  
She soars triumphant over pain and woe,  
And calmly waits thee in the realms of light.

Each murmur now sunk gently to repose,  
 Reluctant nature felt the sweet control,  
 What erst was hope, to bright conviction rose,  
 And Faith's whole radiance burst upon my soul.  
 C. H. W.

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EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMATIC  
 MANUSCRIPT.

I MET,—as near the forest skirts I stray'd,  
 A remnant of a man : wooing the gloom  
 Of twilight shade, congenial to his soul.  
 He threw askance a look of wild reproach,  
 That seem'd to say, 'avaunt ! unkind intruder,  
 These haunts are consecrated to DESPAIR !'  
 Then turning, sought the bosom of the wood.  
 I follow'd him aloof ; and oft observ'd  
 His comely, though emaciated form,  
 Alternate, gliding 'neath the hemlock boughs,  
 Or slowly climbing o'er the craggy steep.  
 At length, beneath a huge and shelving rock  
 He sat him down ; its high projecting brow  
 A hemlock met, whose thick entangled limbs  
 Plung o'er the ground beneath a sombrous shade—  
 And near the root, in subterraneous course,  
 A grumbling streamlet flow'd, whose hollow sound  
 Rose through the crannies of the broken earth—  
 'Fit Temple of Despair !' he said, and then  
 With eyes that gleam'd a sullen satisfaction,  
 He view'd the gloomy scene. 'Here, haggard fiend,  
 Thou sitst, enthron'd. in ghastly majesty—  
 Here will I raise an altar, and thereon  
 Lay these weak limbs, a wretched sacrifice !'  
 Then from his bosom he a phial drew,  
 And view'd it with a grim hysteric smile—  
 'Oh ! precious draught !' he said—'thou art, to me,

' Like a cool fountain to a thirsty pilgrim—  
 ' Thy cordial pow'r shall lull the rankling pain  
 ' That wrings my tortur'd heart !' Then to his lips  
 He rais'd, with eager hand, the deadly potion.  
 ' Hold ! wretched man !' I cry'd—and rushing forth,  
 Seiz'd his rash hand—while with a ghastly stare,  
 He ey'd me, as an evil genius, sent  
 To cross the fondest purpose of his soul.  
 His cheeks were lean and haggard, and he seem'd  
 A wreck of man, a monument of woe !  
 (I saw him once, in happier days, when joy  
 Beam'd in each feature, and the admiring world  
 Deny'd him not the early wreath of fame—  
 But, in a sanguine moment of his youth,  
 Fell Dissipation led his steps astray—  
 Then did no friend, with mild solicitude,  
 Reach out a gentle hand, to stay his course,  
 Or to restore him to the path of virtue—  
 Then, lorn and destitute, he keenly felt  
 The scorn of an uncharitable world—  
 Whose cool reproach, and frown contemptuous, weigh'd  
 His spirit down, and drove him to despair !)  
 I press'd his hand, and with a tender smile  
 Proffer'd my service—and, while yet I spoke,  
 I saw a tear roll down his faded cheek,  
 Which was a stranger there---for scorching grief  
 Had dry'd, long since, the moisture of his eyes.  
 And then methought I saw a gleam of hope,  
 Borne in a languid smile, illumine his face---  
 A gradual increasing smile, which seem'd  
 Like the returning of the vernal sun,  
 Which comes to chase the wintery cloud away.  
 And bid reviving nature bloom again.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now, with health and happiness elate,  
 He lives, to virtue and to friendship true---  
 Oft with the grateful music of his thanks,  
 He serenades my ear---and blesses oft

The guardian pow'r that led my curious steps  
 To the intended scene of self-destruction.  
 Now do I feel more pride, in having thus  
 Restor'd, a youth, from misery and vice  
 To virtue's path---his sorrows sooth'd, and pour'd  
 The balm of friendship on his wounded heart—  
 Pluck'd from his breast the canker of despair,  
 And planted hope's delightful promise there,  
 Than I should feel to rule the state alone,  
 Or wade, through bleeding millions, to a throne !

---

## THE FIRST LESSON

OF A FATHER TO HIS SON AT A YEAR OLD.

BOY, love thy mother !—she with tearful eye  
 Tends the slow progress of thy op'ning mind ;  
 Removes the cause of every infant sigh,  
 And by her practice lures thee to be kind.

Boy, love thy mother !---calm her beating heart,  
 That throbs, affectionate with care for thee ;  
 Compose her anxious breast with playful art,  
 Press her soft lips, and prattle at her knee.

Boy, love thy mother !—Let thy lisping tongue,  
 In broken accents, charm her wond'rous ear,  
 And, when again upon her bosom hung,  
 Say, ' Oh, Mamma ! I love you dear.'

Boy, love thy mother !—the reflected rays  
 Will beam new lustre o'er thy father's days.

---

## MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her genial breast,  
 And hush'd me in her arms to rest,

And on my cheek sweet kisses prest ?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,  
Who was it sang sweet lullaby,  
And rock'd me that I should not cry ?

My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed ?

My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,  
And taught me pretty how to play,  
And minded all I'd got to say ?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty stories tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well ?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,  
To love God's holy book and day,  
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way ?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be,  
Affectionate and kind to thee,  
Who was so very kind to me,

My Mother.

Ah ! no the thought I cannot bear,  
And if God please my life to spare,  
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,  
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,  
 And I will sooth thy pains away,

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,  
 'Twill be *my* turn to watch *thy* bed,  
 And tears of sweet affection shed,

My Mother.

For He who lives above the skies,  
 Would look with vengeance in His eyes,  
 If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.



The following lines to the memory of *Bartholomew Teeling*, were written at the close of the year 1797. Bartholomew Teeling was the descendant of a wealthy and respectable family in the North of Ireland. He, early in life, adopted the principles, and became a member of the Society of United Irishmen. Persecuted by the government of Ireland, he fled to France, where he was appointed aid-de-camp to General Humbert, when the General was appointed to the command of the army destined to assist the Irish people in the arduous task of establishing a *National* government, founded on the principles of Liberty and the equal Rights of Man. It is not now necessary to state the consequences which resulted from that fatal expedition; it will suffice our present purpose to mention, that the patriotic, the gallant and humane Teeling, was numbered among the prisoners of the British. He was tried for, and convicted of High Treason. He died with the fortitude and intrepidity which has distinguished the patriots of Ireland, and which was his expected from his courage and his principles. The memory

of such a man will be precious to all who reverence the *principles* of the American Revolution.

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## TO THE MEMORY OF B. TEELING.

EDWARD RUSHTON.

When bloated Britain's bloody train,  
 The scourge of half a groaning world,  
 Shall sleep beneath our green domain,  
 Or from our craggy coast be hurl'd ;  
 Then *Teeling* o'er thy lowly grave  
 Erin's warm sons shall sorrowing bend,  
 Shall say, here rests the truly brave ;  
 The tyrant's foe, the people's friend.

When Ireland's flag shall proudly fly,  
 From Kerry's cliffs to Antrim's strand,  
 And injur'd millions shout for joy,  
 And awful justice rule the land ;  
 Then oft at eve, with dewy eyes,  
 Full many a melting maid shall come,  
 And while they heave the softest sighs,  
 Shall strew with flow'rs thy early tomb.

When the foul vampyres of the state  
 Shall fall, or flit in other skies,  
 When man with equal laws elate  
 Shall feel the food of mind arise ;  
 Then to thy name the new born land,  
 Shall many an ardent tribute pay,  
 While time, with soft and soothing hand,  
 Shall wipe thy kindred's tears away.

Then too the aged sire shall tell,  
 While round his sons indignant glow,



How the intrepid *Teeling* fell,  
 Unaw'd amidst severest woe,  
 Shall tell how *Torture* stalk'd abroad,  
 While smoaking ruins mark'd his way,  
 How *Murder* flesh'd his sword unaw'd,  
 And ruffian *Rape* e'en prow'd by day.

Shall tell how these horrific woes  
 The gen'rous soul of *Teeling* fir'd,  
 And how he join'd th' oppressor's foes,  
 And in great natures' cause expired ;  
 Yes *Teeling* ! while yon Shannon rolls  
 His foaming torrents to the sea,  
 Dear, dauntless youth ! true Irish souls  
 Shall ne'er forget their wrongs, nor thee.

---

## THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done ;  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun ;  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 That he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found—  
 He came to ask what he had found,  
 That was so large, and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by ;  
 And then the old man shook his head  
 And with a natural sigh,

'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,  
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for  
There's many here about,  
And often when I go to plough  
The ploughshare turns them out.  
For many thousand men, said he,  
Were slain in that great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,  
Young Peterkin he cries,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder waiting eyes ;  
Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
That put the French to rout ;  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But every body said, quoth he,  
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father liv'd at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by, ;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forc'd to fly ;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then,  
And new-born infant died ;  
But things like that you know *must* be,  
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight  
 After the field was won,  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun ;  
 But things like that you know *must* be  
 At every famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
 And our good friend Eugene.—  
 Why 'twas a very wicked thing !  
 Said little Wilhelmine,  
 Nay---nay---my little girl quoth he,  
 It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke  
 Who such a fight did win ;  
 But what good came of it at last !  
 Quoth little Peterkin.  
 Why that I cannot tell said he,  
 But 'twas a famous victory.

---

## CHARITY.

W. L. BOWLES.

OH CHARITY ! our helpless nature's pride,  
 Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside ;  
 Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale  
 That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,  
 Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,  
 Ought like the incense of thy holy flame ?  
 Is ought in all the beauties that adorn  
 The azure heaven, or purple lights of morn ?  
 Is ought so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam,  
 As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam

That falls like saddest moon-light on the hill  
 And distant grove, when the wide world is still?  
 Thine are the ample views, that unconfin'd,  
 Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind;  
 Thine is the spirit, that with widest plan,  
 Brother to brother binds, and man to man:

## THE SNOW STORM.

THOMPSON.

NOW, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East,  
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burthen of the whole wintry plains  
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
 All winter drives along the darken'd air;  
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes  
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,  
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home  
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth

In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !  
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;  
 While round him night resistless closes fast,  
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,  
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,  
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land unknown,  
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks  
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
 In vain his little children, peeping out  
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !  
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
 The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;  
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,  
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

## THE SNOW STORM.

DR. TROTTER.

THE day was so dreary, the wind from the East,  
 The cold it was pinching to man and to beast,  
 And the clouds seem'd to labor with snow ;  
 When William had drove all his flock to the farm,  
 To shelter them well, and to keep them from harm,  
 For he saw by the skies it would soon be a storm,  
 And he thought it would bluster and blow.

And now, said the shepherd, my stock is all sure,  
 My cows from the fell, and my bleaters secure,  
 Besides it is Saturday night :  
 And if I should loiter, and stay me away,  
 And not see my Mary, ah ! what might she say ?  
 She might think that her William was going to stray,  
 She might think it was coldness or spite.

He whistled on Tinker, he threw round his plaid,  
 Nor fear'd the dark night while he sought the dear  
 maid,

For oft had he tramp'd that way :  
 The snow now it drifted, and now the wind blew,  
 But what was the storm to a lover so true ;  
 Or the depth of the snow, should he meet but with you,  
 Sweet Mary, thy presence was May.

Away as he hied, thought no ill could betide,  
 And his poor faithful dog trudging close by his side,  
 For they had no great distance to roam :  
 ' Through the waste and the woodland, and turning the  
 stile,  
 ' Why the whole of the journey is scarcely a mile,  
 ' Let me see but my Mary, one kiss, and a smile,  
 ' And then I'll return to my home.

'Come, Tinker, come near me, for fear you should  
 stray,  
 'The snow it grows deeper, more trackless the way,  
 'And I wish not to leave you behind ;  
 'If Tinker should tarry, my Mary would sigh,  
 'How she calls you 'dear fellow,' and watches your  
 eye ;  
 'How she pats on your head when she bids you good  
 bye,  
 'Her heart is so tender and kind.'

More dark grew the night, and more fierce the wind  
 blew,  
 When the church on the hill was first snatch'd from  
 his view,

Yet he thought that he heard the church bell :  
 'Come, Tinker, before me, and find out the way,  
 'For Mary will wonder what makes us to stay,  
 'And travellers in winter are apt for to stray,  
 'Such stories of pilgrims they tell.'

His faithful companion, the snow drift among,  
 Bark'd aloud as he cheer'd his lov'd master along,  
 For no moon or a star could be seen :  
 A way then they wander'd, benumb'd and so chill,  
 And no more saw the church on the top of the hill,  
 Or the light that had gleam'd from the house of the  
 mill,  
 And the frost, it was nipping and keen.

He dreaded the cliff that hung over the wave,  
 And the half frozen pool, of the wanderer's grave,  
 Then breathless and pale with the blast :  
 'Thou FATHER ALMIGHTY, thou RULER ON HIGH !  
 'Whose storms shake the ocean, the earth, and the  
 sky,  
 'O protect but my love, and contented I die'—  
 Thus he pray'd, and these words were his last !

To the lone humble cottage, where Mary forlorn,  
 On hopes and on fears was alternately borne,  
 Poor Tinker ran swift for relief ;  
 He paw'd at the threshold, he fawn'd at her foot,  
 Now howling with anguish—now prostrate and mute---  
 'Twould have melted a satyr to see the dumb brute,  
 But Mary was frantic with grief.

' This mantle, his present, shall shroud my cold form,  
 ' And I'll search for my love in the depth of the storm,  
 ' Come, Tinker, come shew where he lies :  
 ' Last night how I dream'd that my William was here,  
 ' All blithe and so gay, like the spring of the year ;  
 ' Ah me ! how his voice seems to thrill in my ear,  
 ' How I feast on the glance of his eyes !'

She wrapp'd round her mantle, to shroud her cold  
 form,  
 And her soft flowing locks wav'd abroad to the storm,  
 Till icicles hung from her hair :  
 That bosom, where William had often reclin'd,  
 Was rudely caress'd by the rough piercing wind,  
 Yet still as it panted, it brought him to mind—  
 For deep was his love printed there.

She paus'd as she pass'd where the hawthorn tree grew,  
 For first in its shade had he vow'd to be true,  
 And she sigh'd as she bade it adieu :  
 She talk'd to the cliff that hangs over the wave,  
 And the half-frozen pool now the wanderer's grave :  
 The snow drifted round her—one shriek more she  
 gave—  
 ' Now William I slumber with you.'

Three days and three nights the loud tempest did last,  
 Nor shrunk from the weather, or scar'd by the blast,  
 Poor Tinker was faithful to death :  
 He watch'd o'er the spot where the lovers were laid,



Where William was found in the arms of the maid ;  
 On the hand that fed him he dropp'd his cold head,  
 And gasping resign'd his last breath.

In sorrowful dirge they were borne to their home,  
 And many a villager mourned at their tomb,  
 And wept as they bade it adieu :  
 And you who may read the sad tale I relate,  
 Should you ere love like them, may you ne'er meet  
 their fate ;  
 But know from their virtues their bliss is complete,  
 And learn from a dog to be true.

---

### THE FLIGHT OF LOVE AND TIME.

AN ancient man, y'cleped Time,  
 Fatigued with journeying many a clime,  
 A Cupid chanc'd to spy ;  
 ' Stop ! ' cried the sage, ' thou flutt'rer gay,  
 I too have wings, then teach, I pray,  
 Thy art, that *Time may fly.*'

Love smiles assent ; and hand in hand  
 They skim like light'ning o'er the land,  
 When Love was heard to cry,  
 ' Behold, ye nymphs, who sportive tread  
 The verdant lawn and mountain-head,  
*With LOVE, how TIME may fly.*'

But Cupid's force was quickly spent,  
 So Time his arm the urchin lent,  
 To bear him still on high ;  
 ' And see,' he cried, ' ye nymphs below,  
 What haply ye one day must know,  
*With TIME, how LOVE may fly.*'

## AN ODE

*Commemorative of the deaths of Lieutenant Somers of the American Navy, and his brave Companions before Tripoli, in the Summer of 1805.*

BY THE LATE MR. BLAUVELT.

Commodore *Preble*, with a view as much as possible to harrass the enemy, ordered the ketch *Intrepid* to be filled with materials for a destructive explosion, and gave the conduct of her to Lieutenants *Somers*, *Wadsworth*, *Israel*, and a few others.—Their orders were to approach, under cover of the night, as near as they could to the town and batteries, and after firing a train, provided for that purpose, to make their escape to the fleet in boats. A premature discovery of them by the enemy, rendered it impossible for them, either to reach the station which they contemplated, or to make their escape, and these brave men, with an intrepidity almost beyond parallel, preferring death to an ignominious servitude, set fire to the train, and were blown with their enemies into the air. This catastrophe is made the subject of the following Ode.

———evhit ad deos—  
 Aget Penna metuente solvi  
 Fama superste—  
 —————ibi tu calentem  
 Debita sparges, Lachryma faviliam.      HORACE.

*Recitative.*

Dark is the night, and deep and low'ring  
 Hang its shadows o'er the main;  
 On the billow awful tow'ring,  
 Yonder glide the warrior-train!  
 Not a star betrays their motions,  
 Hush'd unseen, they hold their way

Sullen as the calm of ocean,  
 At the lurid close of day.  
 Lo ! the fleet with valor teeming,  
 Dimly skirts the westward sky ;  
 Hope and doubt alternate beaming  
 From the war-instructed eye.  
*Preble* there serene presiding,  
 Distant marks the floating death,  
 Toward the castle darkly gliding,  
 Aided by the breeze's breath.

*Air.*

Chief of daring ! thine is glory  
 Far beyond the reach of Fate ;  
 Slain—immortaliz'd in story,  
 Living valorous and great !  
 Thine the calm heroic spirit,  
 Firm to act, and bold to dare ;  
 Or to grasp the meed of merit,  
 Or the Hero's grave to share !

*Recitative.*

Now the bark in distance fading  
 Gooms beneath the turret-steep,  
 Not a sound the ear invading  
 Save the murmur of the deep !  
 Surely she has gain'd her station,  
 Lost in distance and in gloom—  
 'Tis the pause of expectation !  
 'Tis the silence of the tomb !

*Air.*

Warriors rue the gale that bore them !  
 Rue the gloom that wrapt the skies !  
 Never shall the sun restore them  
 To your valour-weeping eyes !  
 Shield them, Heav'n amid th' explosion !  
 Quickly waft them from the shore—

Who can bear the swift concussion ?  
 Who can list the sudden roar ?

*Recitative.*

See the flash, one moment shining :  
 Ocean, earth and heav'n illumine !  
 Now again 'tis lost ! resigning  
 Heav'n and earth and sea, to gloom  
 Horror all, and wild commotion—  
 Shrieks of millions from the shore—  
 Gleaming on the sulph'rous ocean,  
 Cannons burst with rapid roar.  
 Atlas trembling, hears the thunder  
 Bellow thro' his shores below ;  
 Sees his tawny sons of plunder  
 Frighted fly, without a foe.

*Air (by the Turks.)*

Allah ! whence this dire undoing,  
 Rushing thro' the troubled air ?  
 Save, oh save thy race from ruin,  
 Shield the faithful from despair !

*Recitative.*

O'er the scene, at length, reposing,  
 Wrapt in desolation's reign ;  
 Morn reluctantly disclosing,  
 Faintly gilds the eastward plain.

*Chorus (by the Crew.)*

Rise in haste oh God of splendor !  
 Valour bids thee swiftly rise ;  
 Triumph to the deeds we'll render  
 Veil'd by midnight from our eyes.  
 Hail the wave that to our wishes,  
 Proudly wafts the daring few !  
 Hail the dawn that bears propitious  
 Fame and Somers to his crew !

*Recitative.*

Morning breaks—but ah, to languish !  
 Lurid was the light it shed  
 O'er the inquiring eye of anguish,  
 For the warrior-train are fled.

*Air, First.*

Gallant Warriors ! well attended  
 Rush'd your valour to its grave ;  
 Many a foe convulsive rended,  
 Grimly sank beneath the wave.  
 Well aveng'd ere long you'll number,  
 Victims welt'ring, pale and low ;  
 Many a Turk, in icy slumbers,  
 Soon shall knit the savage brow.  
 Gen'rous Youths ! your story telling,  
 Tho' a sigh suspend the breath ;  
 Ev'ry nerve to frenzy swelling,  
 Claims a victory from death.

*Air, Second.*

Heralds of your country's glory,  
 Dawning on the path of time !  
 Age shall kindle at your story,  
 Cherish'd oft in future rhyme ;  
 For the Bard, on Fame attending,  
 Shall, enraptur'd by the tale,  
 O'er his harp of legends bending,  
 Give your glories to the gale.  
 Beauty too, a wreath bestowing,  
 Bids it flourish round your bier ;  
 Ever in remembrance glowing,  
 Ever water'd by her tear.

*Air, Third.*

Often shall the Arab wander  
 From his hills of sunny sand,

On your deeds of fame to ponder,  
 Circled by his list'ning band—  
 'Perish'd here,' he'll say, 'the stranger,  
 'When the star of night was high;  
 'Like thee, Christian, braving danger,  
 'Be it mine like thee to die!'

---

The following affecting story is certified to have occurred some years since in Hartfordshire, England.

## THE IDIOT.

### A TALE.

IT had pleas'd GOD to form poor NED  
 A thing of idiot mind;  
 Yet to the poor unreasoning man  
 GOD had not been unkind.

Old *Sarah* lov'd her helpless child,  
 Whom helplessness made dear;  
 And life was happiness to him,  
 Who had no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants—she understood  
 Each half articulate call;  
 And he was every thing to her,  
 And she to him was all.

And so for many years they dwelt,  
 Nor knew a wish beside;  
 But age at length on *Sarah* came,  
 And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,  
 And call'd her o'er and o'er;  
 They told him she was dead—the sound  
 To him no import bore.

They clos'd her eyes and shrouded her,  
 And he stood wondering by,  
 And when they bear her to the grave,  
 He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,  
 They sung the funeral stave—  
 But when the funeral train dispers'd,  
 He loiter'd by the grave.

The rabble boys who used to jeer,  
 Where'er they saw poor Ned,  
 Now stood and watch'd him at the grave,  
 And not a word they said.

They came and went, and came again,  
 Till night at last came on,  
 And still he loiter'd by the grave,  
 Till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,  
 He swift remov'd the clay,  
 And rais'd the coffin up in haste,  
 And bore it swift away.

And when he reach'd his hut, he laid  
 The coffin on the floor,  
 And with the eagerness of joy  
 He barr'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse,  
 And plac'd it in her chair,

And then he heap'd the hearth, and blew  
The kindling fire with care.

He plac'd his mother in the chair,  
And in her wonted place,  
And blew the kindling fire that shone  
Reflected on her face.

And pausing, now her hand would feel,  
And now her face behold,  
'Why, mother ! do not look so pale,  
'And why are you so cold ?'

It had pleas'd God from the poor wretch  
His only friend to call—  
But God was kind to him, and soon  
In death restor'd him all.

---

## TO AN OAK,

BLOWN DOWN BY THE WIND.

HUDDESFORD.

Thou who, unmov'd, has heard the whirlwind chide  
Full many a winter round thy craggy bed ;  
And, like an earth-born giant, hast outspread  
Thy hundred arms, and heaven's own bolts defied,  
Now liest along thy native mountain side  
Uptorn ;—yet deem not that I come to shed  
The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,  
Or basely to insult thy blasted pride ;—  
No—still 'tis thine, tho' fallen, imperial Oak !  
To teach this lesson to the wise and brave—

That 'tis much better, overthrown and broke  
In Freedom's cause, to sink into the grave,  
Than, in submission to a tyrant's yoke,  
Like the vile reed, to bow and be a slave.



## THE WHEEL-BARROW.

WITH a big bottle nose and an acre of chin,  
 His whole physiognomy frightful as sin ;  
 With a huge frizzled wig, and triangular hat,  
 And snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that ;  
 Doctor *Bos* riding out on his fierce rosinante,  
 (In hair very rich, but in flesh very scant)  
 Was a little alarm'd thro' a zeal for his bones,  
 Seeing *Hodge* cross the road with a barrow of stones.  
 Hip, friend ! roar'd the Doctor with no little force,  
 Prithee set down your barrow, 'twill frighten my horse !  
*Hodge* as quickly repli'd as an *Erskine* or *Garrow*,  
 You're a d—'d deal more likely to frighten my barrow.

## A TEA PARTY.

The following elegant piece of poetry is extracted from *Salmagundi*, a periodical paper published some time since in New York.

WHEN the party commences, all starch'd and all  
 glum,  
 They talk of the weather, their corns, or sit mum :  
 They will tell you of ribbons, of cambric, of lace,  
 How cheap they were sold---and will tell you the place.  
 They discourse of their colds, and they hem and they  
 cough,  
 And complain of their servants to pass the time off.

But TEA, that enlivener of wit and of soul,  
 More loquacious by far than the draughts of the bowl,  
 Soon loosens the tongue and enlivens the mind,  
 And enlightens their eyes to the *faults* of mankind.

It brings on the tapis their neighbor's defects,  
 The faults of their friends, or their wilful neglects;  
 Reminds them of many a good natur'd tale  
 About those who are stylish and those who are frail,  
 Till the sweet temper'd dames are converted by tea,  
 Into character mangies—*Gunaikophagi*.

In harmless chit chat an acquaintance they roast,  
 And serve up a friend, as they serve up a toast.  
 Some gentle *faux pas*, or some female mistake,  
 Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relish'd as cake :  
 A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust,  
 It would stick in the throat, so they butter it first  
 With a little affected good nature, and cry  
 ' Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I.'  
 Our young ladies nibble a good name in play,  
 As for pastime they nibble a biscuit away :  
 While with shrugs and surmises the toothless old  
     dame,  
 As she mumbles a crust she will mumble a name.  
 And as the fell sisters astonish'd the Scot,  
 In predicting of Banquo's descendants the lot,  
 Making shadows of kings amid flashes of light,  
 To appear in array and to frown in his sight.  
 So they conjure up spectres, all hideous in hue,  
 Which, as shades of their neighbors, are passed in re-  
     view.

The wives of our cits of inferior degree,  
 Will soak up reputé in a little *Bohea* ;  
 The potion is vulgar, and vulgar the slang  
 With which on their neighbor's defects they harangue.  
 But the scandal improves (a refinement in wrong)  
 As our matrons are richer and rise to *Souchong*.  
 With *Hyson*---a bev'rage that's still more refin'd,  
 Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind,  
 And by nods, inuendos, hints and what not,  
 Reputations and tea send together to pot.

While madam in cambrics and laces array'd,  
 With her plate and her liveries in splendid parade,  
 Will drink in *Imperial* a friend at a sup,  
 Or in *Gunpowder* blow them by dozens all up.  
 Ah me ! how I groan, when with full swelling sail,  
 Wafted stately along by the favoring gale,  
 A China ship proudly arrives in our bay,  
 Displaying her streamers and blazing away.

Oh ! more fell to our ports is the cargo she bears,  
 Then grenadoes, torpedoes, or warlike affairs :  
 Each chest is a bombshell thrown into our town,  
 To shatter repute and bring characters down.

Ye Samquas, ye Chinquas, ye Chouquas so free,  
 Who discharge on our coast your cursed quantums of  
 tea,

Oh think as ye waft the sad weed from your strand,  
 Of the plagues and vexations ye deal to our land.  
 As the Upa's dread breath o'er the plain where it flies,  
 Empoisons and blasts each green blade that may rise,  
 So wherever the leaves of your shrub finds a way,  
 The social affections soon suffer decay :  
 Like to Java's drear waste they embarren the heart,  
 Till the blossoms of love and of friendship depart.

Ah ladies, and was it by Heaven design'd  
 That ye should be merciful, loving and kind !  
 Did it form you like angels and send you below,  
 To prophecy peace—to bid charity flow !  
 And have you thus left your primeval estate,  
 And wander so widely—so strangely of late ?  
 Alas ! the sad cause I too plainly can see,  
 These evils have all come upon you thro' *Tea*.  
 Cursed weed, that can make our fair spirits resign  
 The character mild of their mission divine,  
 That can blot from their bosoms that tenderness true,  
 Which from female to female forever is due.  
 Oh how nice is the texture, how fragile the frame.  
 Of that delicate blossom, a female's fair fame !

'Tis the sensitive plant, it recoils from the breath,  
 And shrinks from the touch as if pregnant with death.  
 How often, how often, has innocence sigh'd,  
 Has beauty been reft of its honor, its pride,  
 Has virtue, though pure as an angel of light  
 Been painted as dark as a demon of night ;  
 All offer'd up victims—an *auto de fe*,  
 At the gloomy cabals, the dark orgies of tea.

If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,  
 Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,  
 Let me fall, I implore, in the slang-wanger's claw,  
 Where the evil is open, and subject to law.  
 Not nibbled and mumbled, and put to the rack,  
 By the sly underminings of tea party clack :  
 Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,  
 But spare me ! oh spare me, a tea-table toasting !

---

### MOORLAND MARY.

WITH jet-black eyes, and sloe-black hair,  
 With cheeks so red, and round arms bare ;  
 And teeth so white, and dimpled chin ;  
 And bosom fair and pure within ;  
 And small straw hat, so loosely tied ;  
 And rushy basket at her side,  
 Quite full with berries red and blue,  
 And heather buds of many a hue ;  
 And steps as light as any fairy ;—  
 I met the little Moorland Mary.

' If you, sweet girl, will go with me.  
 My little serving maid to be :  
 And those soft notes you sweetly sung,  
 Repeat them to my nursling young,

And leave these hills so bleak and wild,  
 To watch and tend my darling child,  
 To cherish her I fondly love,  
 And tender, true, and faithful prove,  
 And o'er her infant steps be wary ;  
 I'll treasure you, sweet Moorland Mary.'

' Oh lady ! listen to my tale,  
 And let my simple words prevail :—  
 My mother's old---she's old and poor,  
 And scarce can totter to the door ;  
 And me she loves, her only joy—  
 She has no other girl or boy :  
 Ah ! whilst *she* lives, with *her* I'll stay,  
 But think of you when far away,  
 She says the grave will rest the weary ;  
 And *then* I'll be *your* Moorland Mary.'

---

## THE PROGRESS OF REPORT.

REPORT is first, a pigmy small,  
 That, shrewdly cautious, dares but crawl ;  
 She whispers *this*, hints *that*, looks shy,  
 SNEAKS on, and SQUINTS, and LEARNS to LIE ;  
 Gains as she goes, grows bold and strong,  
 Nor creeps, through fear, a pigmy long.

But soon we see the monster rise,  
 Stride round, and swell to giant size ;  
 With uplift hand, and accent loud,  
 Fright and amuse the astonish'd crowd :  
 Wake all the passions ; rise to strife  
 Neighbor with neighbor, man with wife ;  
 Jar and derange the social spheres,  
 And set whole cities by the ears.

Strange is her form. She runs, or flies  
 With spreading wings set full of eyes ;  
 Set full of ears her monstrous head,  
 And mouths, and tongues, that talk one dead.

And watches, listens, day and night,  
 Pleas'd nothing less with wrong than right,  
 Hears, conjures, vents her motley tales,  
 Harangues, puffs, libels, slanders, rails ;  
*And where permitted most to dwell,*  
*Renders the neighborhood a hell.*

---

### THE HOPEFUL REFORMATION.

A JOLLY wight, who dearly loved his glass,  
 A neighboring dram-shop never known to pass,  
 Must always stop *to wet his pipes*, and then  
 Could onward jog, but soon to call again.  
 At length his friends, his conscience, gave th' alarm,  
 His bleeding purse, too, call'd for quick reform,  
 And when he next had cause to pass the shop,  
 His mind he firmly settled not to stop :  
 ' Stick to it, resolution,' was his cry,  
 As on he push'd, his purpos'd strength to try,  
 Till pass'd—then said, ' the habit's quite defeated,  
 ' Come back now, Resolution, and be treated.'

---

The following simple and pathetic story was originally published in the *London Courier*. The gem of Pity which it will call forth from every juvenile eye, and the deep sigh of sorrow which it will draw from the bosom of the more advanced in life, will speak its

worth, and imprint its *purpose* in a tone and with a weight above all panegyric. The language of Nature urging the claims of Humanity, is irresistible.

### THE ORPHANS.

MY chaise the village inn did gain,  
Just as the setting sun's last ray  
Tipt with refulgent gold the vane  
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,  
The time till supper to beguile  
In moralizing o'er the dead,  
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.

There many an humble green grave shew'd  
Where want and pain and toil did rest ;  
And many a flatt'ring stone I view'd,  
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beach its shadow brown  
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept :  
On which, though scarce with grass o'er grown,  
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,  
Which neither seem'd inclin'd to take :  
And yet they look'd so much a prey  
To want, it made my heart to ache.

My little children, let me know  
Why you in such distress appear ;  
And why you wasteful from you throw  
That bread which many a heart would cheer ?

The little boy in accents sweet,  
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd,

‘ Lady, we’ve not enough to eat,  
 ‘ And if we had, we would not waste.

‘ But sister Mary’s naughty grown,  
 ‘ And will not eat whate’er I say,  
 ‘ Though sure I am the bread’s her own,  
 ‘ And she has tasted none to day.’

‘ Indeed (the wan starv’d MARY said)  
 ‘ Till HENRY eats I’ll eat no more ;  
 ‘ For yesterday I got some bread :  
 ‘ He’s had none since the day before.’

My heart did swell, my bosom heave ;  
 I felt as tho’ deprived of speech—  
 I silent sat upon the grave,  
 And press’d a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,  
 With looks that spoke a grateful heart,  
 The shiv’ring boy did nearer draw,  
 And thus their tale of woe impart

‘ Before my father went away,  
 ‘ Entic’d by bad men o’er the sea,  
 ‘ Sister and I did nought but play—  
 ‘ We liv’d beside yon great ash tree.

‘ And then poor mother did so cry,  
 ‘ And look’d so chang’d I cannot tell ;  
 ‘ She told us that she soon should die,  
 ‘ And bade us love each other well.

‘ She said that when the war is o’er,  
 ‘ Perhaps we might our father see ;  
 ‘ But if we never saw him more,  
 ‘ That God our father then would be.



- ‘ She kiss’d us both, and then she died,  
 ‘ And we no more a mother have---  
 ‘ Here many a day we sat and cried  
 ‘ Together on poor mother’s grave.
- ‘ But when our father came not here,  
 ‘ I thought if we could find the sea,  
 ‘ We should be sure to meet him there,  
 ‘ And once again might happy be.
- ‘ We hand in hand went many a mile,  
 ‘ And ask’d our way of all we met,  
 ‘ And some did sigh, and some did smile,  
 ‘ And we of some did victuals get.
- ‘ But when we reach’d the sea, and found,  
 ‘ ’Twas one great water round us spread,  
 ‘ We thought that father must be drown’d,  
 ‘ And cried and wish’d us both were dead.
- ‘ So we return’d to mother’s grave,  
 ‘ And only long with her to be !  
 ‘ For Goody, when this bread she gave,  
 ‘ Said father died beyond the sea.
- ‘ Then since no parents have we here,  
 ‘ We’ll go and seek for God around,  
 ‘ Lady, pray can you tell us where  
 ‘ That God, our father, may be found !
- ‘ He lives in Heaven, mother said,  
 ‘ And Goody says that mother’s there ;  
 ‘ So if she thinks we want His aid,  
 ‘ I think, perhaps, she’ll send Him here.’
- clasp’d the pratiers to my breast,  
 ‘ And cried, come both and live with me—

' I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,  
' And will a second mother be.'

And God will be your father still :

'Twas He in mercy sent me here,  
To teach you to obey His will,  
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer.

## THE FOREST BOY.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE trees have now hid, at the edge of the hurst,  
The spot where the ruins decay,  
Of the cottage where *Will of the Woodland* was nurs'd,  
And liv'd so belov'd, till the moment accurs'd  
When he went from the Woodland away.

Among all the lads of the plough or the fold,  
Best esteem'd, by the sober and good,  
Was Will of the Woodland ; and often the old  
Would tell of his frolics, for active and bold  
Was William, the boy of the wood.

Yet gentle was he as the breath of the May ;  
And when sick and declining was laid  
The woodman, his father, young William away  
Would go to the forest to labor all day,  
And perform his hard task in his stead.

And when his poor father, the forester, died,  
And his mother was sad and alone,  
He toil'd from the dawn ; and at ev'ning he hied.  
In storm or in snow, or whate'er might betide,  
To supply all her wants from the town.

One neighbor they had on the heath, to the west,  
 And no other the cottage was near ;  
 But she would send Phœbe, the child she lov'd best,  
 To stay with the widow, thus sad and distress'd,  
 Her hours of dejection to cheer.

As the buds of wild roses, the cheeks of the maid  
 Were just tinted with youth's lovely hue :  
 Her form, like the aspen, wild graces display'd,  
 And the eyes, over which her luxuriant locks stray'd,  
 As the skies of the summer were blue.

Still lab'ring to live, yet reflecting the while,  
 Young William consider'd his lot :  
 'Twas hard, yet 'twas honest ; and one tender smile  
 From Phœbe, at night, overpaid ev'ry toil,  
 And then all his fatigues were forgot.

By the brook, where it glides through the copse of  
 Arbeal,  
 When to eat his cold fare he reclin'd,  
 Then soft from her home his sweet Phœbe would steal,  
 And bring him wood-strawberries to finish his meal,  
 And would sit by his side while he din'd.

Fair Hope, that the lover so fondly believes,  
 Then repeated each soul-soothing speech,  
 And touch'd with illusion, that often deceives  
 The future with light ; as the sun, through the leaves,  
 Illumines the boughs of the beech.

But once more the tempests of chill winter blow,  
 To depress and disfigure the earth ;  
 And now, ere the dawn, the young woodman must go  
 To his work in the forest, half bury'd in snow,  
 And at night bring home wood for the hearth.

The bridge on the heath by the flood was wash'd down,  
 And fast fell the sleet and the rain ;  
 The stream to a wild rapid river was grown,  
 And long might the widow sit sighing alone  
 Ere sweet Phœbe could see her again.

At the town was a market—and now for supplies,  
 Such as needed her humble abode,  
 Young William went forth ; and his mother, with sighs  
 Watch'd long at the window, with tears in her eyes,  
 Till he turn'd through the fields to the road.

Then darkness came on, and she heard, with affright,  
 The wind ev'ry moment more high :  
 She look'd from the door, not a star lent its light,  
 But the tempest redoubled the gloom of the night,  
 And the rain pour'd in sheets from the sky.

The clock in her cottage now mournfully told  
 The hours, that went heavily on :  
 'Twas midnight ; her spirits sunk hopeless and cold,  
 And it seem'd, as each blast of wind fearfully told,  
 That long, long would her William be gone.

Then, heart-sick and cold, to her sad bed she crept,  
 Yet first made up the fire in the room,  
 To guide his dark steps ; but she listen'd and wept,  
 Or if for a moment, forgetful, she slept,  
 Soon she started—and thought he was come.

'Twas morn ; and the wind, with a hoarse sullen moan,  
 Now seem'd dying away in the wood,  
 When the poor wretched mother, still drooping alone,  
 Beheld on the threshold a figure unknown,  
 In gorgeous apparel who stood.

'Your son is a soldier,' abruptly cry'd he,  
 'And a place in our corps has obtain'd :

Nay, be not cast down ; you perhaps may soon see  
 Your William a captain ! he now sends by me  
 The purse he already has gain'd.'

So William, entrapp'd 'twixt persuasion and force,  
 Is embark'd for the isles of the West :  
 But seem'd to begin with ill omens his course,  
 And felt recollection, regret and remorse  
 Continually weigh on his breast.

With useless repentance he eagerly eyed  
 The high coast, as it faded to view ;  
 And saw the green hills, on whose northernmost side  
 Was his own sylvan home : and he falter'd and cry'd,  
 ' Adieu ! ah, for ever adieu !

' Who now, my poor mother ! thy life shall sustain,  
 Since thy son has thus left thee forlorn ?  
 Ah ! canst thou forgive me, and not, in the pain  
 Of this cruel desertion, of William complain,  
 And lament that he ever was born ?

Sweet Phœbe !—if ever thy lover was dear,  
 Now forsake not the cottage of woe ;  
 But comfort my mother, and quiet her fear,  
 And help her to dry up the vain fruitless tear,  
 That too long for my absence will flow.

' Yet what if my Phœbe another should wed,  
 And lament her lost William no more ?'  
 The thought was too cruel ; and anguish now sped  
 The dart of disease—with the brave num'rous dead  
 He has fall'n on the plague-tainted shore.

In the lone village church-yard, the chancel-wall near,  
 High grass now waves over the spot,  
 Where the mother of William, unable to bear

His loss, who to her widow'd heart was so dear,  
Has both him and her sorrows forgot.

By the brook, where it winds thro' the wood of Arbeal,  
Or amid the deep forest, to moan,  
The poor wand'ring Phœbe will silently steal ;  
The pain of her bosom no reason can heal,  
And she loves to indulge it alone.

Her senses are injur'd ; her eyes dim with tears ;  
She sits by the river, and weaves  
Red garlands, against her dear William appears,  
Then breathlessly listens, and fancies she hears  
His step in the half-wither'd leaves.

Ah ! such are the mis'ries to which ye give birth,  
Ye statesmen, ne'er dreading a scar ;  
Who from pictur'd saloon, or the bright sculptur'd  
hearth,  
Disperse desolation and death through the earth,  
When ye let loose the demons of war.

---

To the following Song has been awarded the Prize Medal offered by the *Philadelphia Military Association*. We understand it to be the production of a Mr. Wilson.

---

FREEDOM & PEACE ; OR,  
*THE VOICE OF AMERICA—A National Song.*

WHILE Europe's mad powers o'er creation are rang-  
ing,  
Regardless of right, with their bloodhounds of war ;  
Their kingdoms—their empires, distracted and chang-  
ing ;  
Their murders and ruins resounding afar :

No! *Freedom and Peace*, fair descendants of Heaven!  
 Of all our companions the noblest and best,  
 From dark Eastern regions by anarchy driven,  
 Have found a retreat in the climes of the *West*.

## CHORUS.

Then *Freedom and Peace* we will cherish together,  
 We'll guard them with valor—we'll crown them  
 with art!

Nor ever resign up the one or the other,  
 For all that ambition's proud pomp can impart.

Here dwell the blest cherubs so dear to our wishes!  
 Here thron'd in our hearts, they inspire all our  
 themes;  
 They sport round each cottage, with smiles and with  
 blushes;  
 They glide through our cities—they sail down our  
 streams;  
 The shades of our heroes immortal, delighted,  
 Look down from the radiant mansions of day;  
 'Be firm,' they exclaim, 'Be forever UNITED!  
 'And nations may threaten; but *cannot* dismay!  
 Chorus—For *Freedom and Peace*, &c.

The demons of discord are roaming the ocean,  
 Their insult and rapine and murder are law!  
 From scenes so atrocious of blood and commotion,  
 'Tis great—it is Godlike—awhile to withdraw!  
 Perhaps when the hand that hath fed is suspended,  
 When famine's pale spectres their steps overtake,  
 The firm voice of *Truth* may, at last be attended,  
 And *Justice and Reason* once more re-awake.  
 Chorus—But *Freedom*, &c.

Away! with the vultures of War and Ambition,  
 That headlong to rearing of *Navies* would run,

Those *cancers* of nations—those pits of perdition,  
 Where Britain and France will alike be undone :  
 Far nobler the Arts of our country to nourish,  
 Its *true* Independence and powers to increase ;  
 And while our resources of industry flourish,  
 To hail the glad tidings of *Freedom* and *Peace*.  
*Chorus*—Then Freedom, &c.

The storm we defy—it may roar at a distance,  
 Unmov'd and impregnable here we remain ;  
 We ask not of Europe for *gifts* or *assistance* ;  
 But *Justice*, *Good Faith*, and the *Rights of the Main* ;  
 Should these be refus'd, in ourselves we're a world !  
 And those who may dare its domains to invade,  
 To death and destruction at once shall be hurl'd,  
 For Freedom has sworn it, and shall be obey'd !  
*Chorus*—Then Freedom, &c.

We want neither Emperor, King, Prince, nor Marshall,  
 No Navies to plunder—nor Indies to fleece ;  
 Our honest *Decrees* are, ' *To all be impartial* ;'  
 Our *Orders of Council*, are ' *Freedom and Peace* :'  
 But commerce, assail'd by each vile depredator,  
 Our country has will'd for a while to restrain,  
 And infamy light on the head of the traitor  
 Who tramples her laws for ambition or gain.  
*Chorus*—Then Freedom, &c.

Look round on your country, Columbians ! undaunted,  
 From Georgia to Maine—from the Lakes to the Sea,  
 Is one human blessing or luxury wanted,  
 That flows not amongst us, unmeasured and free ?  
 Our harvests sustain half the wide Eastern world ;  
 Our mines and our forests exhaustless remain ;  
 What sails on our great *Fishing Banks* are unfurl'd !  
 What shoals fill our streams from the depths of the  
 main !  
*Chorus*—Then Freedom, &c.



The fruits of our country, our flocks and our fleeces,  
 The treasures immense in our mountains that lie,  
 While Discord is tearing old Europe to pieces,  
 Shall amply the wants of our people supply :  
 New *Roads* and *Canals*, on their bosoms conveying,  
 Refinement and wealth through our forests shall  
 roam ;

And millions of *Freemen*, with rapture surveying,  
 Shall shout out, ' O LIBERTY ! *this* is thy home !'  
*Chorus*—Then Freedom, &c.

Great shades of our *Fathers* ! unconquered, victorious !  
 To whom under Heaven, our *Freedom* we owe,  
 Bear witness, that *Peace* we revere still as glorious—  
 For *Peace* every gain for a while we forego ;  
 But should the great sun of ambition and plunder—  
 Should Ocean's proud scourges our Liberty claim—  
 Your spirits shall ride in the roar of our thunder,  
 That sweeps to the gulph of perdition their name.  
*Chorus*—For Freedom, &c.

Our strength and resources defy base aggression—  
 Our courage—our enterprise—both have been try'd ;  
 Our nation, unstain'd with the crimes of oppression,  
 Hath Heaven's own thunderbolts all on its side ;  
 Then henceforth let *Freeman* with *Freeman* be brother,  
 Our *Peace* and our *Liberty* both to assert,  
 Nor ever resign up the one or the other,  
 For all that ambition's proud pomp can impart.

CHORUS.

Then Freedom and Peace we will cherish together,  
 We'll guard them with valor---we'll crown them  
 with art !  
 Nor ever resign up the one or the other,  
 For all that ambition's proud pomp can impart,

The Metre of the following Poem is peculiar, the language is interestingly arranged, and the Tale itself is perhaps one of the most singular which ever entered even the imagination of a Poet. It is printed in WORDSWORTH'S *Lyrical Ballads*, and is believed to be from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Coleridge.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER.

A POET'S REVERIE.

*Argument*---How a ship having first sailed to the Equator, was driven by storms to the cold country towards the South Pole : How the ancient mariner, cruelly and in contempt of the laws of hospitality, killed a sea-bird ; and how he was followed by many and strange judgments ; and in what manner he came back to his own country.

*The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere.*

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

It is an ancyent marinere,  
And he stoppeth one of three :  
' By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye  
' Now wherefore stoppest me ?

' The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide  
' And I am next of kin ;  
' The guests are met, the feast is set,---  
' May'st hear the merry din.'

But still he holds the wedding-guest---  
' There was a ship,' quoth he---  
' Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,  
' Marinere ! come with me.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 Quoth he, ' There was a ship---'  
 ' Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard loon ;  
 ' Or my staff shall make thee skip.'

He holds him with his glittering eye---  
 The wedding-guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three year's child ;  
 The Marinere, hath his will.

The wedding-guest sate on a stone,  
 He cannot chuse but hear :  
 And thus speaks on that ancyent man,  
 The bright-eyed marinere.

' The ship was cheer'd, the harbor clear'd---  
 ' Merrily did we drop  
 ' Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 ' Below the light-house top.

' The sun came up upon the left,  
 ' Out of the sea came he :  
 ' And he shone bright, and on the right  
 ' Went down into the sea.

' Higher and higher every day,  
 ' Till over the mast at noon---'  
 The wedding-guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath pac'd into the hall,  
 Red as a rose is she ;  
 Nodding their heads before her goes  
 The merry minstralsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,  
 Yet he cannot chuse but hear :

And thus speak on that ancyent man,  
The bright-eyed Marinere.

‘ Listen, stranger ! storm and wind,  
‘ A wind and tempest strong !  
‘ For days and weeks it play’d us freaks  
‘ Like chaff we drove along.

‘ Listen, stranger ! mist and snow,  
‘ And it grew wond’rous cauld :  
‘ And ice mast-high came floating by  
‘ As green as emerauld.

‘ And thro’ the drifts the snowy clifts  
‘ Did send a dismal sheen ;  
‘ Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken---  
‘ The ice was all between.

‘ The ice was here, the ice was there,  
‘ The ice was all around :  
‘ It crack’d and growl’d, and roar’d and howl’d  
‘ Like noises of a swound.

‘ At length did cross an albatross,  
‘ Throug the fog it came ;  
‘ And an it were a christian soul,  
‘ We hail’d it in God’s name.

‘ The marineres gave it biscuit worms,  
‘ And round and round it flew ;  
‘ The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
‘ The helmsman steer’d us thro.’

‘ And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
‘ The albatross did follow ;  
‘ And every day for food or play  
‘ Came to the marinere’s hollo !

- ' In mist or cloud on mast or shroud  
   ' It perch'd for vespers nine,  
 ' While all the night thro' fog smoke-white  
   ' Glimmer'd the white moonshine.'  
  
 ' God save thee, ancycnt marinere !  
   ' From the fiends that plague thee thus---  
 ' Why look'st thou so ?'—' With my cross-bow  
   ' I shot the Albatross !'----
- 

## PART II.

- ' The sun came up upon the right,  
   ' Out of the sea came he ;  
 ' And broad as a weft upon the left  
   ' Went down into the sea.  
  
 ' And the good south wind still blew behind;  
   ' But no sweet bird did follow,  
 ' Ne any day for food or play  
   Came to the marinere's hollo !  
  
 ' And I had done an hellish thing  
   ' And it would work 'em woe :  
 ' For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird  
   ' I hat made the breeze to blow.  
  
 ' Ne dim ne red, like God's own head  
   ' The glorious sun uprist :  
 ' Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird  
   ' That brought the fog and mist.  
 ' 'Twas right (said they) such birds to slay  
   ' That bring the fog and mist.'  
  
 ' The breezes blew, the white foam flew,  
   ' The furrow follow'd free :

- ‘ We were the first that ever burst  
 Into the silent sea.
- ‘ Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
 ‘ ’Twas sad as sad could be,  
 ‘ And we did speak only to break  
 ‘ The silence of the sea.
- ‘ All in a hot and copper sky  
 ‘ The bloody sun at noon,  
 ‘ Right up above the mast did stand,  
 ‘ No bigger than the moon.
- ‘ Day after day, day after day,  
 ‘ We stuck, ne breath, ne motion,  
 ‘ As idle as a painted ship  
 ‘ Upon a painted ocean.
- ‘ Water, water, every where,  
 ‘ And all the boards did shrink,  
 ‘ Water, water, every where,  
 ‘ Ne any drop to drink.
- ‘ The very deeps did rot : O Christ !  
 ‘ That ever this should be !
- ‘ Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
 ‘ Upon the slimy sea.
- ‘ About, about, in reel and rout,  
 ‘ The death-fires danc’d at night ;  
 ‘ The water, like a witch’s oils,  
 ‘ Burnt green, and blue, and white.
- ‘ And some in dreams assured were  
 ‘ Of the spirit that plagued us so :  
 Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
 From the land of mist and snow.

- ‘ And every tongue through utter drouth  
 ‘ Was wither’d at the root ;  
 ‘ We could not speak no more than if  
 ‘ We had been choked with soot.  
  
 ‘ Ah well-a-day ! what evil looks  
 ‘ Had I from old and young ;  
 ‘ Instead of the Cross the Albatross  
 ‘ About my neck was hung.
- 

## PART III.

- ‘ I saw a something in the sky  
 ‘ No bigger than my fist ;  
 ‘ At first it seem’d a little speck  
 ‘ And then it seem’d a mist :  
 ‘ It mov’d, and mov’d, and took at last  
 ‘ A certain shape I wist.  
  
 ‘ A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
 ‘ And still it ner d and ner’d ;  
 ‘ And, an it dodg’d a water-sprite,  
 ‘ It plung’d and tack’d and veer’d.  
  
 ‘ With throat unslack’d, with black lips bak’d,  
 ‘ Ne could we laugh, ne wail :  
 ‘ Then while thro’ drouth all dumb they stood  
 ‘ I bit my arm and suck d the blood,  
 ‘ And cry’d, A sail ! a sail !  
  
 ‘ With throat unslack’d, with black lips bak’d,  
 ‘ Agape they heard me call :  
 ‘ Gramercy ! they for joy did grin  
 ‘ And all at once their breath drew in  
 ‘ As they were drinking all.  
  
 ‘ She doth not tack from side to side---  
 ‘ Hitherto work us weal,

- ' Withouten wind, withouten tide  
 ' She steddies with upright keel.
- ' The western wave was all a flame,  
 ' The day was well nigh done !  
 ' Almost upon the western wave  
 ' Rested the broad bright sun ;  
 ' When that strange shape drove suddenly  
 ' Betwixt us and the sun.
- ' And strait the sun was flack'd with bars,  
 ' (Heaven's mother send us grace)  
 ' As if thro' a dungeon grate he peer'd  
 ' With broad and burning face.
- ' Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
 ' How fast she neres and neres !  
 ' Are those *her* sails that glance in the sun,  
 ' Like restless gossameres ?  
 ' Are those *her* naked ribs, which fleck'd  
 ' The sun that did behind them peer ?  
 ' And are those two all, all the crew,  
 ' That woman and her fleshless Pheere ?
- ' *His* bones were black with many a crack,  
 ' All black and bare, I ween ;  
 ' Jet-black and bare, save where with rust  
 ' Of mouldy damps and charnel crust  
 ' They're patch'd with purple and green.
- ' *Her* lips are red, *her* looks are free,  
 ' *Her* locks are yellow as gold :  
 ' *Her* skin is as white as leprosy,  
 ' And *she* is far liker Death than *he*,  
 ' *Her* flesh makes the still air cold.
- ' The naked hulk alongside came  
 ' And the twain were playing dice



‘ The game is done ! I’ve won, I’ve won ! ’

‘ Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

‘ A gust of wind sterte up behind,

‘ And whistled thro’ his bones ;

‘ Thro’ the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth

‘ Half-whistles and half-groans.

‘ With never a whisper in the sea

‘ Off darts the Spectre-ship ;

‘ While clombe above the Eastern bar

‘ The horned moon, with one bright star

‘ Almost atween the tips.

‘ One after one by the horned moon,

‘ Listen, O stranger ! to me,

‘ Each turn’d his face with a ghastly pang

‘ And curs’d me with his ee.

‘ Four times fifty living men,

‘ With never a sigh or groan,

‘ With heavy thump, a lifeless lump

‘ They dropp’d down one by one.

‘ Their souls did from their bodies fly,---

‘ They fled to bliss or woe :

‘ And every soul it pass’d me by,

‘ Like the whiz of my cross-bow.’



#### PART IV.

‘ I fear thee, ancyeut marinere !

‘ I fear thy skinny hand ;

‘ And thou art long, and lank, and brown

‘ As is the ribb’d sea-sand.

‘ I fear thee and thy glittering eye  
 ‘ And thy skinny hand so brown---’  
 ‘ Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest !  
 ‘ This body dropt not down.

‘ Alone, alone, all all alone !  
 ‘ Alone on the wide wide sea ;  
 ‘ And Christ would take no pity on  
 ‘ My soul in agony.

‘ The many men so beautiful,  
 ‘ And they all dead did lie !  
 ‘ And a million million slimy things  
 ‘ Liv’d on---and so did I.

‘ I look’d upon the rotting sea,  
 ‘ And drew my eyes away ;  
 ‘ I look’d upon the eldritch deck,  
 ‘ And there the dead men lay.

‘ I look’d to Heaven, and try’d to pray ;  
 ‘ But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
 ‘ A wicked whisper came and made  
 ‘ My heart as dry as dust.

‘ I clos’d my lids and kept them close,  
 ‘ Till the balls like pulses beat ;  
 ‘ For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky  
 ‘ Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
 ‘ And the dead were at my feet.

‘ The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
 ‘ Ne rot, ne reek did they ;  
 ‘ The look with which they look’d on me,  
 ‘ Had never pass’d away.

‘ An orphan’s curse would drag to hell  
 ‘ A spirit from on high :

' But O ! more horrible than that  
 ' Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
 ' Seven days, seven nights I saw that cursē,  
 ' And yet I could not die.

' The moving moon went up the sky,  
 ' And no where did abide :  
 ' Softly she was going up  
 ' And a star or two beside,---

' Her beams bemoock'd the sultry main  
 ' Like morning frosts yspread ;  
 ' But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
 ' The charmed water burnt alway  
 ' A still and awful red.

' Beyond the shadow of the ship  
 ' I watch'd the water-snakes ;  
 ' They mov'd in tracks of shining white ;  
 ' And when they rear'd, the elfish light  
 ' Fell off in hoary flakes.

' Within the shadow of the ship  
 ' I watch'd their rich attire :  
 ' Blue, glossy green, and velvet-black  
 ' They coil'd and swam ; and every track  
 ' Was a flash of golden fire.

' O happy living things ! no tongue  
 ' Their beauty might declare .  
 ' A spring of love gusht from my heart,  
 ' And I bless'd them unaware !  
 ' Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
 ' And I bless'd them unaware.

' The self same moment I could pray ;  
 ' And from my neck so free.

- ‘ The Albatross fell off, and sank
- ‘ Like lead into the sea.

---

PART V.

- ‘ O Sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
- ‘ Belov’d from Pole to Pole !
- ‘ To Mary-queen the praise-be yeven,
- ‘ She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
- ‘ That slid into my soul.

- ‘ The silly buckets on the deck
- ‘ That had so long remain’d,
- ‘ I dreamt that they were fill’d with dew,
- ‘ And when I awoke it rain’d.

- ‘ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
- ‘ My garments all were dank ;
- ‘ Sure I had drunken in my dreams
- ‘ And still my body drank.

- ‘ I mov’d and could not feel my limbs,
- ‘ I was so light almost
- ‘ I thought that I had died in sleep,
- ‘ And was a blessed ghost.

- ‘ The roaring wind ! it roar’d far off,
- ‘ It did not come anear ;
- ‘ But with its sound it shook the sails
- ‘ That were so thin and sere.

- ‘ The upper air bursts into life,
- ‘ And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
- ‘ To and fro they are hurried about ;
- ‘ And to and fro, and in and out,
- ‘ The stars dance on between.

- ' The coming wind doth roar more loud ;  
 ' The sails do sigh like sedge :  
 ' The rain pours down from one black cloud,  
 ' And the moon is at its edge.  
  
 ' Hark ! hark ! the thick black cloud is cleft,  
 ' And the moon is at its side :  
 Like waters shot from some high crag,  
 ' The lightning falls with never a jag  
 ' A river steep and wide.  
  
 ' The strong wind reach'd the ship ; it roar'd  
 ' And dropp'd down like a stone !  
 ' Beneath the light'ning and the moon  
 ' The dead men gave a groan.  
  
 ' They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
 ' Ne spake, ne mov'd their eyes :  
 ' It had been strange, even in a dream  
 ' To have seen those dead men rise.  
  
 ' The helmsman steer'd, the ship mov'd on ;  
 ' Yet never a breeze up-blew ;  
 ' The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 ' Where they were wont to do :  
 ' They rais'd their limbs like lifeless tools,---  
 ' We were a ghastly crew.  
  
 ' The body of my brother's son  
 ' Stood by me knee to knee ;  
 ' The body and I pull'd at one rope,  
 But he said nought to me—  
 ' And I quak'd to think of my own voice  
 ' How frightful it would be !  
  
 ' The day-light dawn'd---they dropp'd their arms,  
 ' And cluster'd round the mast :

- ' Sweet sounds rose slowly thro' their mouths  
 ' And from their bodies pass'd.
- ' Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
 ' Then darted to the sun :
- ' Slowly the sounds came back again  
 ' Now mix'd, now one by one.
- ' Sometimes a dropping from the sky  
 ' I heard the Lavrock sing ;
- ' Sometimes all little birds that are  
 ' How they seem'd to fill the sea and air  
 ' With their sweet jargonings.
- ' And now 'twas like all instruments,  
 ' Now like a lonely flute ;
- ' And now it is an angel's song  
 ' That makes the Heavens be mute.
- ' It ceas'd ; yet still the sails made on  
 ' A pleasant noise till noon.
- ' A noise like of a hidden brook  
 ' In the leafy month of June,  
 ' That to the sleeping woods all night  
 ' Singeth a quiet tune.
- ' Listen, O listen, thou wedding-guest !  
 ' Marinere ! thou hast thy will ;
- ' For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make  
 ' My body and soul to be still."
- ' Never sadder tale was told  
 ' To a man of woman born :
- ' Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest !  
 ' Thou'lt rise to-morrow morn.
- ' Never sadder tale was heard  
 ' By a man of woman born :

- ‘ The mariners all return’d to work  
‘ As silent as before.
- ‘ The mariners all ’gan pull the ropes,  
‘ But look at me they n’ old :
- ‘ Thought I, I am as thin as air,—  
‘ They cannot me behold.
- ‘ Till noon we silently sail’d on,  
‘ Yet never a breeze did breathe,  
‘ Slowly and smoothly went the ship  
‘ Mov’d onward from beneath.
- ‘ Under the keel nine fathom deep  
‘ From the land of mist and snow  
‘ The spirit slid ; and it was He  
‘ That made the ship to go.
- ‘ The sails at noon left off their tune  
‘ And the ship stood still also.
- ‘ The sun right up above the mast  
‘ Had fixt her to the ocean :
- ‘ But in a minute she gan stir  
‘ With a short uneasy motion ;—  
‘ Backwards and forwards half her length  
‘ With a short uneasy motion.
- ‘ Then, like a pawing horse let go,  
‘ She made a sudden bound :
- ‘ It flung the blood into my head,  
‘ And I fell into a swoond.
- ‘ How long in that same fit I lay,  
‘ I have not to declare ;  
‘ But ere my living life return’d,  
‘ I heard and in my soul discern’d  
‘ Two voices in the air.’

‘ Is it he ? ’ quoth one, ‘ Is this the man ? ’

‘ By him who died on cross,

‘ With his cruel bow he lay’d full low

‘ The harmless Albatross.

‘ The spirit who bideth by himself

‘ In the land of mist and snow,

‘ He lov’d the bird that lov’d the man,

‘ Who shot him with his bow.’

‘ The other was a softer voice,

‘ As soft as honey-dew :

‘ Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance done,

‘ And penance more will do.

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PART VI.

‘ FIRST VOICE.

‘ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,

‘ . . . hy soft response renewing—

‘ What makes that ship drive on so fast .

‘ What is the ocean doing ? ’

‘ SECOND VOICE.

‘ Still as a slave before his lord,

‘ The ocean hath no blast :

‘ His great bright eye most silently

‘ Up to the moon is cast,—

‘ If he may know which way to go,

‘ For she guides him smooth or grim.

‘ See, brother, see ! how graciously

‘ She looketh down on him.’

‘ FIRST VOICE.

‘ But why drives on that ship so fast

‘ Withouten wave or wind ? ’



## ‘SECOND VOICE.’

- ‘ The air is cut away before,  
 ‘ And closes from behind.
- ‘ Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high,  
 ‘ Or we shall be belated :
- ‘ For slow and slow that ship will go,  
 ‘ When the marinere’s trance is abated.’
- ‘ I woke, and we were sailing on  
 ‘ As in a gentle weather :
- ‘ ’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high,  
 ‘ The dead men stood together.
- ‘ All stood together on the deck,  
 ‘ For a charnel dungeon fitter :
- ‘ All fix’d on me their stony eyes  
 ‘ That in the moon did glitter.
- ‘ The pang, the curse, with which they died;  
 ‘ Had never pass’d away :
- ‘ I could not draw my een from theirs  
 ‘ Ne turn them up to pray.
- ‘ And in its time the spell was snapt,  
 ‘ And I could move my een :
- ‘ I look’d far-forth, but little saw  
 ‘ Of what might else be seen.
- ‘ Like one, that on a lonely road  
 ‘ Doth walk in fear and dread,  
 ‘ And having once turn’d round, walks on,  
 ‘ And turns no more his head :
- ‘ Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
 ‘ Doth close behind him tread.
- ‘ But soon there breath’d a wind on me,  
 ‘ Ne sound ne motion made :

- ‘ Its path was not upon the sea  
‘ In ripple or in shade.
- ‘ It rais’d my hair, it fann’d my cheek  
‘ Like a meadow-gale of spring—
- ‘ It mingled strangely with my fears,  
‘ Yet it felt like a welcoming.
- ‘ Swiftly, swiftly, flew the ship,  
‘ Yet she sail’d softly too :
- ‘ Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
‘ On me alone it blew.
- ‘ O dream of joy ! is this indeed  
‘ The light-house top I see !
- ‘ Is this the hill ? Is this the kirk ?  
‘ Is this mine own countree ?
- ‘ We drifted o’er the harbor bar,  
‘ And I with sobs did pray—
- ‘ O let me be awake, my God !  
‘ Or let me sleep away !
- ‘ The harbor bay was clear as glass,  
‘ So smoothly it was strewn !
- ‘ And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
‘ And the shadow of the moon.
- ‘ The moonlight bay was white all o’er,  
‘ Till rising from the same,
- ‘ Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
‘ Like as of torches came.
- ‘ A little distance from the prow  
‘ Those dark red shadows were ;
- ‘ But soon I saw that my own flesh  
‘ Was red as in a glare.

- ‘ I turn’d my head in fear and dread,  
   ‘ And by the holy rood,
- ‘ The bodies had advanc’d, and now  
   ‘ Before the mast they stood.
- ‘ They lifted up their stiff right-arms,  
   ‘ They held them straight and tight ;
- ‘ And each right-arm burnt like a torch,  
   ‘ A torch that s borne upright.
- ‘ Their stony eye-balls glitter’d on  
   ‘ In the red and smokey light.
- ‘ I pray’d and turn’d my head away  
   ‘ Forth looking as before,
- ‘ There was no breeze upon the bay,  
   ‘ No wave against the shore.
- ‘ The rock shone bright, the kirk no less  
   ‘ That stands above the rock :
- ‘ The moonlight steep’d in silentness  
   ‘ The steady weathercock.
- ‘ And the bay was white with silent light,  
   ‘ ’Till rising from the same
- ‘ Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
   ‘ In crimson colours came.
- ‘ A little distance from the prow  
   ‘ Those crimson shadows were :
- ‘ I turn d my eyes upon the deck--  
   ‘ O Christ ! what saw I there ?
- ‘ Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat ;  
   ‘ And by the holy rood,
- ‘ A man all light, a seraph-man,  
   ‘ On every corse there stood,

‘ This seraph-band, each wav’d his hand ;  
 ‘ It was a heavenly sight :  
 ‘ They stood as signals to the land,  
 ‘ Each one a lovely light :

‘ This seraph-band, each wav’d his hand ;  
 ‘ No voice did they impart,—  
 ‘ No voice ; but O ! the silence sank  
 ‘ Like music on my heart.

Eftsoones I heard the dash of oars,  
 ‘ I heard the pilot’s cheer ;  
 ‘ My head was turn’d per force away  
 ‘ And I saw a boat appear.

‘ Then vanish’d all the lovely lights ;  
 ‘ The bodies rose anew :  
 ‘ With silent pace, each to his place,  
 ‘ Came back the ghastly crew.  
 ‘ The wind that shade nor motion made  
 ‘ On me alone it blew.

‘ The pilot and the pilot’s boy  
 ‘ I heard them coming fast :  
 ‘ Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy  
 ‘ The dead men could not blast.

‘ I saw a third—I heard his voice :  
 ‘ It is the Hermit good !  
 ‘ He singeth loud his godly hymns  
 ‘ That he makes in the wood.  
 ‘ He’ll shrieve my soul, he’ll wash away  
 ‘ The Albatross’s blood.

## PART VII.

- ‘ This hermit good lives in that wood
  - ‘ Which slopes down to the sea :
- ‘ How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
- ‘ He loves to talk with marineres
  - ‘ That come from a far countree.
- ‘ He kneels at morn and noon and eve—
  - ‘ He hath a cushion plump :
- ‘ It is the moss, that wholly hides
  - ‘ The rotted old oak stump.
- ‘ The skiff-boat ner’d, I heard them talk :
  - ‘ Why, this is strange, I trow !
- ‘ Where are those lights so many and fair
  - ‘ That signal made but now ?
- ‘ Strange, by my faith !’ the hermit said—
  - ‘ And they answer’d not out cheer :
- ‘ The planks look’d warp’d, and see those sails
  - ‘ How thin they are and sere !
- ‘ I never saw aught like to them
  - ‘ Unless perchance it were—
- ‘ The skeletons of leaves that lag
  - ‘ My forest brook along :
- ‘ When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
- ‘ And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
  - ‘ That eats the she-wolf’s young.’
- ‘ Dear Lord ! It has a fiendish look—
  - (The pilot made reply)
- ‘ I am afraid !’—‘ Push on, push on !’
  - Said the hermit cheerily.
- ‘ The boat came closer to the ship,
  - ‘ But I ne spake ne stirr’d !

‘ The boat came close beneath the ship,  
 ‘ And strait a sound was heard !

‘ Under the water it rumbled on,  
 ‘ Still louder and more dread :  
 ‘ It reach’d the ship, it split the bay ;  
 ‘ The ship went down like lead.

‘ Stunn’d by that loud and dreadful sound,  
 ‘ Which sky and ocean smote :  
 ‘ Like one that hath been seven days drown’d  
 ‘ My body lay afloat :  
 ‘ But, swift as dreams, myself I found  
 ‘ Within the pilot’s boat.

‘ Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
 ‘ The boat spun round and round :  
 ‘ And all was still, save that the hill  
 ‘ Was telling of the sound.

‘ I mov’d my lips ; the pilot shriek’d  
 ‘ And fell down in a fit :  
 ‘ The holy hermit rais’d his eyes,  
 ‘ And pray’d where he did sit.

‘ I took the oars : the pilot’s boy,  
 ‘ Who now doth crazy go,  
 ‘ Laugh’d loud and long, and all the while  
 ‘ His eyes went to and fro ;  
 ‘ Ha ! ha !’ quoth he---‘ full plain I see,  
 ‘ The Devil knows how to row.’

‘ And now all in mine own countree  
 ‘ I stood on the firm land !  
 ‘ The hermit stepp’d forth from the boat,  
 ‘ And scarcely he could stand.

‘ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !

‘ The hermit cross’d his brow—

‘ Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘ I bid thee say

‘ What manner man art thou ?’

‘ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench’d

‘ With a woeful agony,

‘ Which forc’d me to begin my tale,

‘ And then it left me free.

‘ Since then at an uncertain hour,

‘ Now oftimes, and now fewer,

‘ That anguish comes, and makes me tell

‘ My ghastly aventure.

‘ I pass, like night, from land to land ;

‘ I have strange power of speech ;

‘ The moment that his face I see

‘ I know the man that must hear me ;

‘ To him my tale I teach.

‘ What loud uproar bursts from that door !

‘ The wedding-guests are there ;

‘ But in the garden-bower the bride

‘ And bride-maids singing are.

‘ And hark ! the little vesper-bell

‘ Which biddeth me to prayer.

‘ O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been

‘ Alone on a wide wide sea :

‘ So lonely ’twas, that God himself

‘ Scarce seemed there to be.

‘ O sweeter than the marriage-feast,

‘ ’Tis sweeter far to me

‘ To walk together to the kirk

‘ With a goodly company.

' To walk together to the kirk  
 ' And altogether pray,  
 ' While each to his Great Father bends,  
 ' Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
 ' And youths, and maidens gay.

' Farewel, farewel ! but this I tell  
 ' ' To thee, thou wedding-guest !  
 ' He prayeth well who loveth well,  
 ' Both man, and bird, and beast.

' He prayeth best who loveth best,  
 ' All things both great and small :  
 For the dear God, who loveth us,  
 ' He made and loveth all.'

The marinere, whose eye is bright,  
 Whose beard with age is hoar,  
 Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest  
 Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went, like one that hath been stunn'd  
 And is of sense forlorn :  
 A sadder and a wiser man  
 He rose the morrow morn.











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